

JOURNALS
OF
DOROTHY WORDSWORTH
VOL. I

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Dorothy Wordsworth

JOURNALS
OF
DOROTHY WORDSWORTH

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VOL. I



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PREFATORY NOTE

THE Journals written by Dorothy Wordsworth, and her reminiscences of Tours made with her brother, are more interesting to posterity than her letters.

A few fragments from her Grasmere Journal were included by the late Bishop of Lincoln in the *Memoirs* of his uncle, published in 1850. The *Recollections of a Tour made in Scotland* in 1803, were edited in full by the late Principal Shairp in the year 1874 (third edition 1894). In 1889, I included in my *Life of William Wordsworth* most of the Journal written at Alfoxden, much of that referring to Hamburg, and the greater part of the longer Grasmere Journal. Some extracts from the Journal of a Tour on the Continent made in 1820 (and of a similar one written by Mrs. Wordsworth), as well as short records of subsequent visits to Scotland and to the Isle of Man, were printed in the same volume. None of these, however, were given in their entirety; nor is it desirable now to print them *in extenso*, except in the case of the *Recollections of a Tour made in Scotland* in 1803. All the Journals contain numerous trivial details, which bear ample witness to the "plain living and high thinking" of the Wordsworth household—and, in this edition, samples of these

details are given—but there is no need to record all the cases in which the sister wrote, “To-day I mended William’s shirts,” or “William gathered sticks,” or “I went in search of eggs,” etc. etc. In all cases, however, in which a sentence or paragraph, or several sentences and paragraphs, in the Journals are left out, the omission is indicated by means of asterisks. Nothing is omitted of any literary or biographical value. Some persons may think that too much has been recorded, others that everything should have been printed. As to this, posterity must judge. I think that many, in future years, will value these Journals, not only as a record of the relations existing between Wordsworth and his sister, his wife her family and his friends, but also as an illustration of the remarkable literary brotherhood and sisterhood of the period.

Coming now to details.

I

I do not know of any Journal written at Racedown, and I do not think that Dorothy kept one while she and her brother lived in Dorsetshire. In July 1797 they took up their residence at Alfoxden; but, so far as is known, it was not till the 20th of January 1798 that Dorothy began to write a Journal of her own and her brother’s life at that place. It was continued uninterruptedly till Thursday, 22nd May 1798. It gives numerous details as to the visits of Coleridge to Alfoxden, and the Wordsworths’ visits to him at Nether-Stowey, as well as of the circumstances under which several of their poems were composed. Many sentences in the Journal present a curious resemblance to words

and phrases which occur in the poems ; and there is no doubt that, as brother and sister made use of the same note-book—some of Wordsworth's own verses having been written by him in his sister's journal—the copartnery may have extended to more than the common use of the same MS.

The archaic spellings which occur in this Journal are retained ; but inaccuracies—such as Bartelmy for Bartholemew, Crewkshank for Cruikshank—are corrected. In the edition of 1889 the words were printed as written in MS. ; but it is one thing to reproduce the *bona fide* text of a journal, or the *ipsissima verba* of a poet, and quite another to reproduce the incorrect spellings of his sister.

II

From the Journal of the days spent at Hamburg in 1798—when the Wordsworths were on their way to Goslar, and Coleridge to Ratzeburg—only a few extracts are given, dating from 14th September to 3rd October of that year. These explain themselves.

III.—VI

Of the Grasmere Journals much more is given, and a great deal that was omitted from the first volume of the *Life of Wordsworth* in 1889, is now printed. To many readers this will be by far the most interesting section of all Dorothy Wordsworth's writings. It not only contains exquisite descriptions of Grasmere and its district—a most felicitous record of the changes of the

seasons and the progress of the year, details as to flower and tree, bird and beast, mountain and lake—but it casts a flood of light on the circumstances under which her brother's poems were composed. It also discloses much as to the doings of the Wordsworth household, of the visits of Coleridge and others; while it vividly illustrates the peasant life of Westmoreland at the beginning of this century. What I have seen of this Journal extends from 14th May to 21st December 1800, and from 10th October 1801 to 16th January 1803. It is here printed in four sections.

VII

When the late Principal Shairp edited the *Recollections of a Tour made in Scotland* in 1803, he inserted an elaborate and valuable introduction, with a few explanatory and topographical notes. With the consent of Mrs. Shairp, and of the Principal's son, Sheriff J. C. Shairp, many of them are now reproduced, with the initials J. C. S. appended. As some notes were needed at these places, and I could only have slightly varied the statements of fact, it seemed better for the reader, and more respectful to the memory of such a Wordsworthian as the late Principal was, to record them as his. I cordially thank Mrs. Shairp, and her son, for their kindness in this matter. It should be added that Dorothy Wordsworth's archaic spelling of many of the names of places, such as—Lanerk, Ulswater, Strath Eyer, Loch Ketterine, Inversneyde, etc., are retained.

These Recollections of the Tour made in Scotland were not all written down at the time during the journey. Many of them were "afterthoughts." The Alfoxden and Grasmere Journals were "diaries," in the sense that—except when the contrary is stated—they were written down day by day; but certain portions of the Scottish Journal suggest either that they were entirely written after the return to Grasmere, or were then considerably expanded. I have not seen the original MS. Dorothy transcribed it in full for her friend Mrs. Clarkson, commencing the work in 1803, and finishing it on 31st May 1805 (see vol. ii. p. 78). This transcript I have seen. It is the only one now traceable.

It should be mentioned that Dorothy Wordsworth was often quite incorrect in her dates, both as to the day of the week and the month. Minute accuracy on these points did not count for much at that time; and very often a mistake in the date of one entry in her Journal brought with it a long series of future errors. The same remark applies to the Grasmere Journal, and to the record of the Continental Tour of 1820.

Many friends and students of Wordsworth regretted the long delay in the publication of the Tour made in Scotland in 1803. In the *Recollections of the Table-Talk of Samuel Rogers* (1856), p. 208, we find the following: "I do indeed regret that Wordsworth has printed only fragments of his sister's journal; it is most excellent, and ought to have been published entire." It will always hold a place of honour in itinerary literature. It possesses a singular charm, and has abiding interest, not only as a record of travel, but also as a mirror of Scottish life and character nearly a hundred years ago.

VIII

The Journal of a Mountain Ramble, by William and Dorothy Wordsworth in November 1805, calls for no special remark. The ramble was from Grasmere by Rydal and Kirkstone Pass to Patterdale and Ullswater, thence to the top of Place Fell, at the foot of which Wordsworth thought of buying—and did afterwards buy—a small property near the Lake, thence to Yanworth, returning to Grasmere by Kirkstone again. The story of this “ramble,” written by Dorothy, was afterwards incorporated in part by William Wordsworth in his prose *Description of the Scenery of the Lakes*—another curious instance of their literary copartnery.

IX

In 1820 the poet, his wife, and sister, along with Mr. and Mrs. Monkhouse, and Miss Horrocks (a sister of Mrs. Monkhouse), spent more than three months on the Continent. They left Lambeth on the 10th of July, and returned to London in November. Starting from Dover on 11th July, they went by Brussels to Cologne, up the Rhine to Switzerland, were joined by Henry Crabb Robinson at Lucerne, crossed over to the Italian Lakes, visited Milan, came back to Switzerland, and passed through France to Paris, where they spent a month. Dorothy Wordsworth wrote a minute and very careful Journal of this tour, taking notes at the time, and extending them on her return to Westmoreland. Mrs. Wordsworth kept a shorter record of the same journey. Crabb Robinson also wrote a diary of it. Wordsworth

recorded and idealised his tour in a series of poems, named by him "Memorials of a Tour on the Continent, 1820," very few of which were written on the spot ; and when, in the after-leisure of Rydal Mount, he set to work upon them, it is evident that he consulted, and made frequent use of, the two family Journals, particularly the one written by his sister. In a letter to Mrs. Clarkson from Coblenz, dated 22nd July, Dorothy said : "Journals we shall have in abundance ; for all, except my brother and Mrs. Monkhouse, keep a journal. Mine is nothing but notes, unintelligible to any one but myself. I look forward, however, to many a pleasant hour's employment at Rydal Mount in filling up the chasms."

The originals of these two Journals still exist, and it is hard to say whether the jottings taken at the time by the wife, or the extended Journal afterwards written by the sister, is the more admirable, both as a record of travel and as a commentary on the poet's work. Dorothy's MS. is nearly as long as her Recollections of the Scottish Tour of 1803. Extracts from both Journals were published in the library edition of the Poems in 1884, and in the *Life of William Wordsworth* in 1889 ; but these were limited to passages illustrative of the Poems.

It is not expedient to print either Journal in full. There are, however, so many passages of interest and beauty in each—presenting a vivid picture of the towns and countries through which the Wordsworths passed, and of the style of continental travelling in those days—that it seems desirable to insert more numerous extracts from them than those which have been already printed. They will be found to illustrate much of the state of things in Germany, Switzerland, Italy and France in the

first quarter of the present century ; while they afford an interesting contrast to that which meets the eye of the traveller, and ministers to his wants, at the present day. In the 80 pages extracted from Dorothy's Journal alone, it is such passages that have, in the main, been selected.

In October 1821, Mr. Robinson was a visitor at Rydal Mount ; and after reading over the Journals of Mrs. and Dorothy Wordsworth, he wrote thus in his *Diary* :—

“ 2nd Oct. '21.—I read to-day part of Miss, and also Mrs., W.'s Journal in Switzerland. They put mine to shame.¹ They had adopted a plan of journalising which could not fail to render the account amusing and informing. Mrs. W., in particular, frequently described, as in a panorama, the objects around her ; and these were written on the spot : and I recollect her often sitting on the grass, not aware of what kind of employment she had. Now it is evident that a succession of such pictures must represent the face of the country. Their Journals were alike abundant in observation (in which the writers showed an enviable faculty), and were sparing of reflections, which ought rather to be excited by than obtruded in a book of travels. I think I shall profit on some future occasion by the hint I have taken.”

Again, in November 1823, Robinson wrote :—

“ Finished Mrs. Wordsworth's Journal. I do not know when I have felt more humble than in reading it. It is so superior to my own. She saw so much more than I did, though we were side by side during a great part of the time.”

Robinson advised Dorothy Wordsworth to publish

¹ Perhaps the most interesting entry in Henry Crabb Robinson's Journal of the tour is the following : “ 26th June 1820.—I made some cheap purchases : if anything *not wanted* can be cheap.”

her Journal of this Continental Tour, and she replied to him, 23rd May 1824 :—

“ . . . Your advice respecting my Continental Journal is, I am sure, very good, provided it were worth while to make a book of it, *i.e.* provided I *could* do so, and provided it were my wish ; but it is not. ‘ Far better,’ I say, ‘ make another tour, and write the Journal on a different plan ! ’ In recopying it, I should, as you advise, omit considerable portions of the description. . . . But, observe, my object is not to make a book, but to leave to my niece a neatly-penned memorial of those few interesting months of our lives. . . . ”

X

In 1822, Dorothy Wordsworth went with Joanna Hutchinson to Scotland, for change of air and scene. She wrote of this journey:—

“ I had for years promised Joanna to go with her to Edinburgh—that was her object ; but we planned a little tour, up the Forth to Stirling, thence by track-boat to Glasgow ; from Dumbarton to Rob Roy’s cave by steam ; stopping at Tarbet ; thence in a cart to Inverary ; back again to Glasgow, down Loch Fyne, and up the Clyde ; thence on the coach to Lanark ; and from Lanark to Moffat in a cart. There we stopped two days, my companion being an invalid ; and she fancied the waters might cure her, but a bathing-place which nobody frequents is never in order ; and we were glad to leave Moffat, crossing the wild country again in a cart, to the banks of the river Esk. We returned to Edinburgh for the sake of warm baths. We were three weeks in lodgings at Edinburgh. Joanna had much of that sort of pleasure which one has in first seeing a foreign country ; and in our travels, whether on the outside of a coach, on the deck of a steamboat, or in whatever

way we got forward, she was always cheerful, never complaining of bad fare, bad inns, or anything else. . . .”

It was a short excursion, but was memorialised in the usual way by Dorothy's ever ready pen.

XI

In the following year, 1823, Wordsworth and his wife left Lee Priory, “for a little tour in Flanders and Holland,” as he phrased it in a letter to John Kenyon. He wrote 16th May:—

“We shall go to Dover, with a view to embark for Ostend to-morrow, unless detained by similar obstacles. From Ostend we mean to go to Ghent, to Antwerp, Breda, Utrecht, Amsterdam—to Rotterdam by Haarlem, the Hague, and Leyden—thence to Antwerp by another route, and perhaps shall return by Mechlin, Brussels, Lille, and Ypres to Calais—or direct to Ostend as we came. We hope to be landed in England within a month. We shall hurry through London homewards, where we are naturally anxious already to be, having left Rydal Mount so far back as February. . . .”

The extracts taken from Mary Wordsworth's Journal show how far they conformed to, and how far they departed from, their original plan of travel. In them will be found the same directness and simplicity, the same vividness of touch, as are seen in her Journal of the longer tour taken in 1820.

XII

In 1828, Dorothy Wordsworth went to the Isle of Man, accompanied by Mrs. Wordsworth's sister Joanna,

to visit her brother Henry Hutchinson. This was a visit, earlier by five years than that which the poet took with his sister to the Isle of Man, before proceeding to Scotland, a tour which gave rise to so many sonnets. Of the later tour she kept no Journal, but of the earlier one some records survive, from which a few extracts have been made.

In conclusion, I must mention the special kindness of the late Mrs. Wordsworth, the daughter-in-law of the poet, and of Mr. Gordon Wordsworth his grandson, in granting free access to all the Journals and MSS. they possessed, and now possess. Without their aid the publication of these volumes would have been impossible.

WILLIAM KNIGHT.

I

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH'S JOURNAL
WRITTEN AT ALFOXDEN
FROM 20TH JANUARY TO 22ND MAY
1798

VOL. I

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH'S JOURNAL,
WRITTEN AT ALFOXDEN IN 1798 *

ALFOXDEN, *January 20th* 1798.—The green paths down the hill-sides are channels for streams. The young wheat is streaked by silver lines of water running between the ridges, the sheep are gathered together on the slopes. After the wet dark days, the country seems more populous. It peoples itself in the sunbeams. The garden, mimic of spring, is gay with flowers. The purple-starred hepatica spreads itself in the sun, and the clustering snow-drops put forth their white heads, at first upright, ribbed with green, and like a rosebud when completely opened, hanging their heads downwards, but slowly lengthening their slender stems. The slanting woods of an unvarying brown, showing the light through the thin net-work of their upper boughs. Upon the highest ridge of that round hill covered with planted oaks, the shafts of the trees show in the light like the columns of a ruin.

21st. Walked on the hill-tops—a warm day. Sate under the firs in the park. The tops of the beeches of a brown-red, or crimson. Those oaks, fanned by the sea breeze, thick with feathery sea-green moss, as a grove not stripped of its leaves. Moss cups more proper than acorns for fairy goblets.

22nd.—Walked through the wood to Holford. The ivy twisting round the oaks like bristled serpents. The

* In the original MS. there is no title. The above is a descriptive one, given by the editor.—ED.

day cold—a warm shelter in the hollies, capriciously bearing berries. Query: Are the male and female flowers on separate trees?

23rd.—Bright sunshine, went out at 3 o'clock. The sea perfectly calm blue, streaked with deeper colour by the clouds, and tongues or points of sand; on our return of a gloomy red. The sun gone down. The crescent moon, Jupiter, and Venus. The sound of the sea distinctly heard on the tops of the hills, which we could never hear in summer. We attribute this partly to the bareness of the trees, but chiefly to the absence of the singing of birds, the hum of insects, that noiseless noise which lives in the summer air.¹ The villages marked out by beautiful beds of smoke. The turf fading into the mountain road. The scarlet flowers of the moss.

24th.—Walked between half-past three and half-past five. The evening cold and clear. The sea of a sober grey, streaked by the deeper grey clouds. The half dead sound of the near sheep-bell, in the hollow of the sloping coombe, exquisitely soothing.

✓ 25th.—Went to Poole's after tea. The sky spread over with one continuous cloud, whitened by the light of the moon, which, though her dim shape was seen, did not throw forth so strong a light as to chequer the earth with shadows. At once the clouds seemed to cleave asunder, and left her in the centre of a black-blue vault. She sailed along, followed by multitudes of stars, small, and bright, and sharp. Their brightness seemed concentrated, (half-moon).

26th.—Walked upon the hill-tops; followed the sheep tracks till we overlooked the larger coombe. Sat in the sunshine. The distant sheep-bells, the sound of the

¹ Compare Keats, *Miscellaneous Poems*—

There crept
A little noiseless noise amongst the leaves
Born of the very sigh that silence heaves.

Ed.

And Coleridge, *The Aeolian Harp*—

The stilly murmur of the distant sea
Tells us of silence.

Ed.

stream; the woodman winding along the half-marked road with his laden pony; locks of wool still spangled with the dewdrops; the blue-grey sea, shaded with immense masses of cloud, not streaked; the sheep glittering in the sunshine. Returned through the wood. The trees skirting the wood, being exposed more directly to the action of the sea breeze, stripped of the net-work of their upper boughs, which are stiff and erect, like black skeletons; the ground strewn with the red berries of the holly. Set forward before two o'clock. Returned a little after four.

27th.—Walked from seven o'clock till half-past eight. Upon the whole an uninteresting evening. Only once while we were in the wood the moon burst through the invisible veil which enveloped her, the shadows of the oaks blackened, and their lines became more strongly marked. The withered leaves were coloured with a deeper yellow, a brighter gloss spotted the hollies; again her form became dimmer; the sky flat, unmarked by distances, a white thin cloud. The manufacturer's dog makes a strange, uncouth howl, which it continues many minutes after there is no noise near it but that of the brook. It howls at the murmur of the village stream.

28th.—Walked only to the mill.

29th.—A very stormy day. William walked to the top of the hill to see the sea. Nothing distinguishable but a heavy blackness. An immense bough riven from one of the fir trees.

30th.—William called me into the garden to observe a singular appearance about the moon. A perfect rainbow, within the bow one star, only of colours more vivid. The semi-circle soon became a complete circle, and in the course of three or four minutes the whole faded away. Walked to the blacksmith's and the baker's; an uninteresting evening.

31st.—Set forward to Stowey at half-past five. A violent storm in the wood; sheltered under the hollies. When we left home the moon immensely large, the sky

scattered over with clouds. These soon closed in, contracting the dimensions of the moon without concealing her. The sound of the pattering shower, and the gusts of wind, very grand. Left the wood when nothing remained of the storm but the driving wind, and a few scattering drops of rain. Presently all clear, Venus first showing herself between the struggling clouds; afterwards Jupiter appeared. The hawthorn hedges, black and pointed, glittering with millions of diamond drops; the hollies shining with broader patches of light. The road to the village of Holford glittered like another stream. On our return, the wind high—a violent storm of hail and rain at the Castle of Comfort. All the Heavens seemed in one perpetual motion when the rain ceased; the moon appearing, now half veiled, and now retired behind heavy clouds, the stars still moving, the roads very dirty.

February 1st.—About two hours before dinner, set forward towards Mr. Bartholemew's.¹ The wind blew so keen in our faces that we felt ourselves inclined to seek the covert of the wood. There we had a warm shelter, gathered a burthen of large rotten boughs blown down by the wind of the preceding night. The sun shone clear, but all at once a heavy blackness hung over the sea. The trees almost *roared*, and the ground seemed in motion with the multitudes of dancing leaves, which made a rustling sound, distinct from that of the trees. Still the asses pastured in quietness under the hollies, undisturbed by these forerunners of the storm. The wind beat furiously against us as we returned. Full moon. She rose in uncommon majesty over the sea, slowly ascending through the clouds. Sat with the window open an hour in the moonlight.

2nd.—Walked through the wood, and on to the Downs before dinner; a warm pleasant air. The sun

¹ Mr. Bartholemew rented Alfoxden, and sub-let the house to Wordsworth.—ED.

shone, but was often obscured by straggling clouds. The redbreasts made a ceaseless song in the woods. The wind rose very high in the evening. The room smoked so that we were obliged to quit it. Young lambs in a green pasture in the Coombe, thick legs, large heads, black staring eyes.

3rd.—A mild morning, the windows open at breakfast, the redbreasts singing in the garden. Walked with Coleridge over the hills. The sea at first obscured by vapour; that vapour afterwards slid in one mighty mass along the sea-shore; the islands and one point of land clear beyond it. The distant country (which was purple in the clear dull air), overhung by straggling clouds that sailed over it, appeared like the darker clouds, which are often seen at a great distance apparently motionless, while the nearer ones pass quickly over them, driven by the lower winds. I never saw such a union of earth, sky, and sea. The clouds beneath our feet spread themselves to the water, and the clouds of the sky almost joined them. Gathered sticks in the wood; a perfect stillness. The redbreasts sang upon the leafless boughs. Of a great number of sheep in the field, only one standing. Returned to dinner at five o'clock. The moonlight still and warm as a summer's night at nine o'clock.

4th.—Walked a great part of the way to Stowey with Coleridge. The morning warm and sunny. The young lasses seen on the hill-tops, in the villages and roads, in their summer holiday clothes—pink petticoats and blue. Mothers with their children in arms, and the little ones that could just walk, tottering by their side. Midges or small flies spinning in the sunshine; the songs of the lark and redbreast; daisies upon the turf; the hazels in blossom; honeysuckles budding. I saw one solitary strawberry flower under a hedge. The furze gay with blossom. The moss rubbed from the pailings by the sheep, that leave locks of wool, and the red marks with which they are spotted, upon the wood.

5th.—Walked to Stowey with Coleridge, returned by

Woodlands; a very warm day. In the continued singing of birds distinguished the notes of a blackbird or thrush. The sea overshadowed by a thick dark mist, the land in sunshine. The sheltered oaks and beeches still retaining their brown leaves. Observed some trees putting out red shoots. Query: What trees are they?

6th.—Walked to Stowey over the hills, returned to tea, a cold and clear evening, the roads in some parts frozen hard. The sea hid by mist all the day.

7th.—Turned towards Potsdam, but finding the way dirty, changed our course. Cottage gardens the object of our walk. Went up the smaller Coombe to Woodlands, to the blacksmith's, the baker's, and through the village of Holford. Still misty over the sea. The air very delightful. We saw nothing very new, or interesting.

8th.—Went up the Park, and over the tops of the hills, till we came to a new and very delicious pathway, which conducted us to the Coombe. Sat a considerable time upon the heath. Its surface restless and glittering with the motion of the scattered piles of withered grass, and the waving of the spiders' threads. On our return the mist still hanging over the sea, but the opposite coast clear, and the rocky cliffs distinguishable. In the deep Coombe, as we stood upon the sunless hill, we saw miles of grass, light and glittering, and the insects passing.

9th.—William gathered sticks. . . .

10th.—Walked to Woodlands, and to the waterfall. The adder's-tongue and the ferns green in the low damp dell. These plants now in perpetual motion from the current of the air; in summer only moved by the dripping of the rocks. A cloudy day.

11th.—Walked with Coleridge near to Stowey. The day pleasant, but cloudy.

12th.—Walked alone to Stowey. Returned in the evening with Coleridge. A mild, pleasant, cloudy day.

13th.—Walked with Coleridge through the wood.

A mild and pleasant morning, the near prospect clear. The ridges of the hills fringed with wood, showing the sea through them like the white sky, and still beyond the dim horizon of the distant hills, hanging as it were in one undetermined line between sea and sky.

14th.—Gathered sticks with William in the wood, he being unwell and not able to go further. The young birch trees of a bright red, through which gleams a shade of purple. Sat down in a thick part of the wood. The near trees still, even to their topmost boughs, but a perpetual motion in those that skirt the wood. The breeze rose gently; its path distinctly marked, till it came to the very spot where we were.

15th.—Gathered sticks in the further wood. The dell green with moss and brambles, and the tall and slender pillars of the unbranching oaks. I crossed the water with letters; returned to Wm. and Basil. A shower met us in the wood, and a ruffling breeze.

16th.—Went for eggs into the Coombe, and to the baker's; a hail shower; brought home large burthens of sticks, a starlight evening, the sky closed in, and the ground white with snow before we went to bed.

17th.—A deep snow upon the ground. Wm. and Coleridge walked to Mr. Bartholemew's, and to Stowey. Wm. returned, and we walked through the wood into the Coombe to fetch some eggs. The sun shone bright and clear. A deep stillness in the thickest part of the wood, undisturbed except by the occasional dropping of the snow from the holly boughs; no other sound but that of the water, and the slender notes of a redbreast, which sang at intervals on the outskirts of the southern side of the wood. There the bright green moss was bare at the roots of the trees, and the little birds were upon it. The whole appearance of the wood was enchanting; and each tree, taken singly, was beautiful. The branches of the hollies pendent with their white burden, but still showing their bright red berries, and their glossy green leaves. The bare branches of the oaks thickened by the snow.

18th.—Walked after dinner beyond Woodlands.¹ A sharp and very cold evening; first observed the crescent moon, a silvery line, a thready bow, attended by Jupiter and Venus in their palest hues.

19th.—I walked to Stowey before dinner; Wm. unable to go all the way. Returned alone; a fine sunny, clear, frosty day. The sea still, and blue, and broad, and smooth.

20th.—Walked after dinner towards Woodlands.

21st.—Coleridge came in the morning, which prevented our walking. Wm. went through the wood with him towards Stowey; a very stormy night.

22nd.—Coleridge came in the morning to dinner. Wm. and I walked after dinner to Woodlands; the moon and two planets; sharp and frosty. Met a razor-grinder with a soldier's jacket on, a knapsack upon his back, and a boy to drag his wheel. The sea very black, and making a loud noise as we came through the wood, loud as if disturbed, and the wind was silent.

23rd.—William walked with Coleridge in the morning. I did not go out.

24th.—Went to the hill-top. Sat a considerable time overlooking the country towards the sea. The air blew pleasantly round us. The landscape mildly interesting. The Welsh hills capped by a huge range of tumultuous white clouds. The sea, spotted with white, of a bluish grey in general, and streaked with darker lines. The near shores clear; scattered farm houses, half-concealed by green mossy orchards, fresh straw lying at the doors; hay-stacks in the fields. Brown fallows, the springing wheat, like a shade of green over the brown earth, and the choice meadow plots, full of sheep and lambs, of a soft and vivid green; a few

¹ This house was afterwards John Kenyon's,—to whom *Aurora Leigh* is dedicated,—and was subsequently the residence of the Rev. William Nichols, author of *The Quantocks and their Associations*.—ED.

wreaths of blue smoke, spreading along the ground; the oaks and beeches in the hedges retaining their yellow leaves; the distant prospect on the land side, islanded with sunshine; the sea, like a basin full to the margin; the dark fresh-ploughed fields; the turnips of a lively rough green. Returned through the wood.

25th.—I lay down in the morning, though the whole day was very pleasant, and the evening fine. We did not walk.

26th.—Coleridge came in the morning, and Mr. and Mrs. Cruikshank¹; walked with Coleridge nearly to Stowey after dinner. A very clear afternoon. We lay sidelong upon the turf, and gazed on the landscape till it melted into more than natural loveliness. The sea very uniform, of a pale greyish blue, only one distant bay, bright and blue as a sky; had there been a vessel sailing up it, a perfect image of delight. Walked to the top of a high hill to see a fortification. Again sat down to feed upon the prospect; a magnificent scene, *curiously* spread out for even minute inspection, though so extensive that the mind is afraid to calculate its bounds. A winter prospect shows every cottage, every farm, and the forms of distant trees, such as in summer have no distinguishing mark. On our return, Jupiter and Venus before us. While the twilight still overpowered the light of the moon, we were reminded that she was shining bright above our heads, by our faint shadows going before us. We had seen her on the tops of the hills, melting into the blue sky. Poole called while we were absent.

27th.—I walked to Stowey in the evening. Wm. and Basil went with me through the wood. The prospect bright, yet *midly* beautiful. The sea big and white, swelled to the very shores, but round and high in the middle. Coleridge returned with me, as far as the wood. A very bright moonlight night. Venus almost

¹ Of Nether-Stowey, the agent of the Earl of Egmont.—ED.

like another moon. Lost to us at Alfoxden long before she goes down the large white sea.

March 1st.—We rose early. A thick fog obscured the distant prospect entirely, but the shapes of the nearer trees and the dome of the wood dimly seen and dilated. It cleared away between ten and eleven. The shapes of the mist, slowly moving along, exquisitely beautiful; passing over the sheep they almost seemed to have more of life than those quiet creatures. The unseen birds singing in the mist.¹

2nd.—Went a part of the way home with Coleridge in the morning. Gathered fir apples afterwards under the trees.

3rd.—I went to the shoemaker's. William lay under the trees till my return. Afterwards went to the secluded farm house in search of eggs, and returned over the hill. A very mild, cloudy evening. The rose trees in the hedges and the elders budding.

4th.—Walked to Woodlands after dinner, a pleasant evening.

5th.—Gathered fir-apples. A thick fog came on. Walked to the baker's and the shoemaker's, and through the fields towards Woodlands. On our return, found Tom Poole in the parlour. He drank tea with us.

6th.—A pleasant morning, the sea white and bright, and full to the brim. I walked to see Coleridge in the evening. William went with me to the wood. Coleridge very ill. It was a mild, pleasant afternoon, but the evening became very foggy; when I was near Woodlands, the fog overhead became thin, and I saw the shapes of the Central Stars. Again it closed, and the whole sky was the same.

7th.—William and I drank tea at Coleridge's. A cloudy sky. Observed nothing particularly interesting—the distant prospect obscured. One only leaf upon

¹ Compare *The Recluse*, l. 91—

Her Voice was like a hidden Bird that sang.

ED.

the top of a tree—the sole remaining leaf—danced round and round like a rag blown by the wind.¹

8th.—Walked in the Park in the morning. I sate under the fir trees. Coleridge came after dinner, so we did not walk again. A foggy morning, but a clear sunny day.

9th.—A clear sunny morning, went to meet Mr. and Mrs. Coleridge. The day very warm.

10th.—Coleridge, Wm., and I walked in the evening to the top of the hill. We all passed the morning in sauntering about the park and gardens, the children playing about, the old man at the top of the hill gathering furze; interesting groups of human creatures, the young frisking and dancing in the sun, the elder quietly drinking in the life and soul of the sun and air.

11th.—A cold day. The children went down towards the sea. William and I walked to the top of the hills above Holford. Met the blacksmith. Pleasant to see the labourer on Sunday jump with the friskiness of a cow upon a sunny day.

12th.—Tom Poole returned with Coleridge to dinner, a brisk, cold, sunny day; did not walk.

13th.—Poole dined with us. William and I strolled into the wood. Coleridge called us into the house.

15th.—I have neglected to set down the occurrences of this week, so I do not recollect how we disposed of ourselves to-day.

16th.—William, and Coleridge, and I walked in the Park a short time. I wrote to ——. William very ill, better in the evening; and we called round by Potsdam.

17th.—I do not remember this day.

18th.—The Coleridges left us. A cold, windy

¹ Did this suggest the lines in *Christabel*?—

The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
That dances as often as dance it can,
Hanging so light, and hanging so high,
On the topmost twig that looks up at the sky.

morning. Walked with them half way. On our return, sheltered under the hollies, during a hail-shower. The withered leaves danced with the hailstones. William wrote a description of the storm.¹

19th.—Wm. and Basil and I walked to the hill-tops, a very cold bleak day. We were met on our return by a severe hailstorm. William wrote some lines describing a stunted thorn.²

20th.—Coleridge dined with us. We went more than half way home with him in the evening. A very cold evening, but clear. The spring seemingly very little advanced. No green trees, only the hedges are budding, and looking very lovely.

21st.—We drank tea at Coleridge's. A quiet shower of snow was in the air during more than half our walk. At our return the sky partially shaded with clouds. The horned moon was set. Startled two night birds from the great elm tree.

22nd.—I spent the morning in starching and hanging out linen; walked *through* the wood in the evening, very cold.

23rd.—Coleridge dined with us. He brought his ballad finished.³ We walked with him to the Miner's house. A beautiful evening, very starry, the horned moon.

24th.—Coleridge, the Chesters, and Ellen Cruikshank called. We walked with them through the wood. Went in the evening into the Coombe to get eggs; returned through the wood, and walked in the park. A duller night than last night: a sort of white shade over the blue sky. The stars dim. The spring continues to advance very slowly, no green trees, the hedges leafless; nothing green but the brambles that still retain their old

¹ See "A whirl-blast from behind the hill" in the "Poetical Works," vol. i. p. 238.—Ed.

² See *The Thorn*, "Poetical Works," vol. i. p. 239.—Ed.

³ The ballad was finished by February 18, 1798. See *Early Recollections*, etc., by Joseph Cottle, vol. i. p. 307 (1837).—Ed.

leaves, the evergreens, and the palms, which indeed are not absolutely green. Some brambles I observed to-day budding afresh, and those have shed their old leaves. The crooked arm of the old oak tree points upwards to the moon.

25th.—Walked to Coleridge's after tea. Arrived at home at one o'clock. The night cloudy but not dark.

26th.—Went to meet Wedgwood at Coleridge's after dinner. Reached home at half-past twelve, a fine moonlight night; half moon.

27th.—Dined at Poole's. Arrived at home a little after twelve, a partially cloudy, but light night, very cold.

28th.—Hung out the linen.

29th.—Coleridge dined with us.

30th.—Walked I know not where.

31st.—Walked.

April 1st.—Walked by moonlight.

2nd.—A very high wind. Coleridge came to avoid the smoke; stayed all night. We walked in the wood, and sat under the trees. The half of the wood perfectly still, while the wind was making a loud noise behind us. The still trees only gently bowed their heads, as if listening to the wind. The hollies in the thick wood unshaken by the blast; only, when it came with a greater force, shaken by the rain drops falling from the bare oaks above.

3rd.—Walked to Crookham, with Coleridge and Wm., to make the appeal. Left Wm. there, and parted with Coleridge at the top of the hill. A very stormy afternoon. . . .

4th.—Walked to the sea-side in the afternoon. A great commotion in the air, but the sea neither grand nor beautiful. A violent shower in returning. Sheltered under some fir trees at Potsdam.

5th.—Coleridge came to dinner. William and I walked in the wood in the morning. I fetched eggs from the Coombe.

6th.—Went a part of the way home with Coleridge. A pleasant warm morning, but a showery day. Walked a short distance up the lesser Coombe, with an intention of going to the source of the brook, but the evening closing in, cold prevented us. The Spring still advancing very slowly. The horse-chestnuts budding, and the hedgerows beginning to look green, but nothing fully expanded.

7th.—Walked before dinner up the Coombe, to the source of the brook, and came home by the tops of the hills; a showery morning, at the hill-tops; the view opened upon us very grand.

8th.—Easter Sunday. Walked in the morning in the wood, and half way to Stowey; found the air at first oppressively warm, afterwards very pleasant.

9th.—Walked to Stowey, a fine air in going, but very hot in returning. The sloe in blossom, the hawthorns green, the larches in the park changed from black to green in two or three days. Met Coleridge in returning.

10th.—I was hanging out linen in the evening. We walked to Holford. I turned off to the baker's, and walked beyond Woodlands, expecting to meet William, met him on the hill; a close warm evening . . . in bloom.

11th.—In the wood in the morning, walked to the top of the hill, then I went down into the wood. A pleasant evening, a fine air, the grass in the park becoming green, many trees green in the dell.

12th.—Walked in the morning in the wood. In the evening up the Coombe, fine walk. The Spring advances rapidly, multitudes of primroses, dog-violets, periwinkles, stitchwort.

13th.—Walked in the wood in the morning. In the evening went to Stowey. I staid with Mr. Coleridge. Wm. went to Poole's. Supped with Mr. Coleridge.

14th.—Walked in the wood in the morning. The evening very stormy, so we staid within doors. Mary Wollstonecraft's life, etc., came.

15th.—Set forward after breakfast to Crookham, and

returned to dinner at three o'clock. A fine cloudy morning. Walked about the squire's grounds. Quaint waterfalls about, about which Nature was very successfully striving to make beautiful what art had deformed—ruins, hermitages, etc. etc. In spite of all these things, the dell romantic and beautiful, though everywhere planted with unnaturalised trees. Happily we cannot shape the huge hills, or carve out the valleys according to our fancy.

16th.—New moon. William walked in the wood in the morning. I neglected to follow him. We walked in the park in the evening. . . .

17th.—Walked in the wood in the morning. In the evening upon the hill. Cowslips plentiful.

18th.—Walked in the wood, a fine sunny morning, met Coleridge returned from his brother's. He dined with us. We drank tea, and then walked with him nearly to Stowey. . . .

19th.— . . .

20th.—Walked in the evening up the hill dividing the Coombes. Came home the Crookham way, by the thorn, and the "little muddy pond." Nine o'clock at our return. William all the morning engaged in wearisome composition. The moon crescent. *Peter Bell* begun.

21st, 22nd, 23rd.— . . .

24th.—Walked a considerable time in the wood. Sat under the trees, in the evening walked on the top of the hill, found Coleridge on our return and walked with him towards Stowey.

25th.—Coleridge drank tea, walked with him to Stowey.

26th.—William went to have his picture taken.¹ I walked with him. Dined at home. Coleridge and he drank tea.

¹ This was the earliest portrait of Wordsworth by W. Shuter. It is now in the possession of Mrs. St. John, Ithaca, U.S.A.—Ed.

27th.—Coleridge breakfasted and drank tea, strolled in the wood in the morning, went with him in the evening through the wood, afterwards walked on the hills: the moon, a many-coloured sea and sky.

28th, *Saturday*.—A very fine morning, warm weather all the week.

May 6th, Sunday.—Expected the painter, and Coleridge. A rainy morning—very pleasant in the evening. Met Coleridge as we were walking out. Went with him to Stowey; heard the nightingale; saw a glow-worm.

7th.—Walked in the wood in the morning. In the evening, to Stowey with Coleridge who called.

8th.—Coleridge dined, went in the afternoon to tea at Stowey. A pleasant walk home.

9th.— . . . Wrote to Coleridge.

Wednesday, 16th May.—Coleridge, William, and myself set forward to the Chedder rocks; slept at Bridgewater.

22nd, *Thursday*.¹—Walked to Chedder. Slept at Cross.

¹ It is thus written in the MS., but the 22nd May 1798 was a *Tuesday*. If the entry refers to a *Thursday*, the day of the month should have been written 24th. Dorothy Wordsworth was not exact as to dates.—ED

II

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH'S JOURNAL
OF
DAYS SPENT AT HAMBURGH
IN SEPTEMBER AND OCTOBER 1798

EXTRACTS FROM DOROTHY WORDSWORTH'S
JOURNAL OF DAYS SPENT AT HAM-
BURGH, IN SEPTEMBER AND OCTOBER 1798¹

QUITTED London, Friday, 14th September 1798. Arrived at Yarmouth on Saturday noon, and sailed on Sunday morning at eleven o'clock. Before we heaved the anchor I was consigned to the cabin, which I did not quit till we were in still water at the mouth of the Elbe, on Tuesday morning at ten o'clock. I was surprised to find, when I came upon deck, that we could not see the shores, though we were in the river. It was to my eyes a still sea. But oh! the gentle breezes and the gentle motion! . . . As we advanced towards Cuxhaven the shores appeared low and flat, and thinly peopled; here and there a farm-house, cattle feeding, hay-stacks, a cottage, a windmill. Some vessels were at anchor at Cuxhaven, an ugly, black-looking place. Dismissed a part of our crew, and proceeded in the packet-boat up the river.

Cast anchor between six and seven o'clock. The moon shone upon the waters. The shores were visible rock; here and there a light from the houses. Ships lying at anchor not far from us. We² drank tea upon deck by the light of the moon. I enjoyed solitude and quietness, and many a recollected pleasure, hearing still

¹ This is not Dorothy's own title. Her Journal has no title.—ED.

² *i.e.* William and Dorothy Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Chester.—ED.

the unintelligible jargon of the many tongues that gabbled in the cabin. Went to bed between ten and eleven. The party playing at cards, but they were silent, and suffered us to go to sleep. At four o'clock in the morning we were awakened by the heaving of the anchor, and till seven, in the intervals of sleep, I enjoyed the thought that we were advancing towards Hamburg; but what was our mortification on being told that there was a thick fog, and that we could not sail till it was dispersed. I went on to the deck. The air was cold and wet, the decks streaming, the shores invisible, no hope of clear weather. At ten however the sun appeared, and we saw the green shores. All became clear, and we set sail. Churches very frequent on the right, with spires red, blue, sometimes green; houses thatched or tiled, and generally surrounded with low trees. A beautiful low green island, houses, and wood. As we advanced, the left bank of the river became more interesting.

The houses warm and comfortable, sheltered with trees, and neatly painted. Blankenese, a village or town scattered over the sides of three hills, woody where the houses lie and sleep down below, the houses half-concealed by, and half-obtruding themselves from, the low trees. Naked boats with masts lying at the bare feet of the Blankenese hills. Houses more and more frequent as we approach Hamburg. The banks of the Elbe more steep. Some gentlemen's seats after the English fashion. The spires of Altona and Hamburg visible a considerable time. At Altona we took a boat, and rowed through the narrow passages of the Elbe, crowded with vessels of all nations. Landed at the Boom House, where we were received by porters, ready to carry our luggage to any part of the town. William went to seek lodgings, and the rest of the party guarded the luggage. Two boats were about to depart. An elegant English carriage was placed in one, and presently a very pretty woman, conducted by a gentleman, seated herself in it,

and they rowed off. The other contained a medley crew of all ages. There was an old woman, with a blue cap trimmed with broad silver lace, and tied under her chin. She had a short coloured cloak, etc. While we stood in the street, which was open on one side to the Elbe, I was much amused by the various employments and dresses of the people who passed before us. . . . There were Dutch women with immense straw bonnets, with flat crowns and rims in the shape of oyster shells, without trimming, or with only a plain riband round the crown, and literally as large as a small-sized umbrella. Hamburger girls with white caps, with broad overhanging borders, crimped and stiff, and long lappets of riband. Hanoverians with round borders, showing all the face, and standing upright, a profusion of riband. . . . Fruit-women, with large straw hats in the shape of an inverted bowl, or white handkerchiefs tied round the head like a bishop's mitre. Jackets the most common, often the petticoat and jacket of different colours. The ladies without hats, in dresses of all fashions. Soldiers with dull-looking red coats, and immense cocked hats. The men little differing from the English, except that they have generally a pipe in their mouths. After waiting about an hour we saw Wm. appear. Two porters carried our luggage upon a sort of wheelbarrow, and we were conducted through dirty, ill-paved streets to an inn, where, with great difficulty, and after long seeking, lodgings had been procured for us

Breakfasted with Mons. de Loutre. Chester and I went to the promenade. People of all ranks, and in various dresses, walking backwards and forwards. Ladies with small baskets hanging on their arms, long shawls of various colours thrown over their shoulders. The women of the lower order dressed with great modesty. . . . Went to the French theatre in the evening. . . . The piece a mixture of dull declamation and unmeaning rant. The ballet unintelligible to us, as

the story was carried on in singing. The body of the house very imperfectly lighted, which has a good effect in bringing out the stage, but the acting was not very amusing. . . .

Sunday.—William went in the boat to Harburgh. In our road to the boat we looked into one of the large churches. Service was just ended. The audience appeared to be simply composed of singing boys dressed in large cocked hats, and a few old women who sat in the aisles. . . . Met many bright-looking girls with white caps, carrying black prayer-books in their hands. . . . Coleridge went to Ratzeberg at five o'clock in the diligence. Chester accompanied me towards Altona. The streets wide and pleasant in that quarter of the town. Immense crowds of people walking for pleasure, and many pleasure-waggon passing and repassing. Passed through a nest of Jews. Were invited to view an exhibition of waxwork. The theatres open, and the billiard-tables attended. The walks very pleasing between Hamburg and Altona. A large piece of ground planted with trees, and intersected by gravel walks. Music, cakes, fruit, carriages, and foot-passengers of all descriptions. A very good view of the shipping, and of Altona and the town and spires of Hamburg. I could not but remark how much the prospect would have suffered by one of our English canopies of coal smoke. The ground on the opposite side of the Elbe appears marshy. There are many little canals or lines of water. While the sun was yet shining pleasantly, we were obliged to blink perpetually to turn our eyes to the church clock. The gates are shut at half-past six o'clock, and there is no admittance into the city after that time. This idea deducts much from the pleasure of an evening walk. You are haunted by it long before the time has elapsed. . . .

Wednesday.—Dined with Mr. Klopstock. Had the pleasure of meeting his brother the poet, a venerable old man, retaining the liveliness and alertness of youth,

though he evidently cannot be very far from the grave. . . . The party talked with much interest of the French comedy, and seemed fond of music. The poet and his lady were obliged to depart soon after six. He sustained an animated conversation with William during the whole afternoon. Poor old man! I could not look upon him, the benefactor of his country, the father of German poetry, without emotion. . . .

During my residence in Hamburg I have never seen anything like a quarrel in the streets but once, and that was so trifling that it would scarcely have been noticed in England. . . . In the shops (except the established booksellers and stationers) I have constantly observed a disposition to cheat, and take advantage of our ignorance of the language and money. . . .

Thursday, 28th September.—William and I set forward at twelve o'clock to Altona. . . . The Elbe in the vicinity of Hamburg is so divided, and spread out, that the country looks more like a plain overflowed by heavy rain than the bed of a great river. We went about a mile and a half beyond Altona: the roads dry and sandy, and a causeway for foot-passengers. . . . The houses on the banks of the Elbe, chiefly of brick, seemed very warm and well built. . . .

The small cottage houses seemed to have little gardens, and all the gentlemen's houses were surrounded by gardens quaintly disposed in beds and curious knots, with ever-twisting gravel walks and bending poplars. The view of the Elbe and the spreading country must be very interesting in a fine sunset. There is a want of some atmospherical irradiation to give a richness to the view. On returning home we were accosted by the first beggar whom we have seen since our arrival at Hamburg.

Friday, 29th.—Sought Coleridge at the bookseller's, and went to the Promenade. . . . All the Hamburgers full of Admiral Nelson's victory.

Called at a baker's shop. Put two shillings into

the baker's hands, for which I was to have had four small rolls. He gave me two. I let him understand that I was to have four, and with this view I took one shilling from him, pointed to it and to two loaves, and at the same time offering it to him. Again I took up two others. In a savage manner he half knocked the rolls out of my hand, and when I asked him for the other shilling he refused to return it, and would neither suffer me to take bread, nor give me back my money, and on these terms I quitted the shop. I am informed that it is the boast and glory of these people to cheat strangers, that when a feat of this kind is successfully performed the man goes from the shop into his house, and triumphantly relates it to his wife and family. The Hamburger shopkeepers have three sorts of weights, and a great part of their skill, as shopkeepers, consists in calculating upon the knowledge of the buyer, and suiting him with scales accordingly. . . .

Saturday, 30th September.—The grand festival of the Hamburgers, dedicated to Saint Michael, observed with solemnity, but little festivity. Perhaps this might be partly owing to the raininess of the evening. In the morning the churches were opened very early. St. Christopher's was quite full between eight and nine o'clock. It is a large heavy-looking building, immense, without either grandeur or beauty; built of brick, and with few windows. . . . There are some pictures, . . . one of the Saint fording the river with Christ upon his back—a giant figure, which amused me not a little. . . . Walked with Coleridge and Chester upon the promenade. . . . We took places in the morning in the Brunswick coach for Wednesday.

Sunday, 1st October.—Coleridge and Chester went to Ratzeberg at seven o'clock in the morning. . . . William and I set forward at half-past eleven with an intention of going to Blankenese. . . . The buildings all seem solid and warm in themselves, but still they look cold from their nakedness of trees. They are generally newly

built, and placed in gardens, which are planted in front with poplars and low shrubs, but the possessors seem to have no prospective view to a shelter for their children. They do not plant behind their houses. All the buildings of this character are near the road which runs at different distances from the edge of the bank which rises from the river. This bank is generally steep, scattered over with trees which are either not of ancient growth, or from some cause do not thrive, but serve very well to shelter and often conceal the more humble dwellings, which are close to the sandy bank of the river. . . . We saw many carriages. In one of them was Klopstock, the poet. There are many inns and eating-houses by the roadside. We went to a pretty village, or nest of houses about a league from Blankenese, and beyond to a large open field, enclosed on one side with oak trees, through which winds a pleasant gravel walk. On the other it is open to the river. . . . When we were within about a mile and a half or two miles of Altona, we turned out of the road to go down to the river, and pursued our way along the path that leads from house to house. These houses are low, never more than two storeys high, built of brick, or a mixture of brick and wood, and thatched or tiled. They have all window-shutters, which are painted frequently a grey light green, but always painted. We were astonished at the excessive neatness which we observed in the arrangement of everything within these houses. They have all window curtains as white as snow; the floors of all that we saw were perfectly clean, and the brass vessels as bright as a mirror. . . . I imagine these houses are chiefly inhabited by sailors, pilots, boat-makers, and others whose business is upon the water.

Monday, October 2nd.—William called at Klopstock's to inquire the road into Saxony. Bought Burgher's poems, the price 6 marks. Sate an hour at Remnant's. Bought Percy's ancient poetry, 14 marks. Walked on the ramparts; a very fine morning

III

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH'S JOURNAL
WRITTEN AT GRASMERE
(14TH MAY TO 21ST DECEMBER 1800)

EXTRACTS FROM DOROTHY WORDSWORTH'S
JOURNAL, WRITTEN AT GRASMERE

May 14th, 1800.—Wm. and John set off into Yorkshire after dinner at half-past two o'clock, cold pork in their pockets. I left them at the turning of the Low-wood bay under the trees. My heart was so full that I could hardly speak to W. when I gave him a farewell kiss. I sate a long time upon a stone at the margin of the lake, and after a flood of tears my heart was easier. The lake looked to me, I knew not why, dull and melancholy, and the weltering on the shores seemed a heavy sound. I walked as long as I could amongst the stones of the shore. The wood rich in flowers; a beautiful yellow (palish yellow) flower, that looked thick, round, and double—the smell very sweet (I supposed it was a ranunculus), crowfoot, the grassy-leaved rabbit-looking white flower, strawberries, geraniums, scentless violets, anemones, two kinds of orchises, primroses, the heckberry very beautiful, the crab coming out as a low shrub. Met an old man, driving a very large beautiful bull, and a cow. He walked with two sticks. Came home by Clappersgate. The valley very green; many sweet views up to Rydale, when I could juggle away the fine houses; but they disturbed me, even more than when I have been happier; one beautiful view of the bridge, without Sir Michael's.¹ Sate down very often, though it

¹ *i.e.* Rydal Hall, the residence of Sir Michael le Fleming.—
ED.

was cold. I resolved to write a journal of the time, till W. and J. return, and I set about keeping my resolve, because I will not quarrel with myself, and because I shall give William pleasure by it when he comes home again. At Rydale, a woman of the village, stout and well dressed, begged a half-penny. She had never she said done it before, but these hard times! Arrived at home, set some slips of privet, the evening cold, had a fire, my face now flame-coloured. It is nine o'clock. I shall now go to bed. . . . Oh that I had a letter from William.

Friday Morning, 16th.—Warm and mild, after a fine night of rain. . . . The woods extremely beautiful with all autumnal variety and softness. I carried a basket for mosses, and gathered some wild plants. Oh! that we had a book of botany. All flowers now are gay and deliciously sweet. The primrose still prominent; the later flowers and the shiny foxgloves very tall, with their heads budding. I went forward round the lake at the foot of Loughrigg Fell. I was much amused with the busyness of a pair of stone-chats; their restless voices as they skimmed along the water, following each other, their shadows under them, and their returning back to the stones on the shore, chirping with the same unwearied voice. Could not cross the water, so I went round by the stepping-stones. . . . Rydale was very beautiful, with spear-shaped streaks of polished steel. . . . Grasmere very solemn in the last glimpse of twilight. It calls home the heart to quietness. I had been very melancholy. In my walk back I had many of my saddest thoughts, and I could not keep the tears within me. But when I came to Grasmere I felt that it did me good. I finished my letter to M. H. . . .

Saturday.—Incessant rain from morning till night. . . . Worked hard, and read *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and ballads. Sauntered a little in the garden. The blackbird sate quietly in its nest, rocked by the wind, and beaten by the rain.

Sunday, 18th.—Went to church, slight showers, a cold air. The mountains from this window look much greener, and I think the valley is more green than ever. The corn begins to shew itself. The ashes are still bare. A little girl from Coniston came to beg. She had lain out all night. Her step-mother had turned her out of doors; her father could not stay at home “she flights so.” Walked to Ambleside in the evening round the lake, the prospect exceeding beautiful from Loughrigg Fell. It was so green that no eye could weary of reposing upon it. The most beautiful situation for a home, is the field next to Mr. Benson’s. I was overtaken by two Cumberland people who complimented me upon my walking. They were going to sell cloth, and odd things which they make themselves, in Hawkshead and the neighbourhood. . . . Letters from Coleridge and Cottle. John Fisher¹ overtook me on the other side of Rydale. He talked much about the alteration in the times, and observed that in a short time there would be only two ranks of people, the very rich and the very poor, “for those who have small estates,” says he, “are forced to sell, and all the land goes into one hand.” Did not reach home till ten o’clock.

Monday.—Sauntered a good deal in the garden, bound carpets, mended old clothes, read *Timon of Athens*, dried linen. . . . Walked up into the Black Quarter.² I sauntered a long time among the rocks above the church. The most delightful situation possible

¹ Their neighbour at Town-End, who helped Wordsworth to make the steps up to the orchard, in Dove Cottage garden.—ED.

² I think that this name was given to a bit of the valley to the north-east of Grasmere village; but Mr. Gordon Wordsworth’s opinion is that “‘The Black Quarter’ was simply the family nickname for Easedale. The phrase seems to disappear from the Journals as they got more accustomed to local names. It is an excellent description of the usual appearance of these fells, and makes a contrast to the name of the White Moss, which lay behind Dove Cottage; as Easedale lay in front, and was equally in their thoughts.”—ED.

for a cottage, commanding two distinct views of the vale and of the lake, is among those rocks. . . . The quietness and still seclusion of the valley affected me even to producing the deepest melancholy. I forced myself from it. The wind rose before I went to bed. . . .

Tuesday Morning.—A fine mild rain. . . . Everything green and overflowing with life, and the streams making a perpetual song, with the thrushes, and all little birds, not forgetting the stone-chats. The post was not come in. I walked as far as Windermere, and met him there.

Saturday, May 24th.—Walked in the morning to Ambleside. I found a letter from Wm. and one from Mary Hutchinson. Wrote to William after dinner, worked in the garden, sate in the evening under the trees.

Sunday.— . . . Read *Macbeth* in the morning; sate under the trees after dinner. . . . I wrote to my brother Christopher. . . . On my return found a letter from Coleridge and from Charles Lloyd, and three papers.

Monday, May 26th.— . . . Wrote letters to J. H., Coleridge, Col. Ll., and W. I walked towards Rydale, and turned aside at my favourite field. The air and the lake were still. One cottage light in the vale, and so much of day left that I could distinguish objects, the woods, trees, and houses. Two or three different kinds of birds sang at intervals on the opposite shore. I sate till I could hardly drag myself away, I grew so sad. "When pleasant thoughts," etc.¹ . . .

Tuesday, 27th.—I walked to Ambleside with letters . . . only a letter from Coleridge. I expected a letter from Wm. It was a sweet morning, the ashes in the valley nearly in full leaf, but still to be distinguished, quite bare on the higher ground. . . .

¹ Compare *Lines written in Early Spring*, "Poetical Works," vol. i. p. 269—

In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

Wednesday.—In the morning walked up to the rocks above Jenny Dockeray's. Sate a long time upon the grass; the prospect divinely beautiful. If I had three hundred pounds, and could afford to have a bad interest for my money, I would buy that estate, and we would build a cottage there to end our days in. I went into her garden and got white and yellow lilies, etc., periwinkle, etc., which I planted. Sate under the trees with my work. Worked between 7 and 8, and then watered the garden. A beautiful evening. The crescent moon hanging above Helm Crag.

Thursday.—In the morning worked in the garden a little. Read *King John*. Miss Simpson, and Miss Falcon, and Mr. S. came very early. Went to Mr. Gill's boat. Before tea we fished upon the lake, and amongst us caught 13! . . .

Friday.—In the morning went to Ambleside, forgetting that the post does not come till the evening. How was I grieved when I was so informed. I walked back, resolving to go again in the evening. It rained very mildly and sweetly in the morning as I came home, but came on a wet afternoon and evening, and chilly. I caught Mr. Olliff's lad as he was going for letters. He brought me one from Wm. and 12 papers. I planted London Pride upon the wall, and many things on the borders. John sodded the wall. As I came past Rydale in the morning, I saw a heron swimming with only its neck out of water. It beat and struggled amongst the water, when it flew away, and was long in getting loose.

Saturday.—A sweet mild rainy morning. Grundy the carpet man called. I paid him £1:10s. Went to the blind man's for plants. I got such a load that I was obliged to leave my basket in the road, and send Molly for it. . . .

Sunday, June 1st.—Rain in the night. A sweet mild morning. Read ballads. Went to church. Singers from Wytheburn. Walked upon the hill above the house till dinner time. Went again to church. After tea,

went to Ambleside, round the Lakes. A very fine warm evening. Upon the side of Loughrigg my heart dissolved in what I saw: when I was not startled, but called from my reverie by a noise as of a child paddling without shoes. I looked up, and saw a lamb close to me. It approached nearer and nearer, as if to examine me, and stood a long time. I did not move. At last, it ran past me, and went bleating along the pathway, seeming to be seeking its mother. I saw a hare on the high road. . . .

Monday.—A cold dry windy morning. I worked in the garden, and planted flowers, etc. Sate under the trees after dinner till tea time. . . . I went to Ambleside after tea, crossed the stepping-stones at the foot of Grasmere, and pursued my way on the other side of Rydale and by Clappersgate. I sate a long time to watch the hurrying waves, and to hear the regularly irregular sound of the dashing waters. The waves round about the little Island seemed like a dance of spirits that rose out of the water, round its small circumference of shore. Inquired about lodgings for Coleridge, and was accompanied by Mrs. Nicholson as far as Rydale. This was very kind, but God be thanked, I want not society by a moonlit lake. It was near eleven when I reached home. I wrote to Coleridge, and went late to bed.

Wednesday.— . . . I walked to the lake-side in the morning, took up plants, and sate upon a stone reading ballads. In the evening I was watering plants, when Mr. and Miss Simpson called, and I accompanied them home, and we went to the waterfall at the head of the valley. It was very interesting in the twilight. I brought home lemon-thyme, and several other plants, and planted them by moonlight. I lingered out of doors in the hope of hearing my brother's tread.

Thursday.—I sate out of doors great part of the day and worked in the garden. Had a letter from Mr. Jackson, and wrote an answer to Coleridge. The little

birds busy making love, and pecking the blossoms and bits of moss off the trees. They flutter about and about, and beneath the trees as I lie under them.¹ I would not go far from home, expecting my brother. I rambled on the hill above the house, gathered wild thyme, and took up roots of wild columbine. Just as I was returning with my load, Mr. and Miss Simpson called. We went again upon the hill, got more plants, set them, and then went to the blind man's, for London Pride for Miss Simpson. I went up with them as far as the blacksmith's, a fine lovely moonlight night.

Friday.—Sate out of doors reading the whole afternoon, but in the morning I wrote to my aunt Cookson. In the evening I went to Ambleside with Coleridge's letter. It was a lovely night as the day had been. I went by Loughrigg and Clappersgate and just met the post at the turnpike. He told me there were two letters but none for me, so I was in no hurry and went round again by Clappersgate, crossed the stepping-stones and entered Ambleside at Matthew Harrison's. A letter from Jack Hutchinson, and one from Montagu, enclosing a £3 note. No William! I slackened my pace as I came near home, fearing to hear that he was not come. I listened till after one o'clock to every barking dog, cock-fighting, and other sports. Foxgloves just coming into blossom.

Saturday.—A very warm cloudy morning, threatening to rain. I walked up to Mr. Simpson's to gather gooseberries. It was a very fine afternoon. Little Tommy came down with me. We went up the hill, to gather sods and plants; and went down to the lake side, and took up orchises, etc. I watered the garden and weeded. I did not leave home, in the expectation of Wm. and John, and sitting at work till after 11 o'clock I heard a foot at the front of the house, turn round, and open the gate. It was William! After our first joy was over, we got

¹ Compare *The Green Linnet*, in the "Poetical Works," vol. ii. p. 367.—ED.

some tea. We did not go to bed till 4 o'clock in the morning, so he had an opportunity of seeing our improvements. The buds were staying; and all looked fresh, though not gay. There was a greyness on earth and sky. We did not rise till near 10 in the morning. We were busy all day in writing letters to Coleridge, Montagu, etc. Mr. and Miss Simpson called in the evening. The little boy carried our letters to Ambleside. We walked with Mr. and Miss S. home, on their return. . . . We met John on our return home.

Monday 9th.—In the morning W. cut down the winter cherry tree. I sowed French beans and weeded. A coronetted landau went by, when we were sitting upon the sodded wall. The ladies (evidently tourists) turned an eye of interest upon our little garden and cottage. Went round to Mr. Gill's boat, and on to the lake to fish. We caught nothing. It was extremely cold. The reeds and bullrushes or bullpipes of a tender soft green, making a plain whose surface moved with the wind. The reeds not yet tall. The lake clear to the bottom, but saw no fish. In the evening I stuck peas, watered the garden, and planted brocoli. Did not walk, for it was very cold. A poor girl called to beg, who had no work, and was going in search of it to Kendal. She slept in Mr. Benson's . . . and went off after breakfast in the morning with 7d. and a letter to the Mayor of Kendal.

Tuesday 10th.—A cold, yet sunshiny morning. John carried letters to Ambleside. Wm. stuck peas. After dinner he lay down. John not at home. I stuck peas alone. Cold showers with hail and rain, but at half-past five, after a heavy rain, the lake became calm and very beautiful. Those parts of the water which were perfectly unruffled lay like green islands of various shapes. William and I walked to Ambleside to seek lodgings for C. No letters. No papers. It was a very cold cheerless evening. John had been fishing in Langdale and was gone to bed.

A very tall woman, tall much beyond the measure of tall women, called at the door. She had on a very long brown cloak and a very white cap, without bonnet. Her face was excessively brown, but it had plainly once been fair. She led a little bare-footed child about two years old by the hand, and said her husband, who was a tinker, was gone before with the other children. I gave her a piece of bread. Afterwards on my way to Ambleside, beside the bridge at Rydale, I saw her husband sitting by the roadside, his two asses feeding beside him, and the two young children at play upon the grass. The man did not beg. I passed on and about a quarter of a mile further I saw two boys before me, one about 10, the other about 8 years old, at play chasing a butterfly. They were wild figures, not very ragged, but without shoes and stockings. The hat of the elder was wreathed round with yellow flowers, the younger whose hat was only a rimless crown, had stuck it round with laurel leaves. They continued at play till I drew very near, and then they addressed me with the begging cant and the whining voice of sorrow. I said "I served your mother this morning." (The boys were so like the woman who had called at . . . that I could not be mistaken.) "O!" says the elder, "you could not serve my mother for she's dead, and my father's on at the next town—he's a potter." I persisted in my assertion, and that I would give them nothing. Says the elder, "Let's away," and away they flew like lightning. They had however sauntered so long in their road that they did not reach Ambleside before me, and I saw them go up to Matthew Harrison's house with their wallet upon the elder's shoulder, and creeping with a beggar's complaining foot. On my return through Ambleside I met in the street the mother driving her asses, in the two panniers of one of which were the two little children, whom she was chiding and threatening with a wand which she used to drive on her asses, while the little things hung in wantonness over the pannier's edge. The woman had told me in the

morning that she was of Scotland, which her accent fully proved, but that she had lived (I think at Wigtoun), that they could not keep a house and so they travelled.¹

*Wednesday, 13th June.*²—A very cold morning. We went on the lake to set pike floats with John's fish. W. and J. went . . . alone. Mr. Simpson called, and I accompanied him to the lake side. My brothers and I again went upon the water, and returned to dinner. We landed upon the island where I saw the whitest hawthorn I have seen this year, the generality of hawthorns are bloomless. I saw wild roses in the hedges. Wm. and John went to the pike floats. They brought in two pikes. I sowed kidney beans and spinnach. A cold evening. Molly stuck the peas. I weeded a little. Did not walk.

Thursday, 14th June.—William and I went upon the water to set pike floats. John fished under Loughrigg. We returned to dinner, two pikes boiled and roasted. A very cold air but warm sun. W. and I again went upon the water. We walked to Rydale after tea, and up to potter's. A cold night, but warmer.

Friday, 15th June.—A rainy morning. W. and J. went upon the lake. Very warm and pleasant, gleams of sunshine. Caught a pike $7\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. Went upon the water after tea, Mr. Simpson trolling.

Saturday.—A fine morning but cloudy. W. and John went upon the lake. I staid at home. We drank tea at Mr. Simpson's. Stayed till after 10 o'clock.

Sunday.—John walked to Coniston. W. and I sauntered in the garden. Afterwards walked by the lake side. A cold air. We pushed through the wood. Walked behind the fir grove, and returned to dinner. The farmer and the blacksmith from Hawkshead called.

¹ Compare the poem *Beggars*, in the "Poetical Works," vol. ii. pp. 276-281.—ED.

² This and the two following dates are incorrectly given. They should be "Wednesday 11th, Thursday 12th, and Friday 13th June."—ED.

Monday.—Wm. and I went to Brathay by Little Langdale and Collath, and It was a warm mild morning with threatening rain. The vale of Little Langdale looked bare and unlovely. Collath was wild and interesting, from the peat carts and peat gatherers. The valley all perfumed with the gale and wild thyme. The woods about the waterfall bright with rich yellow broom. A succession of delicious views from . . . to Brathay. We met near . . . a pretty little boy with a wallet over his shoulder. He came from Hawkshead and was going to sell a sack of meal. He spoke gently and without complaint. When I asked him if he got enough to eat, he looked surprised, and said Nay. He was 7 years old but seemed not more than 5. We drank tea at Mr. Ibbetson's, and returned by Ambleside. Lent £3 : 9s. to the potter at Kendal. Met John on our return home at about 10 o'clock. Saw a primrose in blossom.

Tuesday.—We put the new window in. I ironed, and worked about a good deal in house and garden. In the evening we walked for letters. Found one for Coleridge at Rydale, and I returned much tired.

Wednesday.—We walked round the lake in the morning and in the evening to the lower waterfall at Rydale. It was a warm, dark, lowering evening.

Thursday.—A very hot morning. W. and I walked up to Mr. Simpson's. W. and old Mr. S. went to fish in Wytheburn water. I dined with John and lay under the trees. The afternoon changed from clear to cloudy, and to clear again. John and I walked up to the waterfall, and to Mr. Simpson's, and with Miss Simpson. Met the fishers. W. caught a pike weighing $4\frac{3}{4}$ lbs. There was a gloom almost terrible over Grasmere water and vale. A few drops fell but not much rain. No Coleridge, whom we fully expected.

Friday.—I worked in the garden in the morning. Wm. prepared pea sticks. Threatening for rain, but yet it comes not. On Wednesday evening a poor man called—a hatter. He had been long ill, but was now recovered.

The parish would not help him, because he had implements of trade, etc. etc. We gave him 6d.

Saturday.—Walked up the hill to Rydale lake. Grasmere looked so beautiful that my heart was almost melted away. It was quite calm, only spotted with sparkles of light; the church visible. On our return all distant objects had faded away, all but the hills. The reflection of the light bright sky above Black Quarter was very solemn. . . .

Sunday.— . . . In the evening I planted a honeysuckle round the yew tree. . . . No news of Coleridge. . . .

Monday.—Mr. Simpson called in the morning. W. and I went into Langdale to fish. The morning was very cold. I sate at the foot of the lake, till my head ached with cold. The view exquisitely beautiful, through a gate, and under a sycamore tree beside the first house going into Loughrigg. Elter-water looked barren, and the view from the church less beautiful than in winter. When W. went down to the water to fish, I lay under the wind, my head pillowed upon a mossy rock, and slept about 10 minutes, which relieved my headache. We ate our dinner together, and parted again. . . . W. went to fish for pike in Rydale. John came in when I had done tea and he and I carried a jug of tea to William. We met him in the old road from Rydale. He drank his tea upon the turf. The setting sun threw a red purple light upon the rocks, and stone walls of Rydale, which gave them a most interesting and beautiful appearance.

Tuesday.—W. went to Ambleside. John walked out. I made tarts, etc. Mrs. B. Simpson called and asked us to tea. I went to the view of Rydale, to meet William. W. and I drank tea at Mr. Simpson's. Brought down lemon-thyme, greens, etc. The old woman was very happy to see us, and we were so in the pleasure we gave. She was an affecting picture of patient disappointment, suffering under no particular affliction.

Wednesday.—A very rainy day. I made a shoe. Wm. and John went to fish in Langdale. In the

evening I went above the house, and gathered flowers, which I planted, foxgloves, etc. On Sunday¹ Mr. and Mrs. Coleridge and Hartley came. The day was very warm. We sailed to the foot of Loughrigg. They staid with us three weeks, and till the Thursday following, from 1st till the 23rd of July.² On the Friday preceding their departure, we drank tea at the island. The weather was delightful, and on the Sunday we made a great fire, and drank tea in Bainriggs with the Simpsons. I accompanied Mrs. C. to Wytheburne, and returned with W. to tea at Mr. Simpson's. It was exceedingly hot, but the day after, Friday 24th July,³ still hotter. All the morning I was engaged in unpacking our Somersetshire goods. The house was a hot oven. I was so weary, I could not walk: so I went out, and sate with Wm. in the orchard. We had a delightful half-hour in the warm still evening.

Saturday, 26th.—Still hotter. I sate with W. in the orchard all the morning, and made my shoe. . . .

Sunday, 27th.—Very warm. . . . I wrote out *Ruth* in the afternoon. In the morning, I read Mr. Knight's *Landscape*.⁴ After tea we rowed down to Loughrigg Fell, visited the white foxglove, gathered wild strawberries, and walked up to view Rydale. We lay a long time looking at the lake; the shores all dim with the scorching sun. The ferns were turning yellow, that is, here and there one was quite turned. We walked round by Benson's wood home. The lake was now most still, and reflected the beautiful yellow and blue and

¹ Coleridge arrived at Grasmere on Sunday 29th June.—ED.

² The dates here given are confusing. S. T. C. says he was ill at Grasmere, and stayed a fortnight. In a letter to Tom Poole he says he arrived at Keswick on 24th July, which was a Thursday.—ED.

³ That Friday was the 25th July. The two next dates were incorrectly given by Dorothy.—ED.

⁴ *The Landscape: a Didactic Poem in three Books.* By Richard Payne Knight. 1794.—ED.

✓ purple and grey colours of the sky. We heard a strange sound in the Bainriggs wood, as we were floating on the water; it *seemed* in the wood, but it must have been above it, for presently we saw a raven very high above us. It called out, and the dome of the sky seemed to echo the sound. It called again and again as it flew onwards, and the mountains gave back the sound, seeming as if from their centre; a musical bell-like answering to the bird's hoarse voice. We heard both the call of the bird, and the echo, after we could see him no longer. . . .¹

Monday.—Received a letter from Coleridge enclosing one from Mr. Davy about the *Lyrical Ballads*. Intensely hot. . . . William went into the wood, and altered his poems. . . .

Thursday.—All the morning I was busy copying poems. Gathered peas, and in the afternoon Coleridge came. He brought the 2nd volume of *Anthology*. The men went to bathe, and we afterwards sailed down to Loughrigg. Read poems on the water, and let the boat take its own course. We walked a long time upon Loughrigg. I returned in the grey twilight. The moon just setting as we reached home.

Friday, 1st August.—In the morning I copied *The Brothers*. Coleridge and Wm. went down to the lake. They returned, and we all went together to Mary Point, where we sat in the breeze, and the shade, and read Wm.'s poems. Altered *The Whirlblast*, etc. We drank tea in the orchard.

✓ *Saturday Morning, 2nd.*—Wm. and Coleridge went to Keswick. John went with them to Wytheburn, and staid all day fishing, and brought home 2 small pikes at night. I accompanied them to Lewthwaite's cottage, and on my return papered Wm.'s rooms. . . . About 8 o'clock it gathered for rain, and I had the scatterings of a

¹ Compare *The Excursion*, book iv. ll. 1185-1195.—ED.

shower, but afterwards the lake became of a glassy calmness, and all was still. I sate till I could see no longer, and then continued my work in the house.

Sunday Morning, 3rd.— . . . A heavenly warm evening, with scattered clouds upon the hills. There was a vernal greenness upon the grass, from the rains of the morning and afternoon. Peas for dinner.

Monday 4th.—Rain in the night. I tied up scarlet beans, nailed the honeysuckles, etc. etc. John was prepared to walk to Keswick all the morning. He seized a returned chaise and went after dinner. I pulled a large basket of peas and sent to Keswick by a returned chaise. A very cold evening. Assisted to spread out linen in the morning.

Tuesday 5th.—Dried the linen in the morning. The air still cold. I pulled a bag full of peas for Mrs. Simpson. Miss Simpson drank tea with me, and supped, on her return from Ambleside. A very fine evening. I sate on the wall making my shifts till I could see no longer. Walked half-way home with Miss Simpson.

Wednesday, 6th August.— . . . William came home from Keswick at eleven o'clock.

Thursday Morning, 7th August.— . . . William composing in the wood in the morning. In the evening we walked to Mary Point. A very fine sunset.

Friday Morning.—We intended going to Keswick, but were prevented by the excessive heat. Nailed up scarlet beans in the morning. . . . Walked over the mountains by Wattendlath. . . . A most enchanting walk. Wattendlath a heavenly scene. Reached Coleridge's at eleven o'clock.

Saturday Morning.—I walked with Coleridge in the Windy Brow woods.

Sunday.—Very hot. The C.'s went to church. We sailed upon Derwent in the evening.

Monday Afternoon.—Walked to Windy Brow.

Tuesday.— . . . Wm. and I walked along the Cocker-mouth road. He was altering his poems.

Wednesday.—Made the Windy Brow seat.

Thursday Morning.—Called at the Speddings. In the evening walked in the wood with W. Very very beautiful the moon.

Sunday, 17th August.— . . . William read us *The Seven Sisters*.

Saturday, 23rd.—A very fine morning. Wm. was composing all the morning. I shelled peas, gathered beans, and worked in the garden till $\frac{1}{2}$ past 12. Then walked with Wm. in the wood. . . . The gleams of sunshine, and the stirring trees, and gleaming boughs, cheerful lake, most delightful. . . . Wm. read *Peter Bell* and the poem of *Joanna*, beside the Rothay by the roadside.

Tuesday, 26th.— . . . A very fine solemn evening. The wind blew very fierce from the island, and at Rydale. We went on the other side of Rydale, and sate a long time looking at the mountains, which were all black at Grasmere, and very bright in Rydale; Grasmere exceedingly dark, and Rydale of a light yellow green.

Friday Evening [29th August].—We walked to Rydale to inquire for letters. We walked over the hill by the firgrove. I sate upon a rock, and observed a flight of swallows gathering together high above my head. They flew towards Rydale. We walked through the wood over the stepping-stones. The lake of Rydale very beautiful, partly still. John and I left Wm. to compose an inscription; that about the path. We had a very fine walk by the gloomy lake. There was a curious yellow reflection in the water, as of corn fields. There was no light in the clouds from which it appeared to come.

Saturday Morning, 30th August.— . . . William

finished his Inscription of the Pathway,¹ then walked in the wood ; and when John returned, he sought him, and they bathed together. I read a little of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*. I went to lie down in the orchard. I was roused by a shout that Anthony Harrison was come. We sate in the orchard till tea time. Drank tea early, and rowed down the lake which was stirred by breezes. We looked at Rydale, which was soft, cheerful, and beautiful. We then went to peep into Langdale. The Pikes were very grand. We walked back to the view of Rydale, which was now a dark mirror. We rowed home over a lake still as glass, and then went to George Mackareth's to hire a horse for John. A fine moonlight night. The beauty of the moon was startling, as it rose to us over Loughrigg Fell. We returned to supper at 10 o'clock. Thomas Ashburner brought us our 8th cart of coals since May 17th.

Sunday, 31st.— . . . A great deal of corn is cut in the vale, and the whole prospect, though not tinged with a general autumnal yellow, yet softened down into a mellowness of colouring, which seems to impart softness to the forms of hills and mountains. At 11 o'clock Coleridge came, when I was walking in the still clear moonshine in the garden. He came over Helvellyn. Wm. was gone to bed, and John also, worn out with his ride round Coniston. We sate and chatted till half-past three, . . . Coleridge reading a part of *Christabel*. Talked much about the mountains, etc. etc. . . .

Monday Morning, 1st September.—We walked in the wood by the lake. W. read *Joanna*, and the *Firgrove*, to Coleridge. They bathed. The morning was delightful, with somewhat of an autumnal freshness. After dinner, Coleridge discovered a rock-seat in the orchard. Cleared away brambles. Coleridge went to bed after

¹ Professor Dowden thinks that this refers to the poem on John's Grove. But a hitherto unpublished fragment will soon be issued by the Messrs. Longman, which may cast fresh light on this "Inscription of the Pathway."—ED.

tea. John and I followed Wm. up the hill, and then returned to go to Mr. Simpson's. We borrowed some bottles for bottling rum. The evening somewhat frosty and grey, but very pleasant. I broiled Coleridge a mutton chop, which he ate in bed. Wm. was gone to bed. I chatted with John and Coleridge till near 12.

Tuesday, 2nd.—In the morning they all went to Stickle Tarn. A very fine, warm, sunny, beautiful morning. . . . The fair-day. . . . There seemed very few people and very few stalls, yet I believe there were many cakes and much beer sold. My brothers came home to dinner at 6 o'clock. We drank tea immediately after by candlelight. It was a lovely moonlight night. We talked much about a house on Helvellyn. The moonlight shone only upon the village. It did not eclipse the village lights, and the sound of dancing and merriment came along the still air. I walked with Coleridge and Wm. up the lane and by the church, and then lingered with Coleridge in the garden. John and Wm. were both gone to bed, and all the lights out.

Wednesday, 3rd September.—Coleridge, Wm., and John went from home, to go upon Helvellyn with Mr. Simpson. They set out after breakfast. I accompanied them up near the blacksmith's. . . . I then went to a funeral at John Dawson's. About 10 men and 4 women. Bread, cheese, and ale. They talked sensibly and cheerfully about common things. The dead person, 56 years of age, buried by the parish. The coffin was neatly lettered and painted black, and covered with a decent cloth. They set the corpse down at the door; and, while we stood within the threshold, the men, with their hats off, sang, with decent and solemn countenances, a verse of a funeral psalm. The corpse was then borne down the hill, and they sang till they had passed the Town-End. I was affected to tears while we stood in the house, the coffin lying before me. There were no near kindred, no children. When we got out of the dark house the sun was shining, and the prospect looked

as divinely beautiful as I ever saw it. It seemed more sacred than I had ever seen it, and yet more allied to human life. The green fields, in the neighbourhood of the churchyard, were as green as possible; and, with the brightness of the sunshine, looked quite gay. I thought she was going to a quiet spot, and I could not help weeping very much. When we came to the bridge, they began to sing again, and stopped during four lines before they entered the churchyard. . . . Wm. and John came home at 10 o'clock.

Friday, 12th September.— . . . The fern of the mountains now spreads yellow veins among the trees; the coppice wood turns brown. William observed some affecting little things in Borrowdale. A decayed house with the tall, silent rocks seen through the broken windows. A sort of rough column put upon the gable end of a house, with a ball stone, smooth from the river-island, upon it for ornament. Near it, a stone like it, upon an old mansion, carefully hewn.

Saturday, 13th September.—Morning. William writing his Preface¹—did not walk. Jones, and Mr. Palmer came to tea. . . .

Sunday morning, 14th.— . . . A lovely day. Read Boswell in the house in the morning, and after dinner under the bright yellow leaves of the orchard. The pear trees a bright yellow. The apple trees still green. A sweet lovely afternoon. . . . Here I have long neglected my Journal. John came home in the evening, after Jones left. Jones returned again on the Friday, the 19th September. Jones stayed with us till Friday, 26th September. Coleridge came in.

Tuesday, 23rd.—I went home with Jones. Charles Lloyd called on Tuesday, 23rd.

Sunday, 28th.—We heard of the Abergavenny's arrival. . . .

¹ The Preface to the second edition of *Lyrical Ballads*.—ED.
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Monday, 29th.—John left us. Wm. and I parted with him in sight of Ullswater. It was a fine day, showery, but with sunshine and fine clouds. Poor fellow, my heart was right sad. I could not help thinking we should see him again, because he was only going to Penrith.

Tuesday, 30th September.—Charles Lloyd dined with us. We walked homewards with him after dinner. It rained very hard. Rydale was extremely wild, and we had a fine walk. We sate quietly and comfortably by the fire. I wrote the last sheet of Notes and Preface.¹ Went to bed at twelve o'clock.

Wednesday, 1st October.—A fine morning, a showery night. The lake still in the morning; in the forenoon flashing light from the beams of the sun, as it was ruffled by the wind. We corrected the last sheet.¹

Thursday, 2nd October.—A very rainy morning. We walked after dinner to observe the torrents. I followed Wm. to Rydale. We afterwards went to Butterlip How. The Black Quarter looked marshy, and the general prospect was cold, but the *force* was very grand. The lichens are now coming out afresh. I carried home a collection in the afternoon. We had a pleasant conversation about the manners of the rich; avarice, inordinate desires, and the effeminacy, unnaturalness, and unworthy objects of education. The moonlight lay upon the hills like snow.

Friday, 3rd October.—Very rainy all the morning. Wm. walked to Ambleside after dinner. I went with him part of the way. He talked much about the object of his essay for the second volume of "L. B." . . . Amos Cottle's death in the *Morning Post*.

N.B.—When William and I returned from accompanying Jones, we met an old man almost double. He had on a coat, thrown over his shoulders, above his

¹ *i.e.* of the Notes and Preface to the second edition of *Lyrical Ballads*.—ED.

waistcoat and coat. Under this he carried a bundle, and had an apron on and a night-cap. His face was interesting. He had dark eyes and a long nose. John, who afterwards met him at Wytheburn, took him for a Jew. He was of Scotch parents, but had been born in the army. He had had a wife, and "she was a good woman, and it pleased God to bless us with ten children." All these were dead but one, of whom he had not heard for many years, a sailor. His trade was to gather leeches, but now leeches were scarce, and he had not strength for it. He lived by begging, and was making his way to Carlisle, where he should buy a few godly books to sell. He said leeches were very scarce, partly owing to this dry season, but many years they have been scarce. He supposed it owing to their being much sought after, that they did not breed fast, and were of slow growth. Leeches were formerly 2s. 6d. per 100; they are now 30s. He had been hurt in driving a cart, his leg broken, his body driven over, his skull fractured. He felt no pain till he recovered from his first insensibility. It was then late in the evening, when the light was just going away.¹

Saturday, 4th October 1800.—A very rainy, or rather showery and gusty, morning; for often the sun shines. Thomas Ashburner could not go to Keswick. Read a part of Lamb's Play.² The language is often very beautiful, but too imitative in particular phrases, words, etc. The characters, except Margaret, unintelligible, and, except Margaret's, do not show themselves in action. Coleridge came in while we were at dinner, very wet. We talked till twelve o'clock. He had sate up all the night before, writing essays for the newspaper. . . . Exceedingly delighted with the second part of *Christabel*.

¹ Compare *Resolution and Independence*, in the "Poetical Works," vol. ii. p. 312.—ED.

² *Pride's Cure*. The title was afterwards changed to *John Woodvill*.—ED.

Sunday Morning, 5th October.—Coleridge read *Christabel* a second time; we had increasing pleasure. A delicious morning. Wm. and I were employed all the morning in writing an addition to the Preface. Wm. went to bed, very ill after working after dinner. Coleridge and I walked to Ambleside after dark with the letter. Returned to tea at 9 o'clock. Wm. still in bed, and very ill. Silver How in both lakes.

Monday.—A rainy day. Coleridge intending to go, but did not go off. We walked after dinner to Rydale. After tea read *The Pedlar*. Determined not to print *Christabel* with the L. B.

Tuesday.—Coleridge went off at eleven o'clock. I went as far as Mr. Simpson's. Returned with Mary.

Wednesday.—Frequent threatening of showers. Received a £5 note from Montagu. Wm. walked to Rydale. I copied a part of *The Beggars* in the morning. . . . A very mild moonlight night. Glow-worms everywhere.

Friday, 10th October.—In the morning when I arose the mists were hanging over the opposite hills, and the tops of the highest hills were covered with snow. There was a most lively combination at the head of the vale of the yellow autumnal hills wrapped in sunshine, and overhung with partial mists, the green and yellow trees, and the distant snow-topped mountains. It was a most heavenly morning. The Cockermouth traveller came with thread, hardware, mustard, etc. She is very healthy; has travelled over the mountains these thirty years. She does not mind the storms, if she can keep her goods dry. Her husband will not travel with an ass, because it is the tramper's badge; she would have one to relieve her from the weary load. She was going to Ulverston, and was to return to Ambleside Fair. . . . The fern among the rocks exquisitely beautiful. . . . Sent off *The Beggars*, etc., by Thomas Ashburner. . . . William sat up after me, writing *Point Rash Judgment*.

Saturday, 11th.—A fine October morning. Sat in

the house working all the morning. William composing. . . . After dinner we walked up Greenhead Gill in search of a sheepfold. We went by Mr. Olliff's, and through his woods. It was a delightful day, and the views looked excessively cheerful and beautiful, chiefly that from Mr. Olliff's field, where our own house is to be built. The colours of the mountains soft, and rich with orange fern; the cattle pasturing upon the hilltops; kites sailing in the sky above our heads; sheep bleating, and feeding in the water courses, scattered over the mountains. They come down and feed, on the little green islands in the beds of the torrents, and so may be swept away. The sheepfold is falling away. It is built nearly in the form of a heart unequally divided. Looked down the brook, and saw the drops rise upwards and sparkle in the air at the little falls. The higher sparkled the tallest. We walked along the turf of the mountain till we came to a track, made by the cattle which come upon the hills. . . .

Sunday, October 12th.—Sate in the house writing in the morning while Wm. went into the wood to compose. Wrote to John in the morning; copied poems for the L. B. In the evening wrote to Mrs. Rawson. Mary Jameson and Sally Ashburner dined. We pulled apples after dinner, a large basket full. We walked before tea by Bainriggs to observe the many-coloured foliage. The oaks dark green with yellow leaves, the birches generally still green, some near the water yellowish, the sycamore crimson and crimson-tufted, the mountain ash a deep orange, the common ash lemon-colour, but many ashes still fresh in their peculiar green, those that were discoloured chiefly near the water. Wm. composing in the evening. Went to bed at 12 o'clock.

Monday, October 13th.—A grey day. Mists on the hills. We did not walk in the morning. I copied poems on the Naming of Places. A fair at Ambleside. Walked in the Black Quarter at night.

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Wednesday.—A very fine clear morning. After Wm. had composed a little, I persuaded him to go into the orchard. We walked backwards and forwards. The prospect most divinely beautiful from the seat; all colours, all melting into each other. I went in to put bread in the oven, and we both walked within view of Rydale. Wm. again composed at the sheepfold after dinner. I walked with Wm. to Wytheburn, and he went on to Keswick. I drank tea, and supped at Mr. Simpson's. A very cold frosty air in returning. Mr. and Miss S. came with me. Wytheburn looked very wintry, but yet there was a foxglove blossoming by the roadside.

Friday, 17th.—A very fine grey morning. The swan hunt. . . . I walked round the lake between $\frac{1}{2}$ past 12, and $\frac{1}{2}$ past one. . . . In my walk in the morning, I observed Benson's honey-suckles in flower, and great beauty. I found Wm. at home, where he had been almost ever since my departure. Coleridge had done nothing for the L. B. Working hard for Stuart.¹ Glow-worms in abundance.

Saturday.—A very fine October morning. William worked all the morning at the sheepfold, but in vain. He lay down in the afternoon till 7 o'clock, but could not sleep. . . . We did not walk all day. . . .

Sunday Morning.—We rose late, and walked directly after breakfast. The tops of Grasmere mountains cut off. Rydale very beautiful. The surface of the water quite still, like a dim mirror. The colours of the large island exquisitely beautiful, and the trees, still fresh and green, were magnified by the mists. The prospects on the west side of the Lake were very beautiful. We sate at the "two points"² looking up to Parks. The lowing of the cattle was echoed by a hollow voice in the vale. We

¹ The editor of *The Morning Post*.—ED.

² Mary Point and Sarah Point.—ED.

returned home over the stepping-stones. Wm. got to work. . . .

Monday, 20th.—William worked in the morning at the sheepfold. After dinner we walked to Rydale, crossed the stepping-stones, and while we were walking under the tall oak trees the Lloyds called out to us. They went with us on the western side of Rydale. The lights were very grand upon the woody Rydale hills. Those behind dark and tipped with clouds. The two lakes were divinely beautiful. Grasmere excessively solemn, the whole lake calm, and dappled with soft grey ripples. The Lloyds staid with us till 8 o'clock. We then walked to the top of the hill at Rydale. Very mild and warm. Beheld 6 glow-worms shining faintly. We went up as far as the Swan. When we came home the fire was out. We ate our supper in the dark, and went to bed immediately. William was disturbed in the night by the rain coming into his room, for it was a very rainy night. The ash leaves lay across the road.

Tuesday, 21st.— . . . Wm. had been unsuccessful in the morning at the sheepfold. The reflection of the ash scattered, and the tree stripped.

Wednesday Morning.— . . . Wm. composed without much success at the sheepfold. Coleridge came in to dinner. He had done nothing. We were very merry. C. and I went to look at the prospect from his seat. . . . Wm. read *Ruth*, etc., after supper. Coleridge read *Christabel*.

Thursday, 23^d.—Coleridge and Stoddart went to Keswick. We accompanied them to Wytheburn. A wintry grey morning from the top of the Raise. Grasmere looked like winter, and Wytheburn still more so. . . . Wm. was not successful in composition in the evening.

Friday, 24th.—A very fine morning. We walked, before Wm. began to work, to the top of the Rydale hill. He was afterwards only partly successful in composition. After dinner we walked round Rydale lake, rich, calm, streaked, very beautiful. We went to the

top of Loughrigg. Grasmere sadly inferior. . . . The ash in our garden green, one close to it bare, the next nearly so.

Saturday.—A very rainy day. Wm. again unsuccessful. We could not walk, it was so very rainy. We read Rogers, Miss Seward, Cowper, etc.

Sunday.—Heavy rain all night, a fine morning after 10 o'clock. Wm. composed a good deal in the morning. . . .

Monday, 27th October.— . . . Wm. in the firgrove. I had before walked with him there for some time. It was a fine shelter from the wind. The coppices now nearly of one brown. An oak tree in a sheltered place near John Fisher's, not having lost any of its leaves, was quite brown and dry. . . . It was a fine, wild moonlight night. Wm. could not compose much. Fatigued himself with altering.

Tuesday, 28th.— . . . We walked out before dinner to our favourite field. The mists sailed along the mountains, and rested upon them, enclosing the whole vale. In the evening the Lloyds came. We played a rubber at whist. . . .

Wednesday.—William worked at his poem all the morning. After dinner, Mr. Clarkson called. . . . Played at cards. . . . Mr. Clarkson slept here.

Thursday.—A rainy morning. W. C. went over Kirkstone. Wm. talked all day, and almost all night, with Stoddart. Mrs. and Miss H. called in the morning. I walked with them to Tail End.¹

Friday Night.— . . . W. and I did not rise till 10 o'clock. . . . A very fine moonlight night. The moon shone like herrings in the water.

Tuesday.— . . . Tremendous wind. The snow blew from Helvellyn horizontally like smoke. . . .

¹ On the western side of Grasmere Lake.—ED.

Thursday, 6th November.— . . . Read *Point Rash Judgment*. . . .

Friday, 7th November.— . . . I working and reading *Amelia*. The Michaelmas daisy droops, the pansies are full of flowers, the ashes still green all but one, but they have lost many of their leaves. The copses are quite brown. The poor woman and child from Whitehaven drank tea. . . .

Saturday, 8th November.—A rainy morning. A whirlwind came that tossed about the leaves, and tore off the still green leaves of the ashes. Wm. and I walked out at 4 o'clock. Went as far as Rothay Bridge. . . . The whole face of the country in a winter covering.

Monday.— . . . Jupiter over the hilltops, the only star, like a sun, flashed out at intervals from behind a black cloud. ✓

Tuesday Morning.— . . . William had been working at the sheepfold. . . . Played at cards. A mild night, partly clouded, partly starlight. The cottage lights. The mountains not very distinct.

Thursday.—We sate in the house all the morning. Rainy weather, played at cards. A poor woman from Hawkshead begged, a widow of Grasmere. A merry African from Longtown. . . .

Friday.—Much wind, but a sweet mild morning. I nailed up trees. . . . Two letters from Coleridge, very ill. One from Sara H. . . .

Saturday Morning.—A terrible rain, so prevented William from going to Coleridge's. The afternoon fine. . . . We both set forward at five o'clock. A fine wild night. I walked with W. over the Raise. It was starlight. I parted with him very sad, unwilling not to go on. The hills, and the stars, and the white waters, with their ever varying yet ceaseless sound, were very impressive. I supped at the Simpsons'. Mr. S. walked home with me. ✓ /

Sunday, 16th November.—A very fine warm sunny morning. A letter from Coleridge, and one from Stoddart. Coleridge better. . . . One beautiful ash tree sheltered, with yellow leaves, one low one quite green. A noise of boys in the rocks hunting some animal. Walked a little in the garden when I came home. Very pleasant now. Rain comes on. Mr. Jackson called in the evening, brought me a letter from C. and W.

Monday Morning.—A fine clear frosty morning with a sharp wind. I walked to Keswick. Set off at 5 minutes past 10, and arrived at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 2. I found them all well.

On *Tuesday* morning W. and C. set off towards Penrith. Wm. met Sara Hutchinson at Threlkeld. They arrived at Keswick at tea time.

Wednesday.—We walked by the lake side and then went to Mr. Denton's. I called upon the Miss Cochyns.

Thursday.—We spent the morning in the town. Mr. Jackson and Mr. Peach dined with us.

Friday.—A very fine day. Went to Mrs. Greaves'. Mrs. C. and I called upon the Speddings. A beautiful crescent moon.

Saturday Morning.—After visiting Mr. Peach's Chinese pictures we set off to Grasmere. A threatening and rather rainy morning. Arrived at G. Very dirty and a little wet at the closing in of evening.

Sunday.—Wm. not well. I baked bread and pie for dinner.

Monday.—A fine morning. Sara and I walked to Rydale. After dinner we went to Lloyd's, and drank tea, and supped. A sharp cold night, with sleet and snow.

Tuesday.—Read *Tom Jones*.

Wednesday.— . . . Wm. very well. We had a delightful walk up into Easedale. The tops of the mountains covered with snow, frosty and sunny, the roads slippery. A letter from Mary. The Lloyds drank tea. We walked with them near to Ambleside. A beautiful moonlight

night. Sara and I walked home. William very well, and highly poetical.

Thursday, 27th November.—Wrote to Tom Hutchinson to desire him to bring Mary with him. A thaw, and the ground covered with snow. Sara and I walked before dinner.

Friday.—Coleridge walked over. Miss Simpson drank tea with us. William walked home with her. Coleridge was very unwell. He went to bed before Wm.'s return.

Sunday, 30th November.—A very fine clear morning. Snow upon the ground everywhere. Sara and I walked towards Rydale by the upper road, and were obliged to return, because of the snow. Walked by moonlight.

Monday.—A thaw in the night, and the snow was entirely gone. Coleridge unable to go home. We walked by moonlight.

Tuesday, 2nd December.—A rainy morning. Coleridge was obliged to set off. Sara and I met C. Lloyd and S. turned back with him. I walked round the 2 lakes with Charles, very pleasant. We all walked to Ambleside. A pleasant moonlight evening, but not clear. It came on a terrible evening. Hail, and wind, and cold, and rain.

Wednesday, 3rd December.—We lay in bed till 11 o'clock. Wrote to John, and M. H. William and Sara and I walked to Rydale after tea. A very fine frosty night. Sara and W. walked round the other side.

Thursday.—Coleridge came in, just as we finished dinner. We walked after tea by moonlight to look at Langdale covered with snow, the Pikes not grand, but the Old Man¹ very expressive. Cold and slippery, but exceedingly pleasant. Sat up till half-past one.

Friday Morning.—Terribly cold and rainy. Coleridge and Wm. set forward towards Keswick, but the wind in

¹ Coniston 'Old Man.'—Ed.

Coleridge's eyes made him turn back. Sara and I had a grand bread and cake baking. We were very merry in the evening, but grew sleepy soon, though we did not go to bed till twelve o'clock.

Saturday.—Wm. accompanied Coleridge to the foot of the Raise. A very pleasant morning. Sara and I accompanied him half-way to Keswick. Thirlmere was very beautiful, even more so than in summer. William was not well, had laboured unsuccessfully. . . . A letter from M. H.

Sunday.—A fine morning. I read. Sara wrote to Hartley, Wm. to Mary, I to Mrs. C. We walked just before dinner to the lakeside, and found out a seat in a tree. Windy, but very pleasant. Sara and Wm. walked to the waterfalls at Rydale.

Monday, 8th December.—A sweet mild morning. I wrote to Mrs. Cookson, and Miss Griffith.

Tuesday, 9th.—I dined at Lloyd's. Wm. drank tea. Walked home. A pleasant starlight frosty evening. Reached home at one o'clock. Wm. finished his poem to-day.

Wednesday, 10th.—Walked to Keswick. Snow upon the ground. A very fine day. Ate bread and ale at John Stanley's. Found Coleridge better. Stayed at Keswick till Sunday 14th December.

Wednesday.—A very fine day. Writing all the morning for William.

Thursday.—Mrs. Coleridge and Derwent came. Sweeping chimneys.

Friday.—Baking.

Saturday.—Coleridge came. Very ill, rheumatic fever. Rain incessantly.

Monday.—S. and Wm. went to Lloyd's. Wm. dined. It rained very hard when he came home.

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IV

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH'S JOURNAL
WRITTEN AT GRASMERE
(FROM 10TH OCTOBER 1801 TO 29TH DECEMBER 1801)

EXTRACTS FROM DOROTHY WORDSWORTH'S
JOURNAL, WRITTEN AT GRASMERE, FROM
10TH OCTOBER 1801 TO 29TH DECEMBER 1801

Saturday, 10th October 1801.—Coleridge went to Keswick, after we had built Sara's seat.

Thursday, 15th.— . . . Coleridge came in to Mr. Luff's while we were at dinner. William and I walked up Loughrigg Fell, then by the waterside. . . .

Saturday, 24th.—Attempted Fairfield, but misty, and we went no further than Green Head Gill to the sheepfold ; mild, misty, beautifully soft. Wm. and Tom put out the boat. . . .

Sunday, 25th.—Rode to Legberthwaite with Tom, expecting Mary. . . . Went upon Helvellyn. Glorious sights. The sea at Cartmel. The Scotch mountains beyond the sea to the right. Whiteside large, and round, and very soft, and green, behind us. Mists above and below, and close to us, with the sun amongst them. They shot down to the coves. Left John Stanley's¹ at 10 minutes past 12. Returned thither $\frac{1}{4}$ past 4, drank tea, ate heartily. Before we went on Helvellyn we got bread and cheese. Paid 4/ for the whole. Reached home at nine o'clock. A soft grey evening ; the light of the moon, but she did not shine on us. Mary and I sate in C.'s room a while.

Tuesday, 10th [November].—Poor C. left us, and we came home together. We left Keswick at 2 o'clock

¹ The landlord of Wytheburn Inn.—Ed.

and did not arrive at Grasmere till 9 o'clock. I burnt myself with Coleridge's aquafortis. C. had a sweet day for his ride. Every sight and every sound reminded me of him—dear, dear fellow, of his many talks to us, by day and by night, of all dear things. I was melancholy, and could not talk, but at last I eased my heart by weeping—nervous blubbering says William. It is not so. O! how many, many reasons have I to be anxious for him.

Wednesday, 11th.— . . . Put aside dearest C.'s letters, and now, at about 7 o'clock, we are all sitting by a nice fire. Wm. with his book and a candle, and Mary writing to Sara.

November 16th.— . . . Wm. is now, at 7 o'clock, reading Spenser. Mary is writing beside me. The little syke¹ murmurs.² We are quiet and happy, but poor Peggy Ashburner coughs, as if she would cough her life away. I am going to write to Coleridge and Sara. Poor C.! I hope he was in London yesterday. . . .

Tuesday, 17th.—A very rainy morning. We walked into Easedale before dinner. The coppices a beautiful brown. The oaks many, a very fine leafy shade. We stood a long time to look at the corner birch tree. The wind was among the light thin twigs, and they yielded to it, this way and that.

Wednesday, 18th.—We sate in the house in the morning reading Spenser. Wm. and Mary walked to Rydale. Very pleasant moonlight. The lakes beautiful. The church an image of peace. Wm. wrote some lines upon it.³ Mary and I walked as far as the Wishing Gate before supper. We stood there a long time, the whole scene impressive. The mountains indistinct, the Lake calm and partly ruffled. A sweet sound of water falling into the quiet Lake.² A storm was gathering in Easedale,

¹ A Cumberland word for a rillet. —ED.

² Compare *To a Highland Girl*, l. 8—

A murmur near the silent lake.

ED.

³ Probably some of the lines afterwards included in *The Excursion*. —ED.

so we returned; but the moon came out, and opened to us the church and village. Helm Crag in shade, the larger mountains dappled like a sky. We stood long upon the bridge. Wished for Wm. . . .

Friday, 20th.—We walked in the morning to Ease-dale. In the evening we had cheerful letters from Coleridge and Sara.

Saturday, 21st.—We walked in the morning, and paid one pound and 4d. for letters. William out of spirits. We had a pleasant walk and spent a pleasant evening. There was a furious wind and cold at night. Mr. Simpson drank tea with us, and helped William out with the boat. Wm. and Mary walked to the Swan, homewards, with him. A keen clear frosty night. I went into the orchard while they were out.

Sunday, 22nd.—We wrote to Coleridge.

Tuesday, 24th.— . . . It was very windy, and we heard the wind everywhere about us as we went along the lane, but the walls sheltered us. John Green's house looked pretty under Silver How. As we were going along we were stopped at once, at the distance perhaps of 50 yards from our favourite birch tree. It was yielding to the gusty wind with all its tender twigs. The sun shone upon it, and it glanced in the wind like a flying sunshiny shower. It was a tree in shape, with stem and branches, but it was like a spirit of water. The sun went in, and it resumed its purplish appearance, the twigs still yielding to the wind, but not so visibly to us. The other birch trees that were near it looked bright and cheerful, but it was a creature by its own self among them. . . . We went through the wood. It became fair. There was a rainbow which spanned the lake from the island-house to the foot of Bainriggs. The village looked populous and beautiful. Catkins are coming out; palm trees budding; the alder, with its plum-coloured buds. We came home over the

stepping-stones. The lake was foamy with white waves. I saw a solitary butter-flower in the wood. . . . Reached home at dinner time. Sent Peggy Ashburner some goose. She sent me some honey, with a thousand thanks. "Alas! the gratitude of men has," etc.¹ I went in to set her right about this, and sate a while with her. She talked about Thomas's having sold his land. "I," says she, "said many a time he's not come fra London to buy our land, however." Then she told me with what pains and industry they had made up their taxes, interest, etc. etc., how they all got up at 5 o'clock in the morning to spin and Thomas carded, and that they had paid off a hundred pounds of the interest. She said she used to take much pleasure in the cattle and sheep. "O how pleased I used to be when they fetched them down, and when I had been a bit poorly I would gang out upon a hill and look over 't fields and see them, and it used to do me so much good you cannot think." Molly said to me when I came in, "Poor body! she's very ill, but one does not know how long she may last. Many a fair face may gang before her." We sate by the fire without work for some time, then Mary read a poem of Daniel. . . . Wm. read Spenser, now and then, a little aloud to us. We were making his waistcoat. We had a note from Mrs. C., with bad news from poor C.—very ill. William went to John's Grove. I went to find him. Moonlight, but it rained. . . . He had been surprised, and terrified, by a sudden rushing of winds, which seemed to bring earth, sky, and lake together, as if the whole were going to enclose him in. He was glad he was in a high road.

In speaking of our walk on Sunday evening, the 22nd November, I forgot to notice one most impressive sight. It was the moon and the moonlight seen through hurrying driving clouds immediately behind the Stone-Man upon the top of the hill, on the forest side. Every

¹ See, in the "Poetical Works," *Simon Lee*, ll. 95, 96, vol. i. p. 268.—ED.

tooth and every edge of rock was visible, and the Man stood like a giant watching from the roof of a lofty castle. The hill seemed perpendicular from the darkness below it. It was a sight that I could call to mind at any time, it was so distinct.

Wednesday, 25th November.—It was a showery morning and threatened to be a wettish day, but the sun shone once or twice. We were engaged to Mr. Lloyd's and Wm. and Mary were determined to go that it might be over. I accompanied them to the thorn beside Rydale water. I parted from them first at the top of the hill, and they called me back. It rained a little, and rained afterwards all the afternoon. I baked bread, and wrote to Sara Hutchinson and Coleridge. I passed a pleasant evening, but the wind roared so, and it was such a storm that I was afraid for them. They came in at nine o'clock, no worse for their walk, and cheerful, blooming, and happy.

Thursday, 26th.—Mr. Olliff called before Wm. was up to say that they would drink tea with us this afternoon. We walked into Easedale, to gather mosses, and to fetch cream. I went for the cream, and they sate under a wall. It was piercing cold.

Thursday, 3rd December 1801.—Wm. walked into Easedale. Hail and snow. . . . I wrote a little bit of my letter to Coleridge. . . .

Friday, 4th.— . . . Wm. translating *The Prioress's Tale*. William and Mary walked after tea to Rydale. I finished the letter to Coleridge, and we received a letter from him and Sara. C.'s letter written in good spirits. A letter of Lamb's about George Dyer with it.¹

Saturday, 5th.— . . . Wm. finished *The Prioress's Tale*, and after tea Mary and he wrote it out. . . .

Sunday, 6th.—A very fine beautiful sunshiny morning. Wm. worked a while at Chaucer, then we set

¹ An unprinted letter.—ED.

forward to walk into Easedale. . . . We walked backwards and forwards in the flat field, which makes the second course of Easedale, with that beautiful rock in the field beside us, and all the rocks and the woods and the mountains enclosing us round. The sun was shining among them, the snow thinly scattered upon the tops of the mountains. In the afternoon we sate by the fire: I read Chaucer aloud, and Mary read the first canto of *The Fairy Queen*. After tea Mary and I walked to Ambleside for letters. . . . It was a sober starlight evening. The stars not shining as it were with all their brightness when they were visible, and sometimes hiding themselves behind small greying clouds, that passed soberly along. We opened C.'s letter at Wilcock's door. We thought we saw that he wrote in good spirits, so we came happily homewards where we arrived 2 hours after we left home. It was a sad melancholy letter, and prevented us all from sleeping.

Monday Morning, 7th.—We rose by candlelight. A showery unpleasant morning, after a downright rainy night. We determined, however, to go to Keswick if possible, and we set off a little after 9 o'clock. When we were upon the Raise, it snowed very much; and the whole prospect closed in upon us, like a moorland valley, upon a moor very wild. But when we were at the top of the Raise we saw the mountains before us. The sun shone upon them, here and there; and Wytheburn vale, though wild, looked soft. The day went on cheerfully and pleasantly. Now and then a hail shower attacked us; but we kept up a good heart, for Mary is a famous jockey. . . . We reached Greta Hall at about one o'clock. Met Mrs. C. in the field. Derwent in the cradle asleep. Hartley at his dinner. Derwent the image of his father. Hartley well. We wrote to C. Mrs. C. left us at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 2. We drank tea by ourselves, the children playing about us. Mary said to Hartley, "Shall I take Derwent with me?" "No," says H., "I cannot spare my little brother," in the

sweetest tone possible, "and he can't do without his mamma." "Well," says Mary, "why can't I be his mamma? Can't he have more mammas than one?" "No," says H. "What for?" "Because they do not love, and mothers do." "What is the difference between mothers and mammas?" Looking at his sleeves, "Mothers wear sleeves like this, pulling his own tight down, and mammas" (pulling them up, and making a bustle about his shoulders) "so." We parted from them at 4 o'clock. It was a little of the dusk when we set off. Cotton mills lighted up. The first star at Nadel Fell, but it was never dark. We rode very briskly. Snow upon the Raise. Reached home at seven o'clock. William at work with Chaucer, *The God of Love*. Sate latish. I wrote a letter to Coleridge.

Tuesday, 8th December 1801.—A dullish, rainyish morning. Wm. at work with Chaucer. I read Bruce's *Lockleven*. . . . William worked at *The Cuckoo and the Nightingale* till he was tired. . . .

Wednesday Morning, 9th December.—. . . I read *Palemon and Arcite*. . . . William writing out his alteration of Chaucer's *Cuckoo and Nightingale*. . . . When I had finished a letter to C., . . . Mary and I walked into Easedale, and backwards and forwards in that large field under George Rawson's white cottage. We had intended gathering mosses, and for that purpose we turned into the green lane, behind the tailor's, but it was too dark to see the mosses. The river came galloping past the Church, as fast as it could come; and when we got into Easedale we saw Churn Milk Force, like a broad stream of snow at the little foot-bridge. We stopped to look at the company of rivers, which came hurrying down the vale, this way and that. It was a valley of streams and islands, with that great waterfall at the head, and lesser falls in different parts of the mountains, coming down to these rivers. We could hear the sound of the lesser falls, but we could not see them. We walked backwards and

forwards till all distant objects, except the white shape of the waterfall and the lines of the mountains, were gone. We had the crescent moon when we went out, and at our return there were a few stars that shone dimly, but it was a grey cloudy night.

Thursday, 10th December.— . . . We walked into Easedale to gather mosses, and then we went . . . up the Gill, beyond that little waterfall. It was a wild scene of crag and mountain. One craggy point rose above the rest irregular and rugged, and very impressive it was. We were very unsuccessful in our search after mosses. Just when the evening was closing in, Mr. Clarkson came to the door. It was a fine frosty evening. We played at cards.

Saturday, 12th.— . . . Snow upon the ground. . . . All looked cheerful and bright. Helm Crag rose very bold and craggy, a Being by itself, and behind it was the large ridge of mountain, smooth as marble and snow white. All the mountains looked like solid stone, on our left, going from Grasmere, *i.e.* White Moss and Nab Scar. The snow hid all the grass, and all signs of vegetation, and the rocks showed themselves boldly everywhere, and seemed more stony than rock or stone. The birches on the crags beautiful, red brown and glittering. The ashes glittering spears with their upright stems. The hips very beautiful, and so good!! and, dear Coleridge! I ate twenty for thee, when I was by myself. I came home first. They walked too slow for me. Wm. went to look at Langdale Pikes. We had a sweet invigorating walk. Mr. Clarkson came in before tea. We played at cards. Sate up late. The moon shone upon the waters below Silver How, and above it hung, combining with Silver How on one side, a bowl-shaped moon, the curve downwards, the white fields, glittering roof of Thomas Ashburner's house, the dark yew tree, the white fields gay and beautiful. Wm. lay with his curtains open that he might see it.

Sunday, 13th.—Mr. Clarkson left us, leading his horse. . . . The boy brought letters from Coleridge, and from Sara. Sara in bad spirits about C.

Monday, 14th December.—Wm. and Mary walked to Ambleside in the morning to buy mouse-traps. . . . I wrote to Coleridge a very long letter while they were absent. Sate by the fire in the evening reading.

Thursday, 17th.—Snow in the night and still snowing. . . . Ambleside looked excessively beautiful as we came out—like a village in another country; and the light cheerful mountains were seen, in the long distance, as bright and as clear as at mid-day, with the blue sky above them. We heard waterfowl calling out by the lake side. Jupiter was very glorious above the Ambleside hills, and one large star hung over the corner of the hills on the opposite side of Rydale water.

Friday, 18th December 1801.—Mary and Wm. walked round the two lakes. I staid at home to make bread. I afterwards went to meet them, and I met Wm. Mary had gone to look at Langdale Pikes. It was a cheerful glorious day. The birches and all trees beautiful, hips bright red, mosses green. I wrote to Coleridge.

Sunday, 20th December.—It snowed all day. It was a very deep snow. The brooms were very beautiful, arched feathers with wiry stalks pointed to the end, smaller and smaller. They waved gently with the weight of the snow.

Monday 21st being the shortest day, Mary walked to Ambleside for letters. It was a wearisome walk, for the snow lay deep upon the roads and it was beginning to thaw. I stayed at home. Wm. sate beside me, and read *The Pedlar*. He was in good spirits, and full of hope of what he should do with it. He went to meet Mary, and they brought four letters—two from Coleridge, one from Sara, and one from France. Coleridge's were

melancholy letters. He had been very ill. We were made very unhappy. Wm. wrote to him, and directed the letter into Somersetshire. I finished it after tea. In the afternoon Mary and I ironed.

Tuesday, 22nd.— . . . Wm. composed a few lines of *The Pedlar*. We talked about Lamb's tragedy as we went down the White Moss. We stopped a long time in going to watch a little bird with a salmon-coloured breast, a white cross or T upon its wings, and a brownish back with faint stripes. . . . It began to pick upon the road at the distance of four yards from us, and advanced nearer and nearer till it came within the length of W.'s stick, without any apparent fear of us. As we came up the White Moss, we met an old man, who I saw was a beggar by his two bags hanging over his shoulder; but, from half laziness, half indifference, and wanting to *try* him, if he would speak, I let him pass. He said nothing, and my heart smote me. I turned back, and said, "You are begging?" "Ay," says he. I gave him something. William, judging from his appearance, joined in, "I suppose you were a sailor?" "Ay," he replied, "I have been 57 years at sea, 12 of them on board a man-of-war under Sir Hugh Palmer." "Why have you not a pension?" "I have no pension, but I could have got into Greenwich hospital, but all my officers are dead." He was 75 years of age, had a freshish colour in his cheeks, grey hair, a decent hat with a binding round the edge, the hat worn brown and glossy, his shoes were small thin shoes low in the quarters, pretty good. They had belonged to a gentleman. His coat was frock shaped, coming over his thighs. It had been joined up at the seams behind with paler blue, to let it out, and there were three bell-shaped patches of darker blue behind, where the buttons had been. His breeches were either of fustian, or grey cloth, with strings hanging down, whole and tight. He had a checked shirt on, and a small coloured handkerchief tied round his neck. His bags were hung over each shoulder, and lay on each

side of him, below his breast. One was brownish and of coarse stuff, the other was white with meal on the outside, and his blue waistcoat was whitened with meal.

We overtook old Fleming at Rydale, leading his little Dutchman-like grandchild along the slippery road. The same face seemed to be natural to them both—the old man and the little child—and they went hand in hand, the grandfather cautious, yet looking proud of his charge. He had two patches of new cloth at the shoulder-blades of his faded claret-coloured coat, like eyes at each shoulder, not worn elsewhere. I found Mary at home in her riding-habit, all her clothes being put up. We were very sad about Coleridge. . . . We stopped to look at the stone seat at the top of the hill. There was a white cushion upon it, round at the edge like a cushion, and the rock behind looked soft as velvet, of a vivid green, and so tempting! The snow too looked as soft as a down cushion. A young foxglove, like a star, in the centre. There were a few green lichens about it, and a few withered brackens of fern here and there upon the ground near, all else was a thick snow; no footmark to it, not the foot of a sheep. . . . We sate snugly round the fire. I read to them the Tale of Constance and the Syrian monarch, in the *Man of Law's Tale*, also some of the *Prologue*. . . .

Wednesday, 23rd.— . . . Mary wrote out the Tales from Chaucer for Coleridge. William worked at *The Ruined Cottage* and made himself very ill. . . . A broken soldier came to beg in the morning. Afterwards a tall woman, dressed somewhat in a tawdry style, with a long checked muslin apron, a beaver hat, and throughout what are called good clothes. Her daughter had gone before, with a soldier and his wife. She had buried her husband at Whitehaven, and was going back into Cheshire.

Thursday, 24th.—Still a thaw. Wm., Mary, and I sate comfortably round the fire in the evening and read

Chaucer. Thoughts of last year. I took out my old Journal.

Friday, 25th.—Christmas Day. We received a letter from Coleridge. His letter made us uneasy about him. I was glad I was not by myself when I received it.

Saturday, 26th.— . . . We walked to Rydale. Grasmere Lake a beautiful image of stillness, clear as glass, reflecting all things. The wind was up, and the waters sounding. The lake of a rich purple, the fields a soft yellow, the island yellowish-green, the copses red-brown, the mountains purple, the church and buildings, how quiet they were! Poor Coleridge, Sara, and dear little Derwent here last year at this time. After tea we sate by the fire comfortably. I read aloud *The Miller's Tale*. Wrote to Coleridge. . . . Wm. wrote part of the poem to Coleridge.¹

Sunday, 27th.—A fine soft beautiful mild day, with gleams of sunshine. William went to take in his boat. I sate in John's Grove a little while. Mary came home. Mary wrote some lines of the third part of his poem, which he brought to read to us, when we came home. . . .

Monday, 28th of December.—William, Mary, and I set off on foot to Keswick. We carried some cold mutton in our pockets, and dined at John Stanley's, where they were making Christmas pies. The sun shone, but it was coldish. We parted from Wm. upon the Raise. He joined us opposite Sara's rock. He was busy in composition, and sate down upon the wall. We did not see him again till we arrived at John Stanley's. There we roasted apples in the room. After we had left John Stanley's, Wm. discovered that he had lost his gloves. He turned back, but they were gone. Wm. rested often. Once he left his Spenser, and Mary turned back for it, and found it upon the bank, where we had last rested.

¹ See *Stanzas, written in my Pocket Copy of Thomson's Castle of Indolence*, "Poetical Works," vol. ii. p. 305.—ED.

. . . We reached Greta Hall at about $\frac{1}{2}$ past 5 o'clock. The children and Mrs. C. well. After tea, message came from Wilkinson, who had passed us on the road, inviting Wm. to sup at the Oak. He went. Met a young man (a predestined Marquis) called Johnston. He spoke to him familiarly of the L. B. He had seen a copy presented by the Queen to Mrs. Harcourt. Said he saw them everywhere, and wondered they did not sell. We all went weary to bed. . . .

Tuesday, 29th.—A fine morning. A thin fog upon the hills which soon disappeared. The sun shone. Wilkinson went with us to the top of the hill. We turned out of the road at the second mile stone, and passed a pretty cluster of houses at the foot of St. John's Vale. The houses were among tall trees, partly of Scotch fir, and some naked forest trees. We crossed a bridge just below these houses, and the river winded sweetly along the meadows. Our road soon led us along the sides of dreary bare hills, but we had a glorious prospect to the left of Saddleback, half-way covered with snow, and underneath the comfortable white houses and the village of Threlkeld. These houses and the village want trees about them. Skiddaw was behind us, and dear Coleridge's desert home. As we ascended the hills it grew very cold and slippery. Luckily, the wind was at our backs, and helped us on. A sharp hail shower gathered at the head of Martindale, and the view upwards was very grand—wild cottages, seen through the hurrying hail-shower. The wind drove, and eddied about and about, and the hills looked large and swelling through the storm. We thought of Coleridge. O! the bonny nooks, and windings, and curlings of the beck, down at the bottom of the steep green mossy banks. We dined at the public-house on porridge, with a second course of Christmas pies. We were well received by the landlady, and her little Jewish daughter was glad to see us again. The husband a very handsome man. While we were eating our dinner a traveller came in. He

had walked over Kirkstone, that morning. We were much amused by the curiosity of the landlord and landlady to learn who he was, and by his mysterious manner of letting out a little bit of his errand, and yet telling nothing. He had business further up in the vale. He left them with this piece of information to work upon, and I doubt not they discovered who he was and all his business before the next day at that hour. The woman told us of the riches of a Mr. Walker, formerly of Grasmere. We said, "What, does he do nothing for his relations? He has a sickly sister at Grasmere." "Why," said the man, "I daresay if they had any sons to put forward he would do it for them, but he has children of his own."

(*N.B.*—His fortune is above £60,000, and he has two children!!)

✓ The landlord went about a mile and a half with us to put us in the right way. The road was often very slippery, the wind high, and it was nearly dark before we got into the right road. I was often obliged to crawl on all fours, and Mary fell many a time. A stout young man whom we met on the hills, and who knew Mr. Clarkson, very kindly set us into the right road, and we inquired again near some houses and were directed, by a miserable, poverty-struck, looking woman, who had been fetching water, to go down a miry lane. We soon got into the main road and reached Mr. Clarkson's at tea time. Mary H. spent the next day with us, and we walked on Dunmallet before dinner, but it snowed a little. The day following, being New Year's Eve, we accompanied Mary to Howtown Bridge.

v

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH'S JOURNAL
WRITTEN AT GRASMERE
(FROM 1ST JANUARY 1802 TO 8TH JULY 1802)

EXTRACTS FROM DOROTHY WORDSWORTH'S
JOURNAL (FROM 1ST JANUARY 1802 TO 8TH
JULY 1802)

New Year's Day.—We walked, Wm. and I, towards Martindale.

January 2nd.—It snowed all day. We walked near to Dalemain in the snow.

January 3rd.—Sunday. Mary brought us letters from Sara and Coleridge and we went with her homewards to . . . Parted at the stile on the Pooley side. Thomas Wilkinson dined with us and stayed supper.

I do not recollect how the rest of our time was spent exactly. We had a very sharp frost which broke on Friday the 15th January, or rather on the morning of Saturday 16th.

On Sunday the 17th we went to meet Mary. It was a mild gentle thaw. She stayed with us till Friday, 22nd January. On Thursday we dined at Mr. Myers's, and on Friday, 22nd, we parted from Mary. Before our parting we sate under a wall in the sun near a cottage above Stainton Bridge. The field in which we sate sloped downwards to a nearly level meadow, round which the Emont flowed in a small half-circle as at Lochleven.¹ The opposite bank is woody, steep as a wall, but not high, and above that bank the fields slope

¹ This refers probably to Loch Leven in Argyll, but its point is not obvious, and Dorothy Wordsworth had not then been in Scotland.—ED.

gently, and irregularly down to it. These fields are surrounded by tall hedges, with trees among them, and there are clumps or grovelets of tall trees here and there. Sheep and cattle were in the fields. Dear Mary! there we parted from her. I daresay as often as she passes that road she will turn in at the gate to look at this sweet prospect. There was a barn and I think two or three cottages to be seen among the trees, and slips of lawn and irregular fields. During our stay at Mr. Clarkson's we walked every day, except that stormy Thursday. We dined at Thomas Wilkinson's on Friday the 15th, and walked to Penrith for Mary. The trees were covered with hoar-frost—grasses, and trees, and hedges beautiful; a glorious sunset; frost keener than ever. Next day thaw. Mrs. Clarkson amused us with many stories of her family and of persons whom she had known. I wish I had set them down as I heard them, when they were fresh in my memory. . . . Mrs. Clarkson knew a clergyman and his wife who brought up ten children upon a curacy, sent two sons to college, and he left £1000 when he died. The wife was very generous, gave food and drink to all poor people. She had a passion for feeding animals. She killed a pig with feeding it over much. When it was dead she said, "To be sure it's a great loss, but I thank God it did not die *clemmed*" (the Cheshire word for starved). Her husband was very fond of playing back-gammon, and used to play whenever he could get anybody to play with him. She had played much in her youth, and was an excellent player; but her husband knew nothing of this, till one day she said to him, "You're fond of back-gammon, come play with me." He was surprised. She told him she had kept it to herself, while she had a young family to attend to, but that now she would play with him! So they began to play, and played every night. Mr. C. told us many pleasant stories. His journey from London to Wisbeck on foot when a schoolboy, knife and stick, postboy, etc., the white horse sleeping at the

turnpike gate snoring, the turnpike man's clock ticking, the burring story, the story of the mastiff, bull-baiting by men at Wisbeck.

On Saturday, January 23rd, we left Eusemere at 10 o'clock in the morning, I behind Wm. Mr. Clarkson on his Galloway.¹ The morning not very promising, the wind cold. The mountains large and dark, but only thinly streaked with snow; a strong wind. We dined in Grisdale on ham, bread, and milk. We parted from Mr. C. at one o'clock. It rained all the way home. We struggled with the wind, and often rested as we went along. A hail shower met us before we reached the Tarn, and the way often was difficult over the snow; but at the Tarn the view closed in. We saw nothing but mists and snow: and at first the ice on the Tarn below us cracked and split, yet without water, a dull grey white. We lost our path, and could see the Tarn no longer. We made our way out with difficulty, guided by a heap of stones which we well remembered. We were afraid of being bewildered in the mists, till the darkness should overtake us. We were long before we knew that we were in the right track, but thanks to William's skill we knew it long before we could see our way before us. There was no footmark upon the snow either of man or beast. We saw four sheep before we had left the snow region. The vale of Grasmere, when the mists broke away, looked soft and grave, of a yellow hue. It was dark before we reached home. O how happy and comfortable we felt ourselves, sitting by our own fire, when we had got off our wet clothes. We talked about the Lake of Como, read the description, looked about us, and felt that we were happy. . . .

Sunday, 24th.—We went into the orchard as soon as breakfast was over. Laid out the situation for our new room, and sauntered a while. Wm. walked in the morning. I wrote to Coleridge. . . .

¹ A Galloway pony.—ED.

Monday, 25th January.— . . . Wm. tired with composition. . . .

Tuesday, 26th.— . . . We are going to walk, and I am ready and waiting by the kitchen fire for Wm. We set forward intending to go into Easedale, but the wind being loudish, and blowing down Easedale, we walked under Silver How for a shelter. We went a little beyond the syke; then up to John's Grove, where the storm of Thursday has made sad ravages. Two of the finest trees are uprooted, one lying with the turf about its root, as if the whole together had been pared by a knife. The other is a larch. Several others are blown aside, one is snapped in two. We gathered together a faggot. Wm. had tired himself with working. . . . We received a letter from Mary with an account of C.'s arrival in London. I wrote to Mary before bedtime. . . . Wm. wrote out part of his poem, and endeavoured to alter it, and so made himself ill. I copied out the rest for him. We went late to bed. Wm. wrote to Annette.¹

Wednesday, 27th.—A beautiful mild morning; the sun shone; the lake was still, and all the shores reflected in it. I finished my letter to Mary. Wm. wrote to Stuart. I copied sonnets for him. Mr. Olliff called and asked us to tea to-morrow. We stayed in the house till the sun shone more dimly and we thought the afternoon was closing in, but though the calmness of the Lake was gone with the bright sunshine, yet it was delightfully pleasant. We found no letter from Coleridge. One from Sara which we sate upon the wall to read; a sweet long letter, with a most interesting account of Mr. Patrick. We cooked no dinner. Sate a while by the fire, and then drank tea at Frank Raty's. As we went past the Nab I was surprised to see the youngest child amongst them running about by itself, with a canny round fat face, and rosy cheeks. I called in. They

¹ See the "Poetical Works," vol. ii. p. 335.—ED.

gave me some nuts. Everybody surprised that we should come over Grisdale. Paid £1:3:3 for letters come since December 1st. Paid also about 8 shillings at Penrith. The bees were humming about the hive. William raked a few stones off the garden, his first garden labour this year. I cut the shrubs. When we returned from Frank's, Wm. wasted his mind in the Magazines. I wrote to Coleridge, and Mrs. C., closed the letters up to Samson. Then we sate by the fire, and were happy, only our tender thoughts became painful.¹ Went to bed at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 11.

Thursday, 28th.—A downright rain. A wet night. Wm. wrote an epitaph, and altered one that he wrote when he was a boy. It cleared up after dinner. We were both in miserable spirits, and very doubtful about keeping our engagements to the Olliffs. We walked first within view of Rydale then to Lowthwaite, then we went to Mr. Olliff. We talked a while. Wm. was tired. We then played at cards. Came home in the rain. Very dark. Came with a lantern. Wm. out of spirits and tired. He called at $\frac{1}{4}$ past 3 to know the hour.

Friday, 29th January.—Wm. was very unwell. Worn out with his bad night's rest. I read to him, to endeavour to make him sleep. Then I came into the other room, and I read the first book of *Paradise Lost*. After dinner we walked to Ambleside. . . . A heart-rending letter from Coleridge. We were sad as we could be. Wm. wrote to him. We talked about Wm.'s going to London. It was a mild afternoon. There was an unusual softness in the prospects as we went, a rich yellow upon the fields, and a soft grave purple on the waters. When we returned many stars were out, the clouds were moveless, and the sky soft purple, the lake of Rydale calm, Jupiter behind. Jupiter at least *we* call him, but William says we always

¹ Compare, in *Lines written in Early Spring*, vol. i. p. 269—

In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

Ed.

call the largest star Jupiter. When we came home we both wrote to C. I was stupefied.

Saturday, January 30th.—A cold dark morning. William chopped wood. I brought it in a basket. . . . He asked me to set down the story of Barbara Wilkinson's turtle dove. Barbara is an old maid. She had two turtle doves. One of them died, the first year I think. The other continued to live alone in its cage for nine years, but for one whole year it had a companion and daily visitor—a little mouse, that used to come and feed with it; and the dove would carry it and cover it over with its wings, and make a loving noise to it. The mouse, though it did not testify equal delight in the dove's company, was yet at perfect ease. The poor mouse disappeared, and the dove was left solitary till its death. It died of a short sickness, and was buried under a tree, with funeral ceremony by Barbara and her maidens, and one or two others.

On *Saturday, 30th*, Wm. worked at *The Pedlar* all the morning. He kept the dinner waiting till four o'clock. He was much tired. . . .

Sunday, 31st.—Wm. had slept very ill. He was tired. We walked round the two lakes. Grasmere was very soft, and Rydale was extremely beautiful from the western side. Nab Scar was just topped by a cloud ✓ which, cutting it off as high as it could be cut off, made the mountain look uncommonly lofty.¹ We sate down a long time with different plans. I always love to walk that way, because it is the way I first came to Rydale and Grasmere, and because our dear Coleridge did also. When I came with Wm., 6 and $\frac{1}{2}$ years ago, it was just at sunset. There was a rich yellow light on the waters, and the islands were reflected there. To-day it was grave and soft, but not perfectly calm. William says it was much such a day as when Coleridge came with

¹ Compare the poem *To the Clouds*, vol. viii. p. 142, and the Fenwick note to that poem.—ED.

him. The sun shone out before we reached Grasmere. We sate by the roadside at the foot of the Lake, close to Mary's dear name, which she had cut herself upon the stone. Wm. cut at it with his knife to make it plainer.¹ We amused ourselves for a long time in watching the breezes, some as if they came from the bottom of the lake, spread in a circle, brushing along the surface of the water, and growing more delicate as it were thinner, and of a *paler* colour till they died away. Others spread out like a peacock's tail, and some went right forward this way and that in all directions. The lake was still where these breezes were not, but they made it all alive. I found a strawberry blossom in a rock. The little slender flower had more courage than the green leaves, for *they* were but half expanded and half grown, but the blossom was spread full out. I uprooted it rashly, and I felt as if I had been committing an outrage, so I planted it again. It will have but a stormy life of it, but let it live if it can. We found Calvert here. I brought a handkerchief full of mosses, which I placed on the chimneypiece when Calvert was gone. He dined with us, and carried away the encyclopædias. After they were gone, I spent some time in trying to reconcile myself to the change, and in rummaging out and arranging some other books in their places. One good thing is this—there is a nice elbow place for Wm., and he may sit for the picture of John Bunyan any day. Mr. Simpson drank tea with us. We paid our rent to Benson. . . .

Monday, February 1st.—Wm. slept badly. I baked bread. William worked hard at *The Pedlar*, and tired himself. . . . There was a purplish light upon Mr. Olliff's house, which made me look to the other side of the vale, when I saw a strange stormy mist coming down the side of Silver How of a reddish purple colour. It soon came on a heavy rain. . . . A box with books

¹ This still exists, but is known to few.—Ed.

came from London. I sate by W.'s bedside, and read in *The Pleasures of Hope* to him, which came in the box. He could not fall asleep.

Tuesday, 2nd February.— . . . Wm. went into the orchard after breakfast, to chop wood. We walked into Easedale. . . . Walked backwards and forwards between Goody Bridge and Butterlip How. William wished to break off composition, but was unable, and so did himself harm. The sun shone, but it was cold. William worked at *The Pedlar*. After tea I read aloud the eleventh book of *Paradise Lost*. We were much impressed, and also melted into tears. The papers came in soon after I had laid aside the book—a good thing for my Wm. . . .

Wednesday, 3rd.—A rainy morning. We walked to Rydale for letters. Found one from Mrs. Cookson and Mary H. It snowed upon the hills. We sate down on the wall at the foot of White Moss. Sate by the fire in the evening. Wm. tired, and did not compose. He went to bed soon, and could not sleep. I wrote to Mary H. Sent off the letter by Fletcher. Wrote also to Coleridge. Read Wm. to sleep after dinner, and read to him in bed till $\frac{1}{2}$ past one.

Thursday, 4th.— . . . Wm. thought a little about *The Pedlar*. Read Smollet's life.

Friday, 5th.—A cold snowy morning. Snow and hail showers. We did not walk. Wm. cut wood a little. Sate up late at *The Pedlar*.

Saturday, 6th February.— . . . Two very affecting letters from Coleridge; resolved to try another climate. I was stopped in my writing, and made ill by the letters. . . . Wrote again after tea, and translated two or three of Lessing's *Fables*.

Sunday, 7th.—A fine clear frosty morning. The eaves drop with the heat of the sun all day long. The ground thinly covered with snow. The road black, rocks black. Before night the island was quite green. The sun had melted all the snow. Wm. working at

his poem. We sate by the fire, and did not walk, but read *The Pedlar*, thinking it done; but W. could find fault with one part of it. It was uninteresting, and must be altered. Poor Wm.!

Monday Morning, 8th February 1802.—It was very windy and rained hard all the morning. William worked at his poem and I read a little in Lessing and the grammar. A chaise came past.

After dinner (*i.e.* we set off at about $\frac{1}{2}$ past 4) we went towards Rydale for letters. It was a "*could clash.*" The rain had been so cold that it hardly melted the snow. We stopped at Park's to get some straw round Wm.'s shoes. The young mother was sitting by a bright wood fire, with her youngest child upon her lap, and the other two sate on each side of the chimney. The light of the fire made them a beautiful sight, with their innocent countenances, their rosy cheeks, and glossy curling hair. We sate and talked about poor Ellis, and our journey over the Hawes. Before we had come to the shore of the Lake, we met our patient bow-bent friend, with his little wooden box at his back. "Where are you going?" said he. "To Rydale for letters." "I have two for you in my box." We lifted up the lid, and there they lay. Poor fellow, he straddled and pushed on with all his might; but we outstripped him far away when we had turned back with our letters. . . . I could not help comparing lots with him. He goes at that slow pace every morning, and after having wrought a hard day's work returns at night, however weary he may be, takes it all quietly, and, though perhaps he neither feels thankfulness nor pleasure, when he eats his supper, and has nothing to look forward to but falling asleep in bed, yet I daresay he neither murmurs nor thinks it hard. He seems mechanised to labour. We broke the seal of Coleridge's letters, and I had light enough just to see that he was not ill. I put it in my pocket. At the top of the White Moss I took it to my bosom,—a safer place for it. The sight was wild. There

✓ was a strange mountain lightness, when we were at the top of the White Moss. I have often observed it there in the evenings, being between the two valleys. There is more of the sky there than any other place. It has a strange effect. Sometimes, along with the obscurity of evening, or night, it seems almost like a peculiar sort of light. There was not much wind till we came to John's Grove, then it roared right out of the grove, all the trees were tossing about. Coleridge's letter somewhat damped us. It spoke with less confidence about France. Wm. wrote to him. The other letter was from Montagu, with £8. Wm. was very unwell, tired when he had written. He went to bed and left me to write to M. H., Montagu, and Calvert, and Mrs. Coleridge. I had written in his letter to Coleridge. We wrote to Calvert to beg him not to fetch us on Sunday. Wm. left me with a little peat fire. It grew less. I wrote on, and was starved. At 2 o'clock I went to put my letters under Fletcher's door. I never felt such a cold night. There was a strong wind and it froze very hard. I gathered together all the clothes I could find (for I durst not go into the pantry for fear of waking Wm.). At first when I went to bed I seemed to be warm. I suppose because the cold air, which I had just left, no longer touched my body; but I soon found that I was mistaken. I could not sleep from sheer cold. I had baked pies and bread in the morning. Coleridge's letter contained prescriptions.

N.B.—The moon came out suddenly when we were at John's Grove, and a star or two besides.

Tuesday.—Wm. had slept better. He fell to work, and made himself unwell. We did not walk. A funeral came by of a poor woman who had drowned herself, some say because she was hardly treated by her husband; others that he was a very decent respectable man, and *she* but an indifferent wife. However this was, she had only been married to him last Whitsuntide and had had very indifferent health ever since. She had got up in the

night, and drowned herself in the pond. She had requested to be buried beside her mother, and so she was brought in a hearse. She was followed by some very decent-looking men on horseback, her sister—Thomas Fleming's wife—in a chaise, and some others with her, and a cart full of women. Molly says folks thinks o' their mothers. Poor body, *she* has been little thought of by any body else. We did a little of Lessing. I attempted a fable, but my head ached; my bones were sore with the cold of the day before, and I was downright stupid. We went to bed, but not till Wm. had tired himself.

Wednesday, 10th.—A very snowy morning. . . . I was writing out the poem, as we hoped for a final writing. . . . We read the first part and were delighted with it, but Wm. afterwards got to some ugly place, and went to bed tired out. A wild, moonlight night.

Thursday, 11th.— . . . Wm. sadly tired and working at *The Pedlar*. . . . We made up a good fire after dinner, and Wm. brought his mattress out, and lay down on the floor. I read to him the life of Ben Jonson, and some short poems of his, which were too interesting for him, and would not let him go to sleep. I had begun with Fletcher, but he was too dull for me. Fuller says, in his *Life of Jonson* (speaking of his plays), "If his latter be not so spritful and vigorous as his first pieces, all that are old, and all who desire to be old, should excuse him therein." He says he "beheld" wit-combats between Shakespeare and Jonson, and compares Shakespeare to an English man-of-war, Jonson to a great Spanish galleon. There is one affecting line in Jonson's epitaph on his first daughter—

Here lies to each her parents ruth,
Mary the daughter of their youth.
At six months' end she parted hence,
In safety of her innocence.

Two beggars to-day. I continued to read to Wm.

We were much delighted with the poem of *Penshurst*.¹ Wm. rose better. I was cheerful and happy. He got to work again.

✓ *Friday, 12th.*—A very fine, bright, clear, hard frost. Wm. working again. I recopied *The Pedlar*, but poor Wm. all the time at work. . . . In the afternoon a poor woman came, she said, to beg, . . . but she has been used to go a-begging, for she has often come here. Her father lived to the age of 105. She is a woman of strong bones, with a complexion that has been beautiful, and remained very fresh last year, but now she looks broken, and her little boy—a pretty little fellow, and whom I have loved for the sake of Basil—looks thin and pale. I observed this to her. “Aye,” says she, “we have all been ill. Our house was nearly unroofed in the storm, and we lived in it so for more than a week.” The child wears a ragged drab coat and a fur cap. Poor little fellow, I think he seems scarcely at all grown since the first time I saw him. William was with me when we met him in a lane going to Skelwith Bridge. He looked very pretty. He was walking lazily, in the deep narrow lane, overshadowed with the hedgerows, his meal poke hung over his shoulder. He said he “was going a laiting.” Poor creature! He now wears the same coat he had on at that time. When the woman was gone, I could not help thinking that we are not half thankful enough that we are placed in that condition of life in which we are. We do not so often bless God for this, as we wish for this £50, that £100, etc. etc. We have not, however, to reproach ourselves with ever breathing a murmur. This woman’s was but a common case. The snow still lies upon the ground. Just at the closing in of the day, I heard a cart pass the door, and at the same time the dismal sound of a crying infant. I went to the window, and had light enough to see that a man was driving a cart, which seemed not to be very full, and that a woman with an infant in her

¹ By Ben Jonson.—ED.

arms was following close behind and a dog close to her. It was a wild and melancholy sight. Wm. rubbed his tables after candles were lighted, and we sate a long time with the windows unclosed, and almost finished writing *The Pedlar*; but poor Wm. wore himself out, and me out, with labour. We had an affecting conversation. Went to bed at 12 o'clock.

Saturday, 13th.—It snowed a little this morning. Still at work at *The Pedlar*, altering and refitting. We did not walk, though it was a very fine day. We received a present of eggs and milk from Janet Dockeray, and just before she went, the little boy from the Hill brought us a letter from Sara H., and one from the Frenchman in London. I wrote to Sara after tea, and Wm. took out his old newspapers, and the new ones came in soon after. We sate, after I had finished the letter, talking; and Wm. read parts of his *Recluse* aloud to me. . . .

Sunday, 14th February.—A fine morning. The sun shines out, but it has been a hard frost in the night. There are some little snowdrops that are afraid to put their white heads quite out, and a few blossoms of hepatica that are half-starved. Wm. left me at work altering some passages of *The Pedlar*, and went into the orchard. The fine day pushed him on to resolve, and as soon as I had read a letter to him, which I had just received from Mrs. Clarkson, he said he would go to Penrith, so Molly was despatched for the horse. I worked hard, got the writing finished, and all quite trim. I wrote to Mrs. Clarkson, and put up some letters for Mary H., and off he went in his blue spencer, and a pair of new pantaloons fresh from London. . . . I then sate over the fire, reading Ben Jonson's *Penshurst*, and other things. Before sunset, I put on my shawl and walked out. The snow-covered mountains were spotted with rich sunlight, a palish buffish colour. . . . I stood at the wishing-gate, and when I came in view of Rydale, I cast a long look upon the mountains beyond. They were ✓

very white, but I concluded that Wm. would have a very safe passage over Kirkstone, and I was quite easy about him. After dinner, a little before sunset, I walked out about 20 yards above Glow-worm Rock. I met a carman, a Highlander I suppose, with four carts, the first three belonging to himself, the last evidently to a man and his family who had joined company with him, and who I guessed to be potters. The carman was cheering his horses, and talking to a little lass about ten years of age who seemed to make him her companion. She ran to the wall, and took up a large stone to support the wheel of one of his carts, and ran on before with it in her arms to be ready for him. She was a beautiful creature, and there was something uncommonly impressive in the lightness and joyousness of her manner. Her business seemed to be all pleasure—pleasure in her own motions, and the man looked at her as if he too was pleased, and spoke to her in the same tone in which he spoke to his horses. There was a wildness in her whole figure, not the wildness of a Mountain lass, but of the Road lass, a traveller from her birth, who had wanted neither food nor clothes. Her mother followed the last cart with a lovely child, perhaps about a year old, at her back, and a good-looking girl, about fifteen years old, walked beside her. All the children were like the mother. She had a very fresh complexion, but she was blown with fagging up the steep hill, and with what she carried. Her husband was helping the horse to drag the cart up by pushing it with his shoulder. I reached home, and read German till about 9 o'clock. I wrote to Coleridge. Went to bed at about 12 o'clock. . . . I slept badly, for my thoughts were full of Wm.

Monday, 15th February.—It snowed a good deal, and was terribly cold. After dinner it was fair, but I was obliged to run all the way to the foot of the White Moss, to get the least bit of warmth into me. I found a letter from C. He was much better, this was very satisfactory, but his letter was not an answer to Wm.'s which I

expected. A letter from Annette. I got tea when I reached home, and then set on reading German. I wrote part of a letter to Coleridge, went to bed and slept badly.

Tuesday, 16th.—A fine morning, but I had persuaded myself not to expect Wm., I believe because I was afraid of being disappointed. I ironed all day. He came just at tea time, had only seen Mary H. for a couple of hours between Eamont Bridge and Hartshorn Tree. Mrs. C. better. He had had a difficult journey over Kirkstone, and came home by Threlkeld. We spent a sweet evening. He was better, had altered *The Pedlar*. We went to bed pretty soon. Mr. Graham said he wished Wm. had been with him the other day—he was riding in a post-chaise and he heard a strange cry that he could not understand, the sound continued, and he called to the chaise driver to stop. It was a little girl that was crying as if her heart would burst. She had got up behind the chaise, and her cloak had been caught by the wheel, and was jammed in, and it hung there. She was crying after it, poor thing. Mr. Graham took her into the chaise, and her cloak was released from the wheel, but the child's misery did not cease, for her cloak was torn to rags; it had been a miserable cloak before, but she had no other, and it was the greatest sorrow that could befall her. Her name was Alice Fell.¹ She had no parents, and belonged to the next town. At the next town, Mr. G. left money with some respectable people in the town, to buy her a new cloak.

Wednesday, 17th.—A miserable nasty snowy morning. We did not walk, but the old man from the hill brought us a short letter from Mary H. I copied the second part of *Peter Bell*. . . . ✓

Thursday, 18th.—A foggy morning. I copied new part of *Peter Bell* in W.'s absence, and began a letter to Coleridge. Wm. came in with a letter from Coleridge.

¹ See the poem *Alice Fell*, in the "Poetical Works," vol. ii. p. 273.—ED.

. . . We talked together till 11 o'clock, when Wm. got to work, and was no worse for it. Hard frost.

Saturday, 20th.— . . . I wrote the first part of *Peter Bell*. . . .

Sunday, 21st.—A very wet morning. I wrote the 2nd prologue to *Peter Bell*. . . . After dinner I wrote the 1st prologue. . . . Snowdrops quite out, but cold and winterly; yet, for all this, a thrush that lives in our orchard has shouted and sung its merriest all day long. . .

Monday, 22nd.—Wm. brought me 4 letters to read—from Annette and Caroline,¹ Mary and Sara, and Coleridge. . . . In the evening we walked to the top of the hill, then to the bridge. We hung over the wall, and looked at the deep stream below. It came with a full, steady, yet a very rapid flow down to the lake. The sykes made a sweet sound everywhere, and looked very interesting in the twilight, and that little one above Mr. Olliff's house was very impressive. A ghostly white serpent line, it made a sound most distinctly heard of itself. The mountains were black and steep, the tops of some of them having snow yet visible.

Tuesday, 23rd.— . . . When we came out of our own doors, that dear thrush was singing upon the topmost of the smooth branches of the ash tree at the top of the orchard. How long it had been perched on that same tree I cannot tell, but we had heard its dear voice in the orchard the day through, along with a cheerful undersong made by our winter friends, the robins. As we came home, I picked up a few mosses by the roadside, which I left at home. We then went to John's Grove. There we sate a little while looking at the fading landscape. The lake, though the objects on the shore were fading, seemed brighter than when it is perfect day, and the island pushed itself upwards, distinct and large. All the shores marked. There was

¹ See "Poetical Works," vol. ii. p. 335.—ED.

a sweet, sea-like sound in the trees above our heads. We walked backwards and forwards some time for dear John's sake, then walked to look at Rydale. Wm. now reading in Bishop Hall, I going to read German. We have a nice singing fire, with one piece of wood. . . .

Wednesday, 24th.—A rainy morning. William returned from Rydale very wet, with letters. He brought a short one from C., a very long one from Mary. Wm. wrote to Annette, to Coleridge. . . . I wrote a little bit to Coleridge. We sent off these letters by Fletcher. It was a tremendous night of wind and rain. Poor Coleridge! a sad night for a traveller such as he. God be praised he was in safe quarters. Wm. went out. He never felt a colder night.

Thursday, 25th.—A fine, mild, gay, beautiful morning. Wm. wrote to Montagu in the morning. . . . I reached home just before dark, brought some mosses and ivy, and then got tea, and fell to work at German. I read a good deal of Lessing's Essay. Wm. came home between 9 and 10 o'clock. We sat together by the fire till bedtime. Wm. not very much tired.

Friday, 26th.—A grey morning till 10 o'clock, then the sun shone beautifully. Mrs. Lloyd's children and Mrs. Luff came in a chaise, were here at 11 o'clock, then went to Mrs. Olliff. Wm. and I accompanied them to the gate. I prepared dinner, sought out *Peter Bell*, gave Wm. some cold meat, and then we went to walk. We walked first to Butterlip How, where we sate and overlooked the dale, no sign of spring but the red tints of the woods and trees. Sate in the sun. Met Charles Lloyd near the Bridge. . . . Mr. and Mrs. Luff walked home, the Lloyds stayed till 8 o'clock. Wm. always gets on better with conversation at home than elsewhere. The chaise-driver brought us a letter from Mrs. H., a short one from C. We were perplexed about Sara's coming. I wrote to Mary. Wm. closed his letter to Montagu, and wrote to Calvert and Mrs. Coleridge. Birds sang divinely to-day. Wm. better.

Sunday, 28th February.—Wm. employed himself with *The Pedlar*. We got papers in the morning.

Monday.—A fine pleasant day, we walked to Rydale. I went on before for the letters, brought two from M. and S. H. We climbed over the wall and read them under the shelter of a mossy rock. We met Mrs. Lloyd in going. Mrs. Olliff's child ill. The catkins are beautiful in the hedges, the ivy is very green. Robert Newton's paddock is greenish—that is all we see of Spring; finished and sent off the letter to Sara, and wrote to Mary. Wrote again to Sara, and Wm. wrote to Coleridge. Mrs. Lloyd called when I was in bed.

*Tuesday.*¹—A fine grey morning. . . . I read German, and a little before dinner Wm. also read. We walked on Butterlip How under the wind. It rained all the while, but we had a pleasant walk. The mountains of Easedale, black or covered with snow at the tops, gave a peculiar softness to the valley. The clouds hid the tops of some of them. The valley was populous and enlivened with streams. . . .

Wednesday.—I was so unlucky as to propose to re-write *The Pedlar*. Wm. got to work, and was worn to death. We did not walk. I wrote in the afternoon.

Thursday.—Before we had quite finished breakfast Calvert's man brought the horses for Wm. We had a deal to do, pens to make, poems to put in order for writing, to settle for the press, pack up; and the man came before the pens were made, and he was obliged to leave me with only two. Since he left me at half-past 11 (it is now 2) I have been putting the drawers into order, laid by his clothes which he had thrown here and there and everywhere, filed two months' newspapers and got my dinner, 2 boiled eggs and 2 apple tarts. I have set Molly on to clean the garden a little, and I myself have walked. I transplanted some snowdrops—the Bees are busy. Wm. has a nice bright day. It was hard

¹ March 2nd.—ED.

frost in the night. The Robins are singing sweetly. Now for my walk. I *will* be busy. I ~~will~~ look well, and be well when he comes back to me. O the Darling! Here is one of his bitter apples. I can hardly find it in my heart to throw it into the fire. . . . I walked round the two Lakes, crossed the stepping-stones at Rydale foot. Sate down where we always sit. I was full of thought about my darling. Blessings on him. I came home at the foot of our own hill under Loughrigg. They are making sad ravages in the woods. Benson's wood is going, and the woods above the River. The wind has blown down a small fir tree on the Rock, that terminates John's path. I suppose the wind of Wednesday night. I read German after tea. I worked and read the L. B., enchanted with the *Idiot Boy*. Wrote to Wm. and then went to bed. It snowed when I went to bed.

Friday.—First walked in the garden and orchard, a frosty sunny morning. After dinner I gathered mosses in Easedale. I saw before me sitting in the open field, upon his pack of rags, the old Ragman that I know. His coat is of scarlet in a thousand patches. When I came home Molly had shook the carpet and cleaned everything upstairs. When I see her so happy in her work, and exulting in her own importance, I often think of that affecting expression which she made use of to me one evening lately. Talking of her good luck in being in this house, "Aye, Mistress, them 'at's low laid would have been proud creatures could they but have seen where I is now, fra what they thought wud be my doom." I was tired when I reached home. I sent Molly Ashburner to Rydale. No letters. I was sadly mortified. I expected one fully from Coleridge. Wrote to William, read the L. B., got into sad thoughts, tried at German, but could not go on. Read L. B. Blessings on that brother of mine! Beautiful new moon over Silver How.

Friday Morning.—A very cold sunshiny frost. I wrote *The Pedlar*, and finished it before I went to Mrs. Simpson's to drink tea. Miss S. at Keswick, but she

came home. Mrs. Jameson came in and stayed supper. Fletcher's carts went past and I let them go with William's letter. Mr. B. S. came nearly home with me. I found letters from Wm., Mary, and Coleridge. I wrote to C. Sat up late, and could not fall asleep when I went to bed.

Sunday Morning.—A very fine, clear frost. I stitched up *The Pedlar*; wrote out *Ruth*; read it with the alterations, then wrote Mary H. Read a little German, . . . and in came William, I did not expect him till to-morrow. How glad I was. After we had talked about an hour, I gave him his dinner. We sate talking and happy. He brought two new stanzas of *Ruth*. . . .

Monday Morning.—A soft rain and mist. We walked to Rydale for letters. The Vale looked very beautiful in excessive simplicity, yet, at the same time, in uncommon obscurity. The Church stood alone—mountains behind. The meadows looked calm and rich, bordering on the still lake. Nothing else to be seen but lake and island. . . .

On Friday evening the moon hung over the northern side of the highest point of Silver How, like a gold ring snapped in two, and shaven off at the ends. Within this ring lay the circle of the round moon, as distinctly to be seen as ever the enlightened moon is. William had observed the same appearance at Keswick, perhaps at the very same moment, hanging over the Newland Fells. Sent off a letter to Mary H., also to Coleridge, and Sara, and rewrote in the evening the alterations of *Ruth*, which we sent off at the same time.

Tuesday Morning.—William was reading in Ben Jonson. He read me a beautiful poem on Love. . . . We sate by the fire in the evening, and read *The Pedlar* over. William worked a little, and altered it in a few places. . . .

Wednesday.— . . . Wm. read in Ben Jonson in the morning. I read a little German. We then walked to

Rydale. No letters. They are slashing away in Benson's wood. William has since tea been talking about publishing the Yorkshire Wolds Poem with *The Pedlar*.

Thursday.—A fine morning. William worked at the poem of *The Singing Bird*.¹ Just as we were sitting down to dinner we heard Mr. Clarkson's voice. I ran down, William followed. He was so finely mounted that William was more intent upon the horse than the rider, an offence easily forgiven, for Mr. Clarkson was as proud of it himself as he well could be. . . .

Friday.—A very fine morning. We went to see Mr. Clarkson off. The sun shone while it rained, and the stones of the walls and the pebbles on the road glittered like silver. . . . William finished his poem of *The Singing Bird*. In the meantime I read the remainder of Lessing. In the evening after tea William wrote *Alice Fell*. He went to bed tired, with a wakeful mind and a weary body. . . .

Saturday Morning.—It was as cold as ever it has been all winter, very hard frost. . . . William finished *Alice Fell*, and then wrote the poem of *The Beggar Woman*, taken from a woman whom I had seen in May (now nearly two years ago) when John and he were at Gallow Hill. I sate with him at intervals all the morning, took down his stanzas, etc. . . . After tea I read to William that account of the little boy belonging to the tall woman, and an unlucky thing it was, for he could not escape from those very words, and so he could not write the poem. He left it unfinished, and went tired to bed. In our walk from Rydale he had got warmed with the subject, and had half cast the poem.

Sunday Morning.—William . . . got up at nine o'clock, but before he rose he had finished *The Beggar Boy*, and while we were at breakfast . . . he wrote the poem *To a Butterfly!* He ate not a morsel, but sate

¹ First published in 1807, under the title of *The Sailor's Mother*.—ED.

with his shirt neck unbuttoned, and his waistcoat open while he did it. The thought first came upon him as we were talking about the pleasure we both always felt at the sight of a butterfly. I told him that I used to chase them a little, but that I was afraid of brushing the dust off their wings, and did not catch them. He told me how he used to kill all the white ones when he went to school because they were Frenchmen. . . . I wrote it down and the other poems, and I read them all over to him. . . . William began to try to alter *The Butterfly*, and tired himself. . . .

Monday Morning.—We sate reading the poems, and I read a little German. . . . During W.'s absence a sailor who was travelling from Liverpool to Whitehaven called, he was faint and pale when he knocked at the door—a young man very well dressed. We sate by the kitchen fire talking with him for two hours. He told us interesting stories of his life. His name was Isaac Chapel. He had been at sea since he was 15 years old. He was by trade a sail-maker. His last voyage was to the coast of Guinea. He had been on board a slave ship, the captain's name Maxwell, where one man had been killed, a boy put to lodge with the pigs and was half eaten, set to watch in the hot sun till he dropped down dead. He had been away in North America and had travelled thirty days among the Indians, where he had been well treated. He had twice swam from a King's ship in the night and escaped. He said he would rather be in hell than be pressed. He was now going to wait in England to appear against Captain Maxwell. "O he's a Rascal, Sir, he ought to be put in the papers!" The poor man had not been in bed since Friday night. He left Liverpool at 2 o'clock on Saturday morning; he had called at a farm house to beg victuals and had been refused. The woman said she would give him nothing. "Won't you? Then I can't help it." He was excessively like my brother John.

Tuesday.— . . . William went up into the orchard,

. . . and wrote a part of *The Emigrant Mother*. After dinner I read him to sleep. I read Spenser. . . . We walked to look at Rydale. The moon was a good height above the mountains. She seemed far distant in the sky. There were two stars beside her, that twinkled in and out, and seemed almost like butterflies in motion and lightness. They looked to be far nearer to us than the moon.

Wednesday.—William went up into the orchard and finished the poem. I went and sate with W. and walked backwards and forwards in the orchard till dinner time. He read me his poem. I read to him, and my Beloved slept. A sweet evening as it had been a sweet day, and I walked quietly along the side of Rydale lake with quiet thoughts—the hills and the lake were still—the owls had not begun to hoot, and the little birds had given over singing. I looked before me and saw a red light upon Silver How as if coming out of the vale below,

There was a light of most strange birth,
A light that came out of the earth,
And spread along the dark hill-side.

Thus I was going on when I saw the shape of my Beloved in the road at a little distance. We turned back to see the light but it was fading—almost gone. The owls hooted when we sate on the wall at the foot of White Moss; the sky broke more and more, and we saw the moon now and then. John Gill passed us with his cart; we sate on. When we came in sight of our own dear Grasmere, the vale looked fair and quiet in the moonshine, the Church was there and all the cottages. There were huge slow-travelling clouds in the sky, that threw large masses of shade upon some of the mountains. We walked backwards and forwards, between home and Olliff's, till I was tired. William kindled, and began to write the poem. We carried cloaks into the orchard, and sate a while there. I left him, and he nearly finished the poem. I was tired to death, and went to bed before

him. He came down to me, and read the poem to me in bed. A sailor begged here to-day, going to Glasgow. He spoke cheerfully in a sweet tone.

Thursday.—Rydale vale was full of life and motion. The wind blew briskly, and the lake was covered all over with bright silver waves, that were there each the twinkling of an eye, then others rose up and took their place as fast as they went away. The rocks glittered in the sunshine. The crows and the ravens were busy, and the thrushes and little birds sang. I went through the fields, and sate for an hour afraid to pass a cow. The cow looked at me, and I looked at the cow, and whenever I stirred the cow gave over eating. . . . A parcel came in from Birmingham, with Lamb's play for us, and for C. . . . As we came along Ambleside vale in the twilight, it was a grave evening. There was something in the air that compelled me to various thoughts—the hills were large, closed in by the sky. . . . Night was come on, and the moon was overcast. But, as I climbed the moss, the moon came out from behind a mountain mass of black clouds. O, the unutterable darkness of the sky, and the earth below the moon, and the glorious brightness of the moon itself! There was a vivid sparkling streak of light at this end of Rydale water, but the rest was very dark, and Loughrigg Fell and Silver How were white and bright, as if they were covered with hoar frost. The moon retired again, and appeared and disappeared several times before I reached home. Once there was no moonlight to be seen but upon the island-house and the promontory of the island where it stands. "That needs must be a holy place," etc. etc. I had many very exquisite feelings, and when I saw this lowly Building in the waters, among the dark and lofty hills, with that bright, soft light upon it, it made me more than half a poet. I was tired when I reached home, and could not sit down to reading. I tried to write verses, but alas! I gave up, expecting William, and went soon to bed.

Friday.—A very rainy morning. I went up into the lane to collect a few green mosses to make the chimney gay against my darling's return. Poor C., I did not wish for, or expect him, it rained so. . . . Coleridge came in. His eyes were a little swollen with the wind. I was much affected by the sight of him, he seemed half-stupefied. William came in soon after. Coleridge went to bed late, and William and I sate up till four o'clock. A letter from Sara sent by Mary. They disputed about Ben Jonson. My spirits were agitated very much.

Saturday.— . . . When I awoke the whole vale was covered with snow. William and Coleridge walked. . . . We had a little talk about going abroad. After tea William read *The Pedlar*. Talked about various things—christening the children, etc. etc. Went to bed at 12 o'clock.

Sunday.—Coleridge and William lay long in bed. We sent up to George Mackareth's for the horse to go to Keswick, but we could not have it. Went with C. to Borwick's where he left us. William very unwell. We had a sweet and tender conversation. I wrote to Mary and Sara.

Monday.—A rainy day. William very poorly. 2 letters from Sara, and one from poor Annette. Wrote to my brother Richard. We talked a good deal about C. and other interesting things. We resolved to see Annette, and that Wm. should go to Mary. Wm. wrote to Coleridge not to expect us till Thursday or Friday.

Tuesday.—A mild morning. William worked at *The Cuckoo* poem. I sewed beside him. . . . I read German, and, at the closing-in of day, went to sit in the orchard. William came to me, and walked backwards and forwards. We talked about C. Wm. repeated the poem to me. I left him there, and in 20 minutes he came in, rather tired with attempting to write. He is now reading Ben Jonson. I am going to read German. It is about 10 o'clock, a quiet night. The fire flickers, and the watch ticks. I hear nothing save the breathing of my Beloved

as he now and then pushes his book forward, and turns over a leaf. . . .

Wednesday.—It was a beautiful spring morning, warm, and quiet with mists. We found a letter from M. H. I made a vow that we would not leave this country for G. Hill.¹ . . . William altered *The Butterfly* as we came from Rydale. . . .

Thursday.— . . . No letter from Coleridge.

Friday.— . . . William wrote to Annette, then worked at *The Cuckoo*. . . . After dinner I sate 2 hours in the orchard. William and I walked together after tea, to the top of White Moss. I left Wm. and while he was absent I wrote out poems. I grew alarmed, and went to seek him. I met him at Mr. Olliff's. He has been trying, without success, to alter a passage—his *Silver How* poem. He had written a conclusion just before he went out. While I was getting into bed, he wrote *The Rainbow*.

Saturday.—A divine morning. At breakfast William wrote part of an ode. . . . We sate all day in the orchard.

Sunday.—We went to Keswick. Arrived wet to the skin. . . .

Monday.—Wm. and C. went to Armathwaite.

Tuesday, 30th March.—We went to Calvert's.

Wednesday, 31st March.— . . . We walked to Portinscale, lay upon the turf, and looked into the Vale of Newlands; up to Borrowdale, and down to Keswick—a soft Venetian view. Calvert and Wilkinsons dined with us. I walked with Mrs. W. to the Quaker's meeting, met Wm., and we walked in the field together.

Thursday, 1st April.—Mrs. C., Wm. and I went to the How. We came home by Portinscale.

Friday, 2nd.—Wm. and I sate all the morning in the field.

¹ Gallow Hill, Yorkshire.—ED.

Saturday, 3rd.—Wm. went on to Skiddaw with C. We dined at Calvert's. . . .

Sunday, 4th.—We drove by gig to Water End. I walked down to Coleridge's. Mrs. Calvert came to Greta Bank to tea. William walked down with Mrs. Calvert, and repeated his verses to them. . . .

Monday, 5th.—We came to Eusemere. Coleridge walked with us to Threlkeld. . . .

Monday, 12th.— . . . The ground covered with snow. Walked to T. Wilkinson's and sent for letters. The woman brought me one from William and Mary. It was a sharp, windy night. Thomas Wilkinson came with me to Barton, and questioned me like a catechiser all the way. Every question was like the snapping of a little thread about my heart. I was so full of thought of my half-read letter and other things. I was glad when he left me. Then I had time to look at the moon while I was thinking my own thoughts. The moon travelled through the clouds, tinging them yellow as she passed along, with two stars near her, one larger than the other. These stars grew and diminished as they passed from, or went into, the clouds. At this time William, as I found the next day, was riding by himself between Middleham and Barnard Castle. . . .

Tuesday, 13th April.—Mrs. C. waked me from sleep with a letter from Coleridge. . . . I walked along the lake side. The air was become still, the lake was of a bright slate colour, the hills darkening. The bays shot into the low fading shores. Sheep resting. All things quiet. When I returned *William* was come. The surprise shot through me. . . .

Thursday, 15th.—It was a threatening, misty morning, but mild. We set off after dinner from Eusemere. Mrs. Clarkson went a short way with us, but turned back. The wind was furious, and we thought we must have returned. We first rested in the large boathouse,

then under a furze bush opposite Mr. Clarkson's. Saw the plough going in the field. The wind seized our breath. The lake was rough. There was a boat by itself floating in the middle of the bay below Water Millock. We rested again in the Water Millock Lane. The hawthorns are black and green, the birches here and there greenish, but there is yet more of purple to be seen on the twigs. We got over into a field to avoid some cows—people working. A few primroses by the roadside—woodsorrel flower, the anemone, scentless violets, strawberries, and that starry, yellow flower which Mrs. C. calls pile wort. When we were in the woods beyond Gowbarrow Park we saw a few daffodils close to the water-side. We fancied that the sea had floated the seeds ashore, and that the little colony had so sprung up. But as we went along there were more and yet more; and at last, under the boughs of the trees, we saw that there was a long belt of them along the shore, about the breadth of a country turnpike road. I never saw daffodils so beautiful. They grew among the mossy stones about and above them; some rested their heads upon these stones, as on a pillow, for weariness; and the rest tossed and reeled and danced, and seemed as if they verily laughed with the wind, that blew upon them over the lake; they looked so gay, ever glancing, ever changing. This wind blew directly over the lake to them. There was here and there a little knot, and a few stragglers higher up; but they were so few as not to disturb the simplicity, unity, and life of that one busy highway. We rested again and again. The bays were stormy, and we heard the waves at different distances, and in the middle of the water, like the sea. . . . All was cheerless and gloomy, so we faced the storm. At Dobson's I was very kindly treated by a young woman. The landlady looked sour, but it is her way. . . . William was sitting by a good fire when I came downstairs. He soon made his way to the library, piled up in a corner of the window. He brought out a

volume of Enfield's *Speaker*, another miscellany, and an odd volume of Congreve's plays. We had a glass of warm rum and water. We enjoyed ourselves, and wished for Mary. It rained and blew, when we went to bed.

Friday, 16th April (Good Friday).—When I undrew curtains in the morning, I was much affected by the beauty of the prospect, and the change. The sun shone, the wind had passed away, the hills looked cheerful, the river was very bright as it flowed into the lake. The church rises up behind a little knot of rocks, the steeple not so high as an ordinary three-story house. Trees in a row in the garden under the wall. The valley is at first broken by little woody knolls that make retiring places, fairy valleys in the vale, the river winds along under these hills, travelling, not in a bustle but not slowly, to the lake. We saw a fisherman in the flat meadow on the other side of the water. He came towards us, and threw his line over the two-arched bridge. It is a bridge of a heavy construction, almost bending inwards in the middle, but it is grey, and there is a look of ancients in the architecture of it that pleased me. As we go on the vale opens out more into one vale, with somewhat of a cradle bed. Cottages, with groups of trees, on the side of the hills. We passed a pair of twin children, two years old. Sate on the next bridge which we crossed—a single arch. We rested again upon the turf, and looked at the same bridge. We observed arches in the water, occasioned by the large stones sending it down in two streams. A sheep came plunging through the river, stumbled up the bank, and passed close to us. It had been frightened by an insignificant little dog on the other side. Its fleece dropped a glittering shower under its belly. Primroses by the road-side, pile wort that shone like stars of gold in the sun, violets, strawberries, retired and half-buried among the grass. When we came to the foot of Brothers Water, I left William sitting on the bridge,

and went along the path on the right side of the lake through the wood. I was delighted with what I saw. The water under the boughs of the bare old trees, the simplicity of the mountains, and the exquisite beauty of the path. There was one grey cottage. I repeated *The Glow-worm*, as I walked along. I hung over the gate, and thought I could have stayed for ever. When I returned, I found William writing a poem descriptive of the sights and sounds we saw and heard.¹ There was the gentle flowing of the stream, the glittering, lively lake, green fields without a living creature to be seen on them; behind us, a flat pasture with forty-two cattle feeding; to our left, the road leading to the hamlet. No smoke there, the sun shone on the bare roofs. The people were at work ploughing, harrowing, and sowing; . . . a dog barking now and then, cocks crowing, birds twittering, the snow in patches at the top of the highest hills, yellow palms, purple and green twigs on the birches, ashes with their glittering stems quite bare. The hawthorn a bright green, with black stems under the oak. The moss of the oak glossy. We went on. Passed two sisters at work (they first passed us), one with two pitchforks in her hand, the other had a spade. We had come to talk with them. They laughed long after we were gone, perhaps half in wantonness, half boldness. William finished his poem.¹ Before we got to the foot of Kirkstone, there were hundreds of cattle in the vale. There we ate our dinner. The walk up Kirkstone was very interesting. The beck among the rocks were all alive. William showed me the little mossy streamlet which he had before loved when he saw its bright green track in the snow. The view above Ambleside very beautiful. There we sat and looked down on the green vale. We watched the crows at a little distance from us become white as silver as they flew in the sunshine, and when they went still further,

¹ See "The Cock is crowing," etc., vol. ii. p. 293.—ED.

they looked like shapes of water passing over the green fields. The whitening of Ambleside church is a great deduction from the beauty of it, seen from this point. We called at the Luffs, the Roddingtons there. Did not go in, and went round by the fields. I pulled off my stockings, intending to wade the beck, but I was obliged to put them on, and we climbed over the wall at the bridge. The post passed us. No letters. Rydale Lake was in its own evening brightness: the Island, and Points distinct. Jane Ashburner came up to us when we were sitting upon the wall. . . . The garden looked pretty in the half-moonlight, half-daylight, as we went up the vale. . . .

Saturday, 17th.—A mild warm rain. We sate in the garden all the morning. William dug a little. I transplanted a honey-suckle. The lake was still. The sheep on the island, reflected in the water, like the grey-deer we saw in Gowbarrow Park. We walked after tea by moonlight. I had been in bed in the afternoon, and William had slept in his chair. We walked towards Rydale backwards and forwards below Mr. Olliff's. The village was beautiful in the moonlight. Helm Crag we observed very distinct. The dead hedge round Benson's field bound together at the top by an interlacing of ash sticks, which made a chain of silver when we faced the moon. A letter from C. and also one from S. H. I saw a robin chasing a scarlet butterfly this morning.

Sunday, 18th.—Again a mild grey morning, with rising vapours. We sate in the orchard. William wrote the poem on *The Robin and the Butterfly*.¹ . . . William met me at Rydale . . . with the conclusion of the poem of the Robin. I read it to him in bed. We left out some lines. ✓

Tuesday, 20th.—A beautiful morning. The sun

¹ See vol. ii. p. 295.—ED.

shone. William wrote a conclusion to the poem of the Butterfly :—

I've watched you now a full half-hour.¹

I was quite out of spirits, and went into the orchard. When I came in, he had finished the poem. It was a beautiful afternoon. The sun shone upon the level fields, and they grew greener beneath the eye. Houses, village, all cheerful—people at work. We sate in the orchard and repeated *The Glow-worm* and other poems. Just when William came to a well or trough, which there is in Lord Darlington's park, he began to write that poem of *The Glow-worm*; . . . interrupted in going through the town of Staindrop, finished it about 2 miles and a half beyond Staindrop. He did not feel the jogging of the horse while he was writing; but, when he had done, he felt the effect of it, and his fingers were cold with his gloves. His horse fell with him on the other side of St. Helens, Auckland. So much for *The Glow-worm*. It was written coming from Middleham on Monday, 12th April 1802. . . . On Tuesday 20th, when we were sitting after tea, Coleridge came to the door. I startled him with my voice. C. came up fatigued, but I afterwards found he looked well. William was not well, and I was in low spirits.

Wednesday, 21st.—William and I sauntered a little in the garden. Coleridge came to us, and repeated the verses he wrote to Sara. I was affected with them, and in miserable spirits.² The sunshine, the green fields, and the fair sky made me sadder; even the little happy, sporting lambs seemed but sorrowful to me. The pile wort spread out on the grass a thousand shiny stars. The primroses were there, and the remains of a few

¹ Published as a separate poem.—ED.

² Can these "Verses" have been the first draft of *Dejection, an Ode*, in its earliest and afterwards abandoned form? It is said to have been written on 2nd April 1802.—ED.

daffodils. The well, which we cleaned out last night, is still but a little muddy pond, though full of water. . . . Read Ferguson's life and a poem or two. . . .

Thursday, 22nd.—A fine mild morning. We walked into Easedale. The sun shone. Coleridge talked of his plan of sowing the laburnum in the woods. The waters were high, for there had been a great quantity of rain in the night. I was tired and sate under the shade of a holly tree that grows upon a rock, and looked down the stream. I then went to the single holly behind that single rock in the field, and sate upon the grass till they came from the waterfall. I saw them there, and heard William flinging stones into the river, whose roaring was loud even where I was. When they returned, William was repeating the poem :—

I have thoughts that are fed by the sun.

It had been called to his mind by the dying away of the stunning of the waterfall when he got behind a stone. . . .

Friday, 23rd April 1802.—It being a beautiful morning we set off at 11 o'clock, intending to stay out of doors all the morning. We went towards Rydale, and before we got to Tom Dawson's we determined to go under Nab Scar. Thither we went. The sun shone, and we were lazy. Coleridge pitched upon several places to sit down upon, but we could not be all of one mind respecting sun and shade, so we pushed on to the foot of the Scar. It was very grand when we looked up, very stony, here and there a budding tree. William observed that the umbrella yew tree, that breasts the wind, had lost its character as a tree, and had become something like to solid wood. Coleridge and I pushed on before. We left William sitting on the stones, feasting with silence ; and Coleridge and I sat down upon a rocky seat—a couch it might be under the bower of William's eglantine, Andrew's Broom. He was below us, and we could see him. He came to us, and repeated

his poems¹ while we sate beside him upon the ground. He had made himself a seat in the crumbling ground. Afterwards we lingered long, looking into the vales; Ambleside vale, with the copses, the village under the hill, and the green fields; Rydale, with a lake all alive and glittering, yet but little stirred by breezes; and our dear Grasmere, making a little round lake of nature's own, with never a house, never a green field, but the copses and the bare hills enclosing it, and the river flowing out of it. Above rose the Coniston Fells, in their own shape and colour—not man's hills, but all for themselves, the sky and the clouds, and a few wild creatures. C. went to search for something new. We saw him climbing up towards a rock. He called us, and we found him in a bower—the sweetest that was ever seen. The rock on one side is very high, and all covered with ivy, which hung loosely about, and bore bunches of brown berries. On the other side it was higher than my head. We looked down on the Ambleside vale, that seemed to wind away from us, the village lying under the hill. The fir-tree island was reflected beautifully. About this bower there is mountain-ash, common-ash, yew-tree, ivy, holly, hawthorn, grasses, and flowers, and a carpet of moss. Above, at the top of the rock, there is another spot. It is scarce a bower, a little parlour only, not enclosed by walls, but shaped out for a resting-place by the rocks, and the ground rising about it. It had a sweet moss carpet. We resolved to go and plant flowers in both these places to-morrow. We wished for Mary and Sara. Dined late. After dinner Wm. and I worked in the garden. C. received a letter from Sara.

Saturday, 24th.—A very wet day. William called me out to see a waterfall behind the barberry tree. We walked in the evening to Rydale. Coleridge and I lingered behind. C. stopped up the little runnel by the

¹ See *The Waterfall and the Eglantine*, and *The Oak and the Broom*, vol. ii. pp. 170, 174.—ED.

road-side to make a lake. We all stood to look at Glow-worm Rock—a primrose that grew there, and just looked out on the road from its own sheltered bower.¹ The clouds moved, as William observed, in one regular body like a multitude in motion—a sky all clouds over, not one cloud.² On our return it broke a little out, and we saw here and there a star. One appeared but for a moment in a pale blue sky.

Sunday, 25th April.—After breakfast we set off with Coleridge towards Keswick. Wilkinson overtook us near the Potter's, and interrupted our discourse. C. got into a gig with Mr. Beck, and drove away from us. A shower came on, but it was soon over. We spent the morning in the orchard reading the *Epithalamium* of Spenser; walked backwards and forwards. . . .

Monday, 26th.—I copied Wm.'s poems for Coleridge. . . .

Tuesday, 27th.—A fine morning. Mrs. Luff called. I walked with her to the boat-house. William met me at the top of the hill with his fishing-rod in his hand. I turned with him, and we sate on the hill looking to Rydale. I left him, intending to join him, but he came home, and said his loins would not stand the pulling he had had. We sate in the orchard. In the evening W. began to write *The Tinker*; we had a letter and verses from Coleridge.

Wednesday, 28th April.— . . . I copied *The Prioress's Tale*. William was in the orchard. I went to him; he worked away at his poem. . . . I happened to say that when I was a child I would not have pulled a strawberry blossom. I left him, and wrote out *The Manciple's Tale*. At dinner time he came in with the poem of *Children gathering Flowers*,³ but it was not quite finished, and it kept him long off his dinner. It is now done. He

¹ See *The Primrose of the Rock*, vol. vii. p. 274.—ED.

² Compare *To the Clouds*, vol. viii. p. 142.—ED.

³ See *Foresight*, vol. ii. p. 298.—ED.

is working at *The Tinker*. He promised me he would get his tea, and do no more, but I have got mine an hour and a quarter, and he has scarcely begun his. We have let the bright sun go down without walking. Now a heavy shower comes on, and I guess we shall not walk at all. I wrote a few lines to Coleridge. Then we walked backwards and forwards between our house and Olliff's. We called upon T. Hutchinson, and Bell Addison. William left me sitting on a stone. When we came in we corrected the Chaucers, but I could not finish them to-night.

Thursday, 29th.— . . . After I had written down *The Tinker*, which William finished this morning, Luff called. He was very lame, limped into the kitchen. He came on a little pony. We then went to John's Grove, sate a while at first; afterwards William lay, and I lay, in the trench under the fence—he with his eyes shut, and listening to the waterfalls and the birds. There was no one waterfall above another—it was a sound of waters in the air—the voice of the air. William heard me breathing, and rustling now and then, but we both lay still, and unseen by one another. He thought that it would be so sweet thus to lie in the grave, to hear the peaceful sounds of the earth, and just to know that our dear friends were near. The lake was still; there was a boat out. Silver How reflected with delicate purple and yellowish hues, as I have seen spar; lambs on the island, and running races together by the half-dozen, in the round field near us. The copses greenish, hawthorns green, . . . cottages smoking. As I lay down on the grass, I observed the glittering silver line on the ridge of the backs of the sheep, owing to their situation respecting the sun, which made them look beautiful, but with something of strangeness, like animals of another kind, as if belonging to a more splendid world. . . . I got mullins and pansies. . . .

Friday, April 30th.—We came into the orchard directly after breakfast, and sate there. The lake was

calm, the day cloudy. . . . Two fishermen by the lake side. William began to write the poem of *The Celandine*.¹ . . . Walked backwards and forwards with William—he repeated his poem to me, then he got to work again and would not give over. He had not finished his dinner till 5 o'clock. After dinner we took up the fur gown into the Hollins above. We found a sweet seat, and thither we will often go. We spread the gown, put on each a cloak, and there we lay. William fell asleep, he had a bad headache owing to his having been disturbed the night before, with reading C.'s letter. I did not sleep, but lay with half-shut eyes looking at the prospect as on a vision almost, I was so resigned² to it. Loughrigg Fell was the most distant hill, then came the lake, slipping in between the copses. Above the copse, the round swelling field; nearer to me, a wild intermixture of rocks, trees, and patches of grassy ground. When we turned the corner of our little shelter, we saw the church and the whole vale. It is a blessed place. The birds were about us on all sides. Skobbies, robins, bull-finches, and crows, now and then flew over our heads, as we were warned by the sound of the beating of the air above. We stayed till the light of day was going, and the little birds had begun to settle their singing. But there was a thrush not far off, that seemed to sing louder and clearer than the thrushes had sung when it was quite day. We came in at 8 o'clock, got tea, wrote to Coleridge, and I wrote to Mrs. Clarkson part of a letter. We went to bed at 20 minutes past 11, with prayers that William might sleep well.

Saturday, May 1st.—Rose not till half-past 8, a heavenly morning. As soon as breakfast was over, we went into the garden, and sowed the scarlet beans about the house. It was a clear sky.

¹ See vol. ii. p. 300.—ED.

² "Resigned" is curiously used in the Lake District. A woman there once told me that Mr. Ruskin was "very much resigned to his own company."—ED.

I sowed the flowers, William helped me. We then went and sate in the orchard till dinner time. It was very hot. William wrote *The Celandine*.¹ We planned a shed, for the sun was too much for us. After dinner, we went again to our old resting-place in the Hollins under the rock. We first lay under the Holly, where we saw nothing but the holly tree, and a budding elm tree mossed, with the sky above our heads. But that holly tree had a beauty about it more than its own, knowing as we did when we arose. When the sun had got low enough, we went to the Rock Shade. Oh, the overwhelming beauty of the vale below, greener than green! Two ravens flew high, high in the sky, and the sun shone upon their bellies and their wings, long after there was none of his light to be seen but a little space on the top of Loughrigg Fell. Heard the cuckoo to-day, this first of May. We went down to tea at 8 o'clock, and returned after tea. The landscape was fading: sheep and lambs quiet among the rocks. We walked towards King's, and backwards and forwards. The sky was perfectly cloudless. *N.B.* it is often so. Three solitary stars in the middle of the blue vault, one or two on the points of the high hills.

Tuesday, 4th May.—Though William went to bed nervous, and jaded in the extreme, he rose refreshed. I wrote out *The Leech Gatherer* for him, which he had begun the night before, and of which he wrote several stanzas in bed this morning. [They started to walk to Wytheburn.] It was very hot. . . . We rested several times by the way,—read, and repeated *The Leech Gatherer*. . . . We saw Coleridge on the Wytheburn side of the water; he crossed the beck to us. Mr. Simpson was fishing there. William and I ate luncheon, and then went on towards the waterfall. It is a glorious

¹ Doubtless the second of the two poems, beginning thus—

Pleasures newly found are sweet.

wild solitude under that lofty purple crag. It stood upright by itself; its own self, and its shadow below, one mass; all else was sunshine. We went on further. A bird at the top of the crag was flying round and round, and looked in thinness and transparency, shape and motion like a moth. . . . We climbed the hill, but looked in vain for a shade, except at the foot of the great waterfall. We came down, and rested upon a moss-covered rock rising out of the bed of the river. There we lay, ate our dinner, and stayed there till about four o'clock or later. William and Coleridge repeated and read verses. I drank a little brandy and water, and was in heaven. The stag's horn is very beautiful and fresh, springing upon the fells; mountain ashes, green. We drank tea at a farm house. . . . We parted from Coleridge at Sara's crag, after having looked for the letters which C. carved in the morning. I missed them all. William deepened the X with C.'s pen-knife. We sate afterwards on the wall, seeing the sun go down, and the reflections in the still water. C. looked well, and parted from us cheerfully, hopping upon the side stones. On the Raise we met a woman with two little girls, one in her arms, the other, about four years old, walking by her side, a pretty little thing, but half-starved. . . . Young as she was, she walked carefully with them. Alas, too young for such cares and such travels. The mother, when we accosted her, told us how her husband had left her, and gone off with another woman, and how she "*pursued*" them. Then her fury kindled, and her eyes rolled about. She changed again to tears. She was a Cockermouth woman, thirty years of age—a child at Cockermouth when I was. I was moved, and gave her a shilling. . . . We had the crescent moon with the "auld moon in her arms." We rested often, always upon the bridges. Reached home at about ten o'clock. . . . We went soon to bed. I repeated verses to William while he was in bed; he was soothed, and I left him. "This is the spot" over and over again.

Wednesday, 5th May.—A very fine morning, rather cooler than yesterday. We planted three-fourths of the bower. I made bread. We sate in the orchard. The thrush sang all day, as he always sings. I wrote to the Hutchinsons, and to Coleridge. Packed off *Thalaba*. William had kept off work till near bed-time, when we returned from our walk. Then he began again, and went to bed very nervous. We walked in the twilight, and walked till night came on. The moon had the old moon in her arms, but not so plain to be seen as the night before. When we went to bed it was a boat without the circle. I read *The Lover's Complaint* to William in bed, and left him composed.

Thursday, 6th May.—A sweet morning. We have put the finishing stroke to our bower, and here we are sitting in the orchard. It is one o'clock. We are sitting upon a seat under the wall, which I found my brother building up, when I came to him. . . . He had intended that it should have been done before I came. It is a nice, cool, shady spot. The small birds are singing, lambs bleating, cuckoos calling, the thrush sings by fits, Thomas Ashburner's axe is going quietly (without passion) in the orchard, hens are cackling, flies humming, the women talking together at their doors, plum and pear trees are in blossom—apple trees greenish—the opposite woods green, the crows are cawing, we have heard ravens, the ash trees are in blossom, birds flying all about us, the stitchwort is coming out, there is one budding lychnis, the primroses are passing their prime, celandine, violets, and wood sorrel for ever more, little geraniums and pansies on the wall. We walked in the evening to Tail End, to inquire about hurdles for the orchard shed. . . . When we came in we found a magazine, and review, and a letter from Coleridge, verses to Hartley, and Sara H. We read the review, etc. The moon was a perfect boat, a silver boat, when we were out in the evening. The birch tree is all over green in *small* leaf, more light and elegant than when it is full

out. It bent to the breezes, as if for the love of its own delightful motions. Sloe-thorns and hawthorns in the hedges.

Friday, 7th May.—William had slept uncommonly well, so, feeling himself strong, he fell to work at *The Leech Gatherer*; he wrote hard at it till dinner time, then he gave over, tired to death—he had finished the poem. I was making Derwent's frocks. After dinner we sat in the orchard. It was a thick, hazy, dull air. The thrush sang almost continually; the little birds were more than usually busy with their voices. The sparrows are now full fledged. The nest is so full that they lie upon one another; they sit quietly in their nest with closed mouths. I walked to Rydale after tea, which we drank by the kitchen fire. The evening very dull; a terrible kind of threatening brightness at sunset above Easedale. The sloe-thorn beautiful in the hedges, and in the wild spots higher up among the hawthorns. No letters. William met me. He had been digging in my absence, and cleaning the well. We walked up beyond Lewthwaites. A very dull sky; coolish; crescent moon now and then. I had a letter brought me from Mrs. Clarkson while we were walking in the orchard. I observed the sorrel leaves opening at about nine o'clock. William went to bed tired with thinking about a poem.

Saturday Morning, 8th May.—We sowed the scarlet beans in the orchard, and read *Henry V.* there. William lay on his back on the seat, and wept. . . . After dinner William added one to the orchard steps.

Sunday Morning, 9th May.—The air considerably colder to-day, but the sun shone all day. William worked at *The Leech Gatherer* almost incessantly from morning till tea-time. I copied *The Leech Gatherer* and other poems for Coleridge. I was oppressed and sick at heart, for he wearied himself to death. After tea he wrote two stanzas in the manner of Thomson's *Castle of Indolence*, and was tired out. Bad news of Coleridge.

Monday, 10th May.—A fine clear morning, but

coldish. William is still at work, though it is past ten o'clock; he will be tired out, I am sure. My heart fails in me. He worked a little at odd things, but after dinner he gave over. An affecting letter from Mary H. We sate in the orchard before dinner. . . . I wrote to Mary H. . . . I wrote to Coleridge, sent off reviews and poems. Went to bed at twelve o'clock. William did not sleep till three o'clock.

Tuesday, 11th May.—A cool air. William finished the stanzas about C. and himself. He did not go out to-day. Miss Simpson came in to tea, which was lucky enough, for it interrupted his labours. I walked with her to Rydale. The evening cool; the moon only now and then to be seen; the lake purple as we went; primroses still in abundance. William did not meet me. He completely finished his poem, I finished Derwent's frocks. We went to bed at twelve o'clock. . . .

Wednesday, 12th May.—A sunshiny, but coldish morning. We walked into Easedale. . . . We brought home heckberry blossom, crab blossom, the anemone nemorosa, marsh marigold, speedwell,—that beautiful blue one, the colour of the blue-stone or glass used in jewellery—with the beautiful pearl-like chives. Anemones are in abundance, and still the dear dear primroses, violets in beds, pansies in abundance, and the little celandine. I pulled a bunch of the taller celandine. Butterflies of all colours. I often see some small ones of a pale purple lilac, or emperor's eye colour, something of the colour of that large geranium which grows by the lake side. . . . William pulled ivy with beautiful berries. I put it over the chimney-piece. Sate in the orchard the hour before dinner, coldish. . . . In the evening we were sitting at the table writing, when we were roused by Coleridge's voice below. He had walked; looked palish, but was not much tired. We sate up till one o'clock, all together, then William went to bed, and I sate with C. in the sitting-room (where he slept) till a quarter past two o'clock. Wrote to M. H.

Thursday, 13th May.—The day was very cold, with snow showers. Coleridge had intended going in the morning to Keswick, but the cold and showers hindered him. We went with him after tea as far as the plantations by the roadside descending to Wytheburn. He did not look well when we parted from him. . . .

Friday, 14th May.—A very cold morning—hail and snow showers all day. We went to Brothers wood, intending to get plants, and to go along the shore of the lake to the foot. We did go a part of the way, but there was no pleasure in stepping along that difficult sauntering road in this ungenial weather. We turned again, and walked backwards and forwards in Brothers wood. William tired himself with seeking an epithet for the cuckoo. I sate a while upon my last summer seat, the mossy stone. William's, unoccupied, beside me, and the space between, where Coleridge has so often lain. The oak trees are just putting forth yellow knots of leaves. The ashes with their flowers passing away, and leaves coming out; the blue hyacinth is not quite full blown; gowans are coming out; marsh marigolds in full glory; the little star plant, a star without a flower. We took home a great load of gowans, and planted them about the orchard. After dinner, I worked bread, then came and mended stockings beside William; he fell asleep. After tea I walked to Rydale for letters. It was a strange night. The hills were covered over with a slight covering of hail or snow, just so as to give them a hoary winter look with the black rocks. The woods looked miserable, the coppices green as grass, which looked quite unnatural, and they seemed half shrivelled up, as if they shrank from the air. O, thought I! what a beautiful thing God has made winter to be, by stripping the trees, and letting us see their shapes and forms. What a freedom does it seem to give to the storms! There were several new flowers out, but I had no pleasure in looking at them. I walked as fast as I could back again with my letter from S. H. . . . Met William at

the top of White Moss. . . . Near ten when we came in. William and Molly had dug the ground and planted potatoes in my absence. We wrote to Coleridge; sent off bread and frocks to the C.'s. Went to bed at half-past eleven. William very nervous. After he was in bed, haunted with altering *The Rainbow*.

Saturday, 15th.—A very cold and cheerless morning. I sate mending stockings all the morning. I read in Shakespeare. William lay very late because he slept ill last night. It snowed this morning just like Christmas. We had a melancholy letter from Coleridge at bedtime. It distressed me very much, and I resolved upon going to Keswick the next day.

(The following is written on the blotting-paper opposite this date:—)

S. T. Coleridge.

Dorothy Wordsworth. William Wordsworth.

Mary Hutchinson. Sara Hutchinson.

William. Coleridge. Mary.

Dorothy. Sara.

16th May

1802.

John Wordsworth.

Sunday, 16th.—William was at work all the morning. I did not go to Keswick. A sunny, cold, frosty day. A snowstorm at night. We were a good while in the orchard in the morning.

Monday, 17th May.—William was not well, he went with me to Wytheburn water, and left me in a post-chaise. Hail showers, snow, and cold attacked me. The people were gravings peats under Nadel Fell. A lark and thrush singing near Coleridge's house. Bancrofts there. A letter from M. H.

Tuesday, 18th May.—Terribly cold, Coleridge not well. Froude called, Wilkinsons called, C. and I

walked in the evening in the garden. Warmer in the evening. Wrote to M. and S.

Wednesday, 19th May.—A grey morning—not quite so cold. C. and I set off at half-past nine o'clock. Met William near the six-mile stone. We sate down by the road-side, and then went to Wytheburn water. Longed to be at the island. Sate in the sun. We drank tea at John Stanley's. The evening cold and clear. A glorious light on Skiddaw. I was tired. Brought a cloak down from Mr. Simpson's. Packed up books for Coleridge, then got supper, and went to bed.

Thursday, 20th May.—A frosty, clear morning. I lay in bed late. William got to work. I was somewhat tired. We sate in the orchard sheltered all the morning. In the evening there was a fine rain. We received a letter from Coleridge telling us that he wished us not to go to Keswick.

Friday, 21st May.—A very warm gentle morning, a little rain. William wrote two sonnets on Buonaparte, after I had read Milton's sonnets to him. In the evening he went with Mr. Simpson with Borwick's boat to gathering in Bainrigg's. I plashed about the well, was much heated, and I think I caught cold.

Saturday, 22nd May.—A very hot morning. A hot wind, as if coming from a sand desert. We met Coleridge. He was sitting under Sara's rock. When we reached him he turned with us. We sate a long time under the wall of a sheep-fold. Had some interesting, melancholy talk, about his private affairs. We drank tea at a farmhouse. The woman was very kind. There was a woman with three children travelling from Workington to Manchester. The woman served them liberally. Afterwards she said that she never suffered any to go away without a trifle "sec as we have." The woman at whose house we drank tea the last time was rich and senseless—she said "she never served any but their own poor." C. came home with us. We sate

some time in the orchard. . . . Letters from S. and M. H.

Sunday.—I sat with C. in the orchard all the morning. . . . We walked in Bainrigg's after tea. Saw the juniper—umbrella shaped. C. went to the Points,¹ joined us on White Moss.

Monday, 24th May.—A very hot morning. We were ready to go off with Coleridge, but foolishly sauntered, and Miss Taylor and Miss Stanley called. William and Coleridge and I went afterwards to the top of the Raise.

I had sent off a letter to Mary by C. I wrote again, and to C.

Tuesday, 25th.— . . . Papers and short note from C. ; again no sleep for William.

Friday, 28th.— . . . William tired himself with hammering at a passage.

. . . We sate in the orchard. The sky cloudy, the air sweet and cool. The young bullfinches, in their party-coloured raiment, bustle about among the blossoms, and poise themselves like wire-dancers or tumblers, shaking the twigs and dashing off the blossoms.² There is yet one primrose in the orchard. The stitchwort is fading. The vetches are in abundance, blossoming and seeding. That pretty little wavy-looking dial-like yellow flower, the speedwell, and some others, whose names I do not yet know. The wild columbines are coming into beauty ; some of the gowans fading. In the garden we have lilies, and many other flowers. The scarlet beans are up in crowds. It is now between eight and nine o'clock. It has rained sweetly for two hours and a half ; the air is very mild. The heckberry blossoms are

¹ Mary Point and Sara Point ; the "two heath-clad rocks" referred to in one of the "Poems on the Naming of Places." —ED.

² Compare *The Green Linnet*, vol. ii. p. 367.—ED.

dropping off fast, almost gone ; barberries are in beauty ; snowballs coming forward ; May roses blossoming.

Saturday, 29th.— . . . William finished his poem on going for Mary. I wrote it out. I wrote to Mary H., having received a letter from her in the evening. A sweet day. We nailed up the honeysuckles, and hoed the scarlet beans

Monday, 31st.— . . . We sat out all the day. . . . I wrote out the poem on "Our Departure," which he seemed to have finished. In the evening Miss Simpson brought us a letter from M. H., and a complimentary and critical letter to W. from John Wilson of Glasgow.¹ . . .

Tuesday.—A very sweet day, but a sad want of rain. We went into the orchard after I had written to M. H. Then on to Mr. Olliff's intake. . . . The columbine was growing upon the rocks ; here and there a solitary plant, sheltered and shaded by the tufts and bowers of trees. It is a graceful slender creature, a female seeking retirement, and growing freest and most graceful where it is most alone. I observed that the more shaded plants were always the tallest. A short note and gooseberries from Coleridge. We walked upon the turf near John's Grove. It was a lovely night. The clouds of the western sky reflected a saffron light upon the upper end of the lake. All was still. We went to look at Rydale. There was an Alpine, fire-like red upon the tops of the mountains. This was gone when we came in view of the lake. But we saw the lake from a new and most beautiful point of view, between two little rocks, and behind a small ridge that had concealed it from us. This White Moss, a place made for all kinds of beautiful works of art and nature, woods and valleys, fairy valleys and fairy tarns, miniature mountains, alps above alps.

¹ Christopher North.—ED.

Wednesday, 2nd June.—In the morning we observed that the scarlet beans were drooping in the leaves in great numbers, owing, we guess, to an insect. . . . Yesterday an old man called, a grey-headed man, above seventy years of age. He said he had been a soldier, that his wife and children had died in Jamaica. He had a beggar's wallet over his shoulders; a coat of shreds and patches, altogether of a drab colour; he was tall, and though his body was bent, he had the look of one used to have been upright. I talked a while, and then gave him a piece of cold bacon and some money. Said he, "You're a fine woman!" I could not help smiling; I suppose he meant, "You're a kind woman." Afterwards a woman called, travelling to Glasgow. After dinner we went into Frank's field, crawled up the little glen, and planned a seat; . . . found a beautiful shell-like purple fungus in Frank's field. After tea we walked to Butterlip How, and backwards and forwards there. All the young oak tree leaves are dry as powder. A cold south wind, portending rain. . . .

Thursday, 3rd June 1802.—A very fine rain. I lay in my bed till ten o'clock. William much better than yesterday. We walked into Easedale. . . . The cuckoo sang, and we watched the little birds as we sate at the door of the cow-house. The oak copses are brown, as in autumn, with the late frosts. . . . We have been reading the life and some of the writings of poor Logan since dinner. There are many affecting lines and passages in his poem, *e.g.*

And everlasting longings for the lost.

. . . William is now sleeping with the window open, lying on the window seat. The thrush is singing. There are, I do believe, a thousand buds on the honeysuckle tree, all small and far from blowing, save one that is retired behind the twigs close to the wall, and as snug as a bird nest. John's rose tree is very beautiful, blended with the honeysuckle.

Yesterday morning William walked as far as the Swan with Aggy Fisher, who was going to attend upon Goan's dying infant. She said, "There are many heavier crosses than the death of an infant;" and went on, "There was a woman in this vale who buried four grown-up children in one year, and I have heard her say, when many years were gone by, that she had more pleasure in thinking of those four than of her living children, for as children get up and have families of their own, their duty to their parents *wears out and weakens*. She could trip lightly by the graves of those who died when they were young . . . as she went to church on a Sunday."

. . . A very affecting letter came from M. H., while I was sitting in the window reading Milton's *Penseroso* to William. I answered this letter before I went to bed.

Saturday, 5th.—A fine showery morning. I made both pies and bread; but we first walked into Easedale, and sate under the oak trees, upon the mossy stones. There were one or two slight showers. The gowans were flourishing along the banks of the stream. The strawberry flower hanging over the brook; all things soft and green. In the afternoon William sate in the orchard. I went there; was tired, and fell asleep. William began a letter to John Wilson.

Sunday, 6th June.—A showery morning. We were writing the letter to John Wilson when Ellen came. . . . After dinner I walked into John Fisher's intake with Ellen. He brought us letters from Coleridge, Mrs. Clarkson, and Sara Hutchinson. . . .

Monday, 7th June.—I wrote to Mary H. this morning; sent the C. "Indolence" poem. Copied the letter to John Wilson, and wrote to my brother Richard and Mrs. Coleridge. In the evening I walked with Ellen to Butterlip How. . . . It was a very sweet evening; there was the cuckoo and the little birds; the copses still injured, but the trees in general looked most soft

and beautiful in tufts. . . . I went with Ellen in the morning to Rydale Falls. . . .

Tuesday, 8th June.—Ellen and I rode to Windermere. We had a fine sunny day, neither hot nor cold. I mounted the horse at the quarry. We had no difficulties or delays but at the gates. I was enchanted with some of the views. From the High Ray the view is very delightful, rich, and festive, water and wood, houses, groves, hedgerows, green fields, and mountains; white houses, large and small. We passed two or three new-looking statesmen's houses. The Curwens' shrubberies looked pitiful enough under the native trees. We put up our horses, ate our dinner by the water-side, and walked up to the Station. We went to the Island, walked round it, and crossed the lake with our horse in the ferry. The shrubs have been cut away in some parts of the island. I observed to the boatman that I did not think it improved. He replied: "We think it is, for one could hardly see the house before." It seems to me to be, however, no better than it was. They have made no natural glades; it is merely a lawn with a few miserable young trees, standing as if they were half-starved. There are no sheep, no cattle upon these lawns. It is neither one thing nor another—neither natural, nor wholly cultivated and artificial, which it was before. And that great house! Mercy upon us! if it *could* be concealed, it would be well for all who are not pained to see the pleasantest of earthly spots deformed by man. But it *cannot* be covered. Even the tallest of our old oak trees would not reach to the top of it. When we went into the boat, there were two men standing at the landing-place. One seemed to be about sixty, a man with a jolly red face; he looked as if he might have lived many years in Mr. Curwen's house. He wore a blue jacket and trousers, as the people who live close by Windermere, particularly at the places of chief resort. . . . He looked significantly at our boatman just as we were rowing off, and said, "Thomas,

mind you take the directions off that cask. You know what I mean. It will serve as a blind for them. *You* know. It was a blind business, both for you, and the coachman, . . . and all of us. Mind you take off the directions. 'A wink's as good as a nod with some folks;' and then he turned round, looking at his companion with an air of self-satisfaction, and deep insight into unknown things! I could hardly help laughing outright at him. The laburnums blossom freely at the island, and in the shrubberies on the shore; they are blighted everywhere else. Roses of various sorts now out. The brooms were in full glory everywhere, "veins of gold" among the copses. The hawthorns in the valley fading away; beautiful upon the hills. We reached home at three o'clock. After tea William went out and walked and wrote that poem,

The sun has long been set, etc.

He . . . walked on our own path and wrote the lines; he called me into the orchard, and there repeated them to me. . . .

Wednesday, 9th June.— . . . The hawthorns on the mountain sides like orchards in blossom. . . .

Thursday, 10th June.— . . . Coleridge came in with a sack full of books, etc., and a branch of mountain ash. He had been attacked by a cow. He came over by Grisdale. A furious wind. . .

Saturday, 12th June.—A rainy morning. Coleridge set off before dinner. We went with him to the Raise, but it rained, so we went no further. Sheltered under a wall. He would be sadly wet, for a furious shower came on just when we parted. . . .

Sunday, 13th June.—A fine morning. Sunshiny and bright, but with rainy clouds. William . . . has been altering the poem to Mary this morning. . . . I wrote out poems for our journey. . . . Mr. Simpson came when we were in the orchard in the morning, and

brought us a beautiful drawing which he had done. In the evening we walked, first on our own path. . . . It was a silent night. The stars were out by ones and twos, but no cuckoo, no little birds; the air was not warm, and we have observed that since Tuesday, 8th, when William wrote, "The sun has long been set," that we have had no birds singing after the evening is fairly set in. We walked to our new view of Rydale, but it put on a sullen face. There was an owl hooting in Bainrigg's. Its first halloo was so like a human shout that I was surprised, when it gave its second call tremulous and lengthened out, to find that the shout had come from an owl. The full moon (not quite full) was among a company of shady island clouds, and the sky bluer about it than the natural sky blue. William observed that the full moon, above a dark fir grove, is a fine image of the descent of a superior being. There was a shower which drove us into John's Grove before we had quitted our favourite path. We walked upon John's path before we went to view Rydale. . . .

Monday, 14th.— . . . William wrote to Mary and Sara about *The Leech Gatherer*, and wrote to both of them in one . . . and to Coleridge also. . . . I walked with William . . . on our own path. We were driven away by the horses that go on the commons; then we went to look at Rydale; walked a little in the fir grove; went again to the top of the hill, and came home. A mild and sweet night. William stayed behind me. I threw him the cloak out of the window. The moon overcast. He sate a few minutes in the orchard; came in sleepy, and hurried to bed. I carried him his bread and butter.

Tuesday, 15th.—A sweet grey, mild morning. The birds sing soft and low. William has not slept all night; it wants only ten minutes of ten, and he is in bed yet. After William rose we went and sate in the orchard till dinner time. We walked a long time in the evening upon our favourite path; the owls hooted, the night

hawk sang to itself incessantly, but there were no little birds, no thrushes. I left William writing a few lines about the night hawk and other images of the evening, and went to seek for letters. . . .

Wednesday, 16th.—We walked towards Rydale for letters. . . . One from Mary. We went up into Rydale woods and read it there. We sate near the old wall, which fenced a hazel grove, which William said was exactly like the filbert grove at Middleham. It is a beautiful spot, a sloping or rather steep piece of ground, with hazels growing "tall and erect" in clumps at distances, almost seeming regular, as if they had been planted. . . . I wrote to Mary after dinner, while William sate in the orchard. . . . I spoke of the little birds keeping us company, and William told me that that very morning a bird had perched upon his leg. He had been lying very still, and had watched this little creature. It had come under the bench where he was sitting. . . . He thoughtlessly stirred himself to look further at it, and it flew on to the apple tree above him. It was a little young creature that had just left its nest, equally unacquainted with man, and unaccustomed to struggle against the storms and winds. While it was upon the apple tree the wind blew about the stiff boughs, and the bird seemed bemazed, and not strong enough to strive with it. The swallows come to the sitting-room window as if wishing to build, but I am afraid they will not have courage for it; but I believe they will build in my room window. They twitter, and make a bustle, and a little cheerful song, hanging against the panes of glass with their soft white bellies close to the glass and their forked fish-like tails. They swim round and round, and again they come. . . . I do not now see the brownness that was in the coppices. The bower hawthorn blossoms passed away. Those on the hills are a faint white. The wild guelder-rose is coming out, and the wild roses. I have seen no honey-suckles yet. . . . Foxgloves are now frequent.

Thursday, 17th.— . . . When I came home I found William at work attempting to alter a stanza in the poem on our going for Mary, which I convinced him did not need altering. We sate in the house after dinner. In the evening walked on our favourite path. A short letter from Coleridge. William added a little to the Ode he is writing.¹

Friday, 18th June.—When we were sitting after breakfast . . . Luff came in. He had rode over the Fells. He brought news about Lord Lowther's intention to pay all debts, etc., and a letter from Mr. Clarkson. He saw our garden, was astonished at the scarlet beans, etc. etc. etc. When he was gone, we wrote to Coleridge, M. H., and my brother Richard about the affair. William determined to go to Eusemere on Monday. . . .

Saturday, 19th.—The swallows were very busy under my window this morning. . . . Coleridge, when he was last here, told us that for many years, there being no Quaker meeting at Keswick, a single old Quaker woman used to go regularly alone every Sunday to attend the meeting-house, and there used to sit and perform her worship alone, in that beautiful place among those fir trees, in that spacious vale, under the great mountain Skiddaw!!! . . . On Thursday morning Miss Hudson of Workington called. She said, ". . . I sow flowers in the parks several miles from home, and my mother and I visit them, and watch them how they grow." This may show that botanists may be often deceived when they find rare flowers growing far from houses. This was a very ordinary young woman, such as in any town in the North of England one may find a score. I sate up a while after William. He then called me down to him. (I was writing to Mary H.) I read Churchill's *Rosciad*. Returned again to my writing, and did not go to bed till he called to me. The shutters were closed,

¹ Doubtless the *Ode, Intimations of Immortality*.—ED.

but I heard the birds singing. There was our own thrush, shouting with an impatient shout ; so it sounded to me. The morning was still, the twittering of the little birds was very gloomy. The owls had hooted a quarter of an hour before, now the cocks were crowing, it was near daylight, I put out my candle, and went to bed. . . .

Sunday, 20th.— . . . We were in the orchard a great part of the morning. After tea we walked upon our own path for a long time. We talked sweetly together about the disposal of our riches. We lay upon the sloping turf. Earth and sky were so lovely that they melted our very hearts. The sky to the north was of a chastened yet rich yellow, fading into pale blue, and streaked and scattered over with steady islands of purple, melting away into shades of pink. It was like a vision to me. . . .

Tuesday morning.— . . . I walked to Rydale. I waited long for the post, lying in the field, and looking at the distant mountains, looking and listening to the river. I met the post. Letters from Montagu and Richard. I hurried back, forwarded these to William, and wrote to Montagu. When I came home I wrote to my brother Christopher. I could settle to nothing. . . . I read the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and began *As You Like It*.

Wednesday, 23rd June.— . . . A sunshiny morning. I walked to the top of the hill and sate under a wall near John's Grove, facing the sun. I read a scene or two in *As You Like It*. . . . Coleridge and Leslie came just as I had lain down after dinner. C. brought me William's letter. He had got well to Eusemere. Coleridge and I accompanied Leslie to the boat-house. It was a sullen, coldish evening, no sunshine ; but after we had parted from Leslie a light came out suddenly that repaid us for all. It fell only upon one hill, and the island, but it arrayed the grass and trees in gem-like

brightness. I cooked Coleridge's supper. We sate up till one o'clock.

Thursday, 24th June.—I went with C. half way up the Raise. It was a cool morning. . . . William came in just when M. had left me. It was a mild, rainy evening. . . . We sate together talking till the first dawning of day; a happy time.

Friday, 25th June.— . . . I went, just before tea, into the garden. I looked up at my swallow's nest, and it was gone. It had fallen down. Poor little creatures, they could not themselves be more distressed than I was. I went upstairs to look at the ruins. They lay in a large heap upon the window ledge; these swallows had been ten days employed in building this nest, and it seemed to be almost finished. I had watched them early in the morning, in the day many and many a time, and in the evenings when it was almost dark. I had seen them sitting together side by side in their unfinished nest, both morning and night. When they first came about the window they used to hang against the panes, with their white bellies and their forked tails, looking like fish; but then they fluttered and sang their own little twittering song. As soon as the nest was broad enough, a sort of ledge for them, they sate both mornings and evenings, but they did not pass the night there. I watched them one morning, when William was at Eusemere, for more than an hour. Every now and then there was a motion in their wings, a sort of tremulousness, and they sang a low song to one another.

. . . It is now eight o'clock; I will go and see if my swallows are on their nest. Yes! there they are, side by side, both looking down into the garden. I have been out on purpose to see their faces. I knew by looking at the window that they were there. . . . Coleridge and William came in at about half-past eleven. They talked till after twelve.

Wednesday, 30th June.— . . . We met an old man

between the Raise and Lewthwaites. He wore a rusty but untorn hat, an excellent blue coat, waistcoat, and breeches, and good mottled worsted stockings. His beard was very thick and grey, of a fortnight's growth we guessed; it was a regular beard, like grey *flush*. His bundle contained Sheffield ware. William said to him, after we had asked him what his business was, "You are a very old man?" "Aye, I am eighty-three." I joined in, "Have you any children?" "Children? Yes, plenty. I have children and grand-children, and great grand-children. I have a great grand-daughter, a fine lass, thirteen years old." I then said, "Won't they take care of you?" He replied, much offended, "Thank God, I can take care of myself." He said he had been a servant of the Marquis of Granby—"O he was a good man; he's in heaven; I hope he is." He then told us how he shot himself at Bath, that he was with him in Germany, and travelled with him everywhere. "He was a famous boxer, sir." And then he told us a story of his fighting with his farmer. "He used always to call me bland and sharp." Then every now and then he broke out, "He was a good man! When we were travelling he never asked at the public-houses, as it might be there" (pointing to the "Swan"), "what we were to pay, but he would put his hand into his pocket and give them what he liked; and when he came out of the house he would say, Now, they would have charged me a shilling or tenpence. God help them, poor creatures!" I asked him again about his children, how many he had. Says he, "I cannot tell you" (I suppose he confounded children and grand-children together); "I have one daughter that keeps a boarding-school at Skipton, in Craven. She teaches flowering and marking. And another that keeps a boarding-school at Ingleton. I brought up my family under the Marquis." He was familiar with all parts of Yorkshire. He asked us where we lived. At Grasmere. "The bonniest dale in all England!" says the old man.

I bought a pair of slippers from him, and we sate together by the road-side. When we parted I tried to lift his bundle, and it was almost more than I could do. . . . After tea I wrote to Coleridge, and closed up my letter to M. H. We went soon to bed. A weight of children a poor man's blessing ! . . .

Friday, 2nd July.—A very rainy morning. . . . I left William, and wrote a short letter to M. H. and to Coleridge, and transcribed the alterations in *The Leech Gatherer*.

Sunday, 4th July.— . . . William finished *The Leech Gatherer* to-day.

Monday, 5th July.—A very sweet morning. William stayed some time in the orchard. . . . I copied out *The Leech Gatherer* for Coleridge, and for us. Wrote to Mrs. Clarkson, M. H., and Coleridge. . . .

Tuesday, 6th July.— . . . We set off towards Rydale for letters. The rain met us at the top of the White Moss, and it came on very heavily afterwards. It drove past Nab Scar in a substantial shape, as if going to Grasmere was as far as it could go. . . . The swallows have completed their beautiful nest. . . .

Wednesday, 7th.— . . . Walked on the White Moss. Glow-worms. Well for them children are in bed when they shine.

Thursday, 8th.— . . . When I was coming home, a post-chaise passed with a little girl behind in a patched, ragged cloak. In the afternoon, after we had talked a little, William fell asleep. I read the *Winter's Tale*; then I went to bed, but did not sleep. The swallows stole in and out of their nest, and sate there, *whiles* quite still, *whiles* they sung low for two minutes or more, at a time just like a muffled robin. William was looking at *The Pedlar* when I got up. He arranged it, and after tea I wrote it out—280 lines. . . . The moon was behind. William hurried me out in hopes that I should

see her. We walked first to the top of the hill to see Rydale. It was dark and dull, but our own vale was very solemn—the shape of Helm Crag was quite distinct, though black. We walked backwards and forwards on the White Moss path; there was a sky-like white brightness on the lake. The Wyke cottage right at the foot of Silver How. Glow-worms out, but not so numerous as last night. O, beautiful place! Dear Mary, William. The hour is come . . . I must prepare to go. The swallows, I must leave them, the wall, the garden, the roses, all. Dear creatures! they sang last night after I was in bed; seemed to be singing to one another, just before they settled to rest for the night. Well, I must go. Farewell.¹

¹ Several of the poems, referred to in this Journal, are difficult, if not impossible, to identify. *The Inscription of the Pathway*, finished on the 28th of August 1800; *The Epitaph*, written on the 28th January 1801; *The Yorkshire Wolds poem*, referred to on March 10th, 1802; also *The Silver Howe poem*, and that known in the Wordsworth household as *The Tinker*. It is possible that some of them were intentionally suppressed. *The Inscription of the Pathway* and *The Tinker* will, however, soon be published.
—ED.

VI

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH'S JOURNAL
WRITTEN AT GRASMERE
(9TH JULY 1802 TO 11TH JANUARY 1803)

EXTRACTS FROM DOROTHY WORDSWORTH'S
JOURNAL (9TH JULY 1802 TO 11TH JANUARY
1803)

ON Friday morning, July 9th, William and I set forward to Keswick on our road to Gallow Hill. We had a pleasant ride, though the day was showery. . . . Coleridge met us at Sara's Rock. . . . We had been told by a handsome man, an inhabitant of Wytheburn, with whom he had been talking (and who seemed, by the bye, much pleased with his companion), that C. was waiting for us. We reached Keswick against tea-time. We called at Calvert's on the Saturday evening. . . . On Monday, 12th July, we went to Eusemere. Coleridge walked with us six or seven miles. He was not well, and we had a melancholy parting after having sate together in silence by the road-side. We turned aside to explore the country near Hutton-John, and had a new and delightful walk. The valley, which is subject to the decaying mansion that stands at its head, seems to join its testimony to that of the house, to the falling away of the family greatness, and the hedges are in bad condition. The land wants draining, and is overrun with brackens; yet there is a something everywhere that tells of its former possessors. The trees are left scattered about as if intended to be like a park, and these are very interesting, standing as they do upon the sides of the steep hills that slope down to the bed of the river, a little stony-bedded stream that spreads out to a considerable breadth

at the village of Dacre. A little above Dacre we came into the right road to Mr. Clarkson's, after having walked through woods and fields, never exactly knowing whether we were right or wrong. We learnt, however, that we had saved half-a-mile. We sate down by the river-side to rest, and saw some swallows flying about and under the bridge, and two little schoolboys were loitering among the scars seeking after their nests. We reached Mr. Clarkson's at about eight o'clock after a sauntering walk, having lingered and loitered and sate down together that we might be alone. Mr. and Mrs. C. were just come from Luff's. We spent Tuesday, the 13th of July, at Eusemere; and on Wednesday morning, the 14th, we walked to Emont Bridge, and mounted the coach between Bird's Nest and Hartshorn Tree. . . . At Greta Bridge the sun shone cheerfully, and a glorious ride we had over Gaterly Moor. Every building was bathed in golden light. The trees were more bright than earthly trees, and we saw round us miles beyond miles—Darlington spire, etc. etc. We reached Leeming Lane at about nine o'clock: supped comfortably, and enjoyed our fire.

On Thursday morning, at a little before seven, being the 15th July, we got into a post-chaise and went to Thirsk to breakfast. We were well treated, but when the landlady understood that we were going to *walk* off, and leave our luggage behind, she threw out some saucy words in our hearing. The day was very hot, and we rested often and long before we reached the foot of the Hambledon Hills, and while we were climbing them, still oftener. . . . We were almost overpowered with thirst, when I heard the trickling of a little stream of water. I was before William, and I stopped till he came up to me. We sate a long time by this water, and climbed the hill slowly. I was footsore; the sun shone hot; the little Scotch cattle panted and tossed fretfully about. The view was hazy, and we could see nothing from the top of the hill but an undistinct wide-spreading country, full of trees, but the buildings, towns,

and houses were lost. We stopped to examine that curious stone, then walked along the flat common. . . . Arrived very hungry at Rivaux. Nothing to eat at the Millers, as we expected, but at an exquisitely neat farmhouse we got some boiled milk and bread. This strengthened us, and I went down to look at the ruins. Thrushes were singing; cattle feeding among green-grown hillocks about the ruins. The hillocks were scattered over with *grovelts* of wild roses and other shrubs, and covered with wild flowers. I could have stayed in this solemn quiet spot till evening, without a thought of moving, but William was waiting for me, so in a quarter of an hour I went away. We walked upon Mr. Duncombe's terrace and looked down upon the Abbey. It stands in a larger valley among a brotherhood of valleys, of different length and breadth,—all woody, and running up into the hills in all directions. We reached Helmsly just at dusk. We had a beautiful view of the castle from the top of the hill, and slept at a very nice inn, and were well treated; floors as smooth as ice. On Friday morning, 16th July, we walked to Kirby. Met people coming to Helmsly fair. Were misdirected, and walked a mile out of our way. . . . A beautiful view above Pickering. . . . Met Mary and Sara seven miles from G. H. Sheltered from the rain; beautiful glen, spoiled by the large house; sweet church and churchyard. Arrived at Gallow Hill at seven o'clock.

Friday Evening, 16th July.— . . . Sara, Tom, and I rode up Bedale. Wm., Mary, Sara, and I went to Scarborough, and we walked in the Abbey pasture, and to Wykeham; and on Monday, the 26th, we went off with Mary in a post-chaise. We had an interesting ride over the Wolds, though it rained all the way. Single thorn bushes were scattered about on the turf, sheep-sheds here and there, and now and then a little hut. Swelling grounds, and sometimes a single tree or a clump of trees. . . . We passed through one or two little villages, embosomed in tall trees. After we had

parted from Mary, there were gleams of sunshine, but with showers. We saw Beverley in a heavy rain, and yet were much pleased with the beauty of the town. Saw the minster—a pretty, clean building, but injured very much with Grecian architecture. The country between Beverley and Hull very rich, but miserably flat—brick houses, windmills, houses again—dull and endless. Hull a frightful, dirty, brickhousey, tradesman-like, rich, vulgar place; yet the river—though the shores are so low that they can hardly be seen—looked beautiful with the evening lights upon it, and boats moving about. We walked a long time, and returned to our dull day-room but quiet evening one, to supper.

Tuesday, 20th.—Market day. Streets dirty, very rainy, did not leave Hull till four o'clock, and left Barton at about six; rained all the way almost. A beautiful village at the foot of a hill with trees. A gentleman's house converted into a lady's boarding-school. . . . We left Lincoln on Wednesday morning, 27th July, at six o'clock. It rained heavily, and we could see nothing but the antientry of some of the buildings as we passed along. The night before, however, we had seen enough to make us regret this. The minster stands at the edge of a hill overlooking an immense plain. The country very flat as we went along; the day mended. We went to see the outside of the minster while the passengers were dining at Peterborough; the west end very grand. . . .

On Thursday morning, 29th, we arrived in London. Wm. left me at the Sun. . . . After various troubles and disasters, we left London on Saturday morning at half-past five or six, the 31st of July. We mounted the Dover coach at Charing Cross. It was a beautiful morning. The city, St. Paul's, with the river, and a multitude of little boats, made a most beautiful sight as we crossed Westminster Bridge. The houses were not overhung by their cloud of smoke, and they were spread out endlessly, yet the sun shone so brightly, with such a

fierce light, that there was even something like the purity of one of nature's own grand spectacles.¹

We rode on cheerfully, now with the Paris diligence before us, now behind. We walked up the steep hills, a beautiful prospect everywhere, till we even reached Dover. At first the rich, populous, wide-spreading, woody country about London, then the River Thames, ships sailing, chalk cliffs, trees, little villages. Afterwards Canterbury, situated on a plain, rich and woody, but the city and cathedral disappointed me. Hop grounds on each side of the road some miles from Canterbury; then we came to a common, the race ground, an elevated plain, villages among trees in the bed of a valley at our right, and, rising above this valley, green hills scattered over with wood, neat gentlemen's houses. One white house, almost hid with green trees, which we longed for, and the parson's house, as neat a place as could be, which would just have suited Coleridge. No doubt we may have found one for Tom Hutchinson and Sara, and a good farm too. We halted at a half-way house—fruit carts under the shade of trees, seats for guests, a tempting place to the weary traveller. Still, as we went along, the country was beautiful and hilly, with cottages lurking under the hills, and their little plots of hop ground like vineyards. It was a bad hop year. A woman on the top of the coach said to me, "It is a sad thing for the poor people, for the hop-gathering is the woman's harvest; there is employment about the hops for women and children."

We saw the castle of Dover, and the sea beyond, four or five miles before we reached it. We looked at it through a long vale, the castle being upon an eminence, as it seemed, at the end of this vale, which opened to the sea. The country now became less fertile, but near Dover it seemed more rich again. Many buildings

¹ Compare the sonnet *Composed upon Westminster Bridge, September 3, 1802*, in vol. ii. p. 328.—ED.

stand on the flat fields, sheltered with tall trees. There is one old chapel that might have been there just in the same state in which it now is when this vale was as retired, and as little known to travellers as our own Cumberland mountain wilds thirty years ago. There was also a very old building on the other side of the road, which had a strange effect among the many new ones that are springing up everywhere. It seemed odd that it could have kept itself pure in its ancestry among so many upstarts. It was near dark when we reached Dover. We were told that a packet was about to sail, so we went down to the custom-house in half-an-hour—had our luggage examined, etc. etc., and then we drank tea with the Honourable Mr. Knox and his tutor. We arrived at Calais at four o'clock on Sunday morning, the 31st of July. We stayed in the vessel till half-past seven; then William went for letters at about half-past eight or nine. We found out Annette and C. chez Madame Avril dans la Rue de la Tête d'or. We lodged opposite two ladies, in tolerably decent-sized rooms, but badly furnished. . . . The weather was very hot. We walked by the sea-shore almost every evening with Annette and Caroline, or William and I alone. I had a bad cold, and could not bathe at first, but William did. It was a pretty sight to see as we walked upon the sands when the tide was low, perhaps a hundred people bathing about a quarter of a mile distant from us. And we had delightful walks after the heat of the day was passed—seeing far off in the west the coast of England like a cloud crested with Dover castle, which was but like the summit of the cloud—the evening star and the glory of the sky,¹ the reflections in the water were more beautiful than the sky itself, purple waves brighter than precious stones, for ever melting away upon the sands.

¹ Compare the sonnet ("Poetical Works," vol. ii. p. 330) beginning—

Fair Star of evening, Splendour of the west.

The fort, a wooden building, at the entrance of the harbour at Calais, when the evening twilight was coming on, and we could not see anything of the building but its shape, which was far more distinct than in perfect daylight, seemed to be reared upon pillars of ebony, between which pillars the sea was seen in the most beautiful colours that can be conceived. Nothing in romance was ever half so beautiful. Now came in view, as the evening star sunk down, and the colours of the west faded away, the two lights of England, lighted up by Englishmen in our country to warn vessels off rocks or sands. These we used to see from the pier, when we could see no other distant objects but the clouds, the sky, and the sea itself—all was dark behind. The town of Calais seemed deserted of the light of heaven, but there was always light, and life, and joy upon the sea. One night I shall never forget—the day had been very hot, and William and I walked alone together upon the pier. The sea was gloomy, for there was a blackness over all the sky, except when it was overspread with lightning, which often revealed to us a distant vessel near, as the waves roared and broke against the pier, and they were interfused with greenish fiery light. The more distant sea always black and gloomy. It was also beautiful, on the calm hot night, to see the little boats row out of harbour with wings of fire, and the sail boats with the fiery track which they cut as they went along, and which closed up after them with a hundred thousand sparkles, and streams of glow-worm light. Caroline was delighted.

On Sunday, the 29th of August, we left Calais at twelve o'clock in the morning, and landed at Dover at one on Monday the 30th. . . . It was very pleasant to me, when we were in the harbour at Dover, to breathe the fresh air, and to look up, and see the stars among the ropes of the vessel. The next day was very hot. We . . . bathed, and sate upon the Dover Cliffs, and looked upon France with many a melancholy and tender

thought. We could see the shores almost as plain as if it were but an English lake. We mounted the coach, and arrived in London at six, the 30th August. It was misty, and we could see nothing. We stayed in London till Wednesday the 22nd of September, and arrived at Gallow Hill on Friday.

September 24th.—Mary first met us in the avenue. She looked so fat and well that we were made very happy by the sight of her ; then came Sara, and last of all Joanna. Tom was forking corn, standing upon the corn cart. We dressed ourselves immediately and got tea. The garden looked gay with asters and sweet peas. Jack and George came on Friday evening, 1st October. On Saturday, 2nd, we rode to Hackness, William, Jack, George, and Sara single. I behind Tom. On Sunday 3rd, Mary and Sara were busy packing.

On Monday, 4th October 1802, my brother William was married to Mary Hutchinson.¹ I slept a good deal of the night, and rose fresh and well in the morning. At a little after eight o'clock, I saw them go down the avenue towards the church. William had parted from me upstairs. When they were absent, my dear little Sara prepared the breakfast. I kept myself as quiet as I could, but when I saw the two men running up the walk, coming to tell us it was over, I could stand it no longer, and threw myself on the bed, where I lay in stillness, neither hearing nor seeing anything till Sara came upstairs to me, and said, "They are coming." This forced me from the bed where I lay, and I moved, I knew not how, straight forward, faster than my strength could carry me, till I met my beloved William, and fell upon his bosom. He and John Hutchinson led me to the house, and there I stayed to welcome my dear Mary. As soon as we had breakfasted, we departed. It rained when we set off. Poor Mary was much agitated, when

¹ It may not be a too trivial detail to note that Coleridge's *Dejection, an Ode*, appeared in *The Morning Post* on Wordsworth's marriage day.—ED.

she parted from her brothers and sisters, and her home. Nothing particular occurred till we reached Kirby. We had sunshine and showers, pleasant talk, love and cheerfulness. We were obliged to stay two hours at K. while the horses were feeding. We wrote a few lines to Sara, and then walked out ; the sun shone, and we went to the churchyard after we had put a letter into the post-office for the *York Herald*. We sauntered about, and read the grave-stones. There was one to the memory of five children, who had all died within five years, and the longest lived had only lived four years. . . .

We left Kirby at about half-past two. There is not much variety of prospect from K. to Helmsley, but the country is very pleasant, being rich and woody, and Helmsley itself stands very sweetly at the foot of the rising grounds of Duncombe Park, which is scattered over with tall woods ; and, lifting itself above the common buildings of the town, stands Helmsley Castle, now a ruin, formerly inhabited by the gay Duke of Buckingham. Every foot of the road was of itself interesting to us, for we had travelled along it on foot, William and I, when we went to fetch our dear Mary, and had sate upon the turf by the roadside more than once. Before we reached Helmsley, our driver told us that he could not take us any further, so we stopped at the same inn where we had slept before. My heart danced at the sight of its cleanly outside, bright yellow walls, casements overshadowed with jasmine, and its low, double gavel-ended front. . . . Mary and I warmed ourselves at the kitchen fire. We then walked into the garden, and looked over a gate, up to the old ruin which stands at the top of the mount, and round about it the moats are grown up into soft green cradles, hollows surrounded with green grassy hillocks, and these are overshadowed by old trees, chiefly ashes. I prevailed upon William to go up with me to the ruins. . . . The sun shone, it was warm and very pleasant. One part of the castle seems to be inhabited. There was a man mowing nettles in the open space

which had most likely once been the castle-court. There is one gateway exceedingly beautiful. Children were playing upon the sloping ground. We came home by the street. After about an hour's delay, we set forward again; had an excellent driver, who opened the gates so dexterously that the horses never stopped. Mary was very much delighted with the view of the castle from the point where we had seen it before. I was pleased to see again the little path which we had walked upon, the gate I had climbed over, and the road down which we had seen the two little boys drag a log of wood, and a team of horses struggle under the weight of a great load of timber. We had felt compassion for the poor horses that were under the governance of oppression and ill-judging drivers, and for the poor boys, who seemed of an age to have been able to have dragged the log of wood merely out of the love of their own activity, but from poverty and bad food they panted for weakness, and were obliged to fetch their father from the town to help them. Duncombe house looks well from the road—a large building, though I believe only two-thirds of the original design are completed. We rode down a very steep hill to Rivaux valley, with woods all round us. We stopped upon the bridge to look at the Abbey, and again when we had crossed it. Dear Mary had never seen a ruined abbey before except Whitby. We recognised the cottages, houses, and the little valleys as we went along. We walked up a long hill, the road carrying us up the cleft or valley with woody hills on each side of us. When we went to G. H. I had walked down the valley alone. William followed me.

Before we had crossed the Hambledon Hill, and reached the point overlooking Yorkshire, it was quite dark. We had not wanted, however, fair prospects before us, as we drove along the flat plain of the high hill. Far far off from us, in the western sky, we saw shapes of castles, ruins among groves, a great spreading wood, rocks, and single trees, a minster with its tower

unusually distinct, minarets in another quarter, and a round Grecian Temple also; the colours of the sky of a bright grey, and the forms of a sober grey, with a dome. As we descended the hill there was no distinct view, but of a great space; only near us we saw the wild (and as the people say) bottomless tarn in the hollow at the side of the hill. It seemed to be made visible to us only by its own light, for all the hill about us was dark. Before we reached Thirsk we saw a light before us, which we at first thought was the moon, then lime-kilns; but when we drove into the market-place it proved a large bonfire, with lads dancing round it, which is a sight I dearly love. The inn was like an illuminated house—every room full. We asked the cause, and were told by the girl that it was “Mr. John Bell’s birthday, that he had heired his estate.” The landlady was very civil. She did not recognise the despised foot-travellers. We rode on in the dark, and reached Leeming Lane at eleven o’clock. . . .

The next morning we set off at about half-past eight o’clock. It was a cheerful, sunny morning. . . . We had a few showers, but when we came to the green fields of Wensley, the sun shone upon them all, and the Ure in its many windings glittered as it flowed along under the green slopes of Middleham Castle. Mary looked about for her friend Mr. Place, and thought she had him sure on the contrary side of the vale from that on which we afterwards found he lived. We went to a new built house at Leyburn, the same village where William and I had dined on our road to Grasmere two years and three-quarters ago, but not the same house. The landlady was very civil, giving us cake and wine, but the horses being out we were detained at least two hours, and did not set off till two o’clock. We paid for thirty-five miles, *i.e.* to Sedbergh, but the landlady did not encourage us to hope to get beyond Hawes. . . . When we passed through the village of Wensley my heart melted away, with dear recollections—the bridge, the

little waterspout, the steep hill, the church. They are among the most vivid of my own inner visions, for they were the first objects that I saw after we were left to ourselves, and had turned our whole hearts to Grasmere as a home in which we were to rest. The vale looked most beautiful each way. To the left the bright silver stream inlaid the flat and very green meadows, winding like a serpent. To the right, we did not see it so far, it was lost among trees and little hills. I could not help observing, as we went along, how much more varied the prospects of Wensley Dale are in the summer time than I could have thought possible in the winter. This seemed to be in great measure owing to the trees being in leaf, and forming groves and screens, and thence little openings upon recesses and concealed retreats, which in winter only made a part of the one great vale. The beauty of the summer time here as much excels that of the winter, as the variety (owing to the excessive greenness) of the fields, and the trees in leaf half concealing, and—where they do not conceal—softening the hard bareness of the limey white roofs. One of our horses seemed to grow a little restive as we went through the first village, a long village on the side of a hill. It grew worse and worse, and at last we durst not go on any longer. We walked a while, and then the post boy was obliged to take the horse out, and go back for another. We seated ourselves again snugly in the post-chaise. The wind struggled about us and rattled the window, and gave a gentle motion to the chaise, but we were warm and at our ease within. Our station was at the top of a hill, opposite Bolton Castle, the Ure flowing beneath. William has since written a sonnet on this our imprisonment. Hard was thy durance, poor Queen Mary! compared with ours. . . .¹

We had a sweet ride till we came to a public-house on the side of a hill, where we alighted and walked

¹ This sonnet was not thought worthy of being preserved.—ED.

down to see the waterfalls. The sun was not set, and the woods and fields were spread over with the yellow light of evening, which made their greenness a thousand times more green. There was too much water in the river for the beauty of the falls, and even the banks were less interesting than in winter. Nature had entirely got the better in her struggles against the giants who first cast the mould of these works ; for, indeed, it is a place that did not in winter remind one of God, but one could not help feeling as if there had been the agency of some "mortal instruments," which Nature had been struggling against without making a perfect conquest. There was something so wild and new in this feeling, knowing, as we did in the inner man, that God alone had laid his hand upon it, that I could not help regretting the want of it ; besides, it is a pleasure to a real lover of Nature to give winter all the glory he can, for summer *will* make its own way, and speak its own praises. We saw the pathway which William and I took at the close of evening, the path leading to the rabbit warren where we lost ourselves. Sloe farm, with its holly hedges, was lost among the green hills and hedgerows in general, but we found it out, and were glad to look at it again. William left us to seek the waterfalls. . . .

At our return to the inn, we found new horses and a new driver, and we went on nicely to Hawes, where we arrived before it was quite dark. . . . We rose at six o'clock—a rainy morning. . . . There was a very fine view about a mile from Hawes, where we crossed a bridge ; bare and very green fields with cattle, a glittering stream, cottages, a few ill-grown trees, and high hills. The sun shone now. Before we got upon the bare hills, there was a hunting lodge on our right, exactly like Greta Hill, with fir plantations about it. We were very fortunate in the day, gleams of sunshine, passing clouds, that travelled with their shadows below them. Mary was much pleased with Garsdale. It was a dear place to William and me. We noted well the

public-house (Garsdale Hall) where we had baited, . . . and afterwards the mountain which had been adorned by Jupiter in his glory when we were here before. It was midday when we reached Sedbergh, and market day. We were in the same room where we had spent the evening together in our road to Grasmere. We had a pleasant ride to Kendal, where we arrived at two o'clock. The day favoured us. M. and I went to see the house where dear Sara had lived. . . . I am always glad to see Staveley; it is a place I dearly love to think of—the first mountain village that I came to with William when we first began our pilgrimage together. . . . Nothing particular occurred till we reached Ings chapel. The door was open, and we went in. It is a neat little place, with a marble floor and marble communion table, with a painting over it of the last supper, and Moses and Aaron on each side. The woman told us that "they had painted them as near as they could by the dresses as they are described in the Bible," and gay enough they are. The marble had been sent by Richard Bateman from Leghorn. The woman told us that a man had been at her house a few days before, who told her he had helped to bring it down the Red Sea, and she believed him gladly! . . . We . . . arrived at Grasmere at about six o'clock on Wednesday evening, the 6th of October 1802. . . . I cannot describe what I felt. . . . We went by candle light into the garden, and were astonished at the growth of the brooms, Portugal laurels, etc. etc. etc. The next day, Thursday, we unpacked the boxes. On Friday, 8th, . . . Mary and I walked first upon the hill-side, and then in John's Grove, then in view of Rydale, the first walk that I had taken with my sister.

Monday, 11th.—A beautiful day. We walked to the Easedale hills to hunt waterfalls. William and Mary left me sitting on a stone on the solitary mountains, and went to Easedale tarn. . . . The approach to the tarn

is very beautiful. We expected to have found Coleridge at home, but he did not come till after dinner. He was well, but did not look so.

Tuesday, 12th October.—We walked with Coleridge to Rydale.

Wednesday, 13th.—Set forwards with him towards Keswick, and he prevailed us to go on. We consented, Mrs. C. not being at home. The day was delightful. . . .

Thursday, 14th.—We went in the evening to Calvert's. Moonlight. Stayed supper.

Saturday, 16th.—Came home, Mary and I. William returned to Coleridge before we reached Nadel Fell. Mary and I had a pleasant walk. The day was very bright; the people busy getting in their corn. Reached home at about five o'clock. . . .

Sunday, 17th.—We had thirteen of our neighbours to tea. William came in just as we began tea.

Saturday, 30th October.—William is gone to Keswick. Mary went with him to the top of the Raise. She is returned, and is now sitting near me by the fire. It is a breathless, grey day, that leaves the golden woods of autumn quiet in their own tranquillity, stately and beautiful in their decaying. The lake is a perfect mirror.

William met Stoddart at the bridge at the foot of Legberthwaite dale. . . . They surprised us by their arrival at four o'clock in the afternoon. . . . After tea, S. read Chaucer to us.

*Monday, 31st October.*¹— . . . William and S. went to Keswick. Mary and I walked to the top of the hill and looked at Rydale. I was much affected when I stood upon the second bar of Sara's gate. The lake was perfectly still, the sun shone on hill and vale, the distant birch trees looked like large golden flowers.

¹ This should have been entered 1st November.—ED.

Nothing else in colour was distinct and separate, but all the beautiful colours seemed to be melted into one another, and joined together in one mass, so that there were no differences, though an endless variety, when one tried to find it out. The fields were of one sober yellow brown. . . .

Tuesday, 2nd November.—William returned from Keswick.

Friday, 5th.— . . . I wrote to Montagu, . . . and sent off letters to Miss Lamb and Coleridge. . . .

Sunday, 7th.—Fine weather. Letters from Coleridge that he was gone to London. Sara at Penrith. I wrote to Mrs. Clarkson. William began to translate Ariosto.

Monday, 8th.—A beautiful day. William got to work again at Ariosto, and so continued all the morning, though the day was so delightful that it made my very heart long to be out of doors, and see and feel the beauty of the autumn in freedom. The trees on the opposite side of the lake are of a yellow brown, but there are one or two trees opposite our windows (an ash tree, for instance) quite green, as in spring. The fields are of their winter colour, but the island is as green as ever it was. . . . William is writing out his stanzas from Ariosto. . . . The evening is quiet. Poor Coleridge! Sara is at Keswick, I hope. . . . I have read one canto of Ariosto to-day. . . .

24th December.—Christmas Eve. William is now sitting by me, at half-past ten o'clock. I have been . . . repeating some of his sonnets to him, listening to his own repeating, reading some of Milton's, and the *Allegro* and *Penferoso*. It is a quick, keen frost. . . . Coleridge came this morning with Wedgwood. We all turned out . . . one by one, to meet him. He looked

well. We had to tell him of the birth of his little girl, born yesterday morning at six o'clock. William went with them to Wytheburn in the chaise, and M. and I met W. on the Raise. It was not an unpleasant morning. . . . The sun shone now and then, and there was no wind, but all things looked cheerless and distinct; no meltings of sky into mountains, the mountains like stone work wrought up with huge hammers. Last Sunday was as mild a day as I ever remember. . . . Mary and I went round the lakes. There were flowers of various kinds—the topmost bell of a foxglove, geraniums, daisies, a buttercup in the water (but this I saw two or three days before), small yellow flowers (I do not know their name) in the turf. A large bunch of strawberry blossoms. . . . It is Christmas Day, Saturday, 25th December 1802. I am thirty-one years of age. It is a dull, frosty day.

. . . On Thursday, 30th December, I went to Keswick. William rode before me to the foot of the hill nearest K. There we parted close to a little watercourse, which was then noisy with water, but on my return a dry channel. . . . We stopped our horse close to the ledge, opposite a tuft of primroses, three flowers in full blossom and a bud. They reared themselves up among the green moss. We debated long whether we should pluck them, and at last left them to live out their day, which I was right glad of at my return the Sunday following; for there they remained, uninjured either by cold or wet. I stayed at Keswick over New Year's Day, and returned on Sunday, the 2nd January. . . . William was alarmed at my long delay, and came to within three miles of Keswick. . . . Coleridge stayed with us till Tuesday, January 4th. W. and I . . . walked with him to Ambleside. We parted with him at the turning of the lane, he going on horseback to the top of Kirkstone. On Thursday 6th, C. returned, and on Friday, the 7th, he and Sara went to Keswick. W. accompanied them to the foot of Wytheburn. . . . It was a gentle

day, and when William and I returned home just before sunset, it was a heavenly evening. A soft sky was among the hills, and a summer sunshine above, and blending with this sky, for it was more like sky than clouds; the turf looked warm and soft.

Monday, January 10th 1803.—I lay in bed to have a drench of sleep till one o'clock. Worked all day. . . . Ominously cold.

Tuesday, January 11th.—A very cold day, . . . but the blackness of the cold made us slow to put forward, and we did not walk at all. Mary read the Prologue to Chaucer's tales to me in the morning. William was working at his poem to C. Letter from Keswick and from Taylor on William's marriage. C. poorly, in bad spirits. . . . Read part of *The Knight's Tale* with exquisite delight. Since tea Mary has been down stairs copying out Italian poems for Stuart. William has been working beside me, and here ends this imperfect summary. . . .

VII
RECOLLECTIONS
OF
A TOUR MADE IN SCOTLAND
(A.D. 1803)

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RECOLLECTIONS OF A TOUR MADE IN
SCOTLAND. A.D. 1803

FIRST WEEK

WILLIAM and I parted from Mary on Sunday afternoon, August 14th 1803; and William, Coleridge, and I left Keswick on Monday morning, the 15th, at twenty minutes after eleven o'clock. The day was very hot; we walked up the hills, and along all the rough road, which made our walking half the day's journey. Travelled under the foot of Carrock, a mountain covered with stones on the lower part; above, it is very rocky, but sheep pasture there; we saw several where there seemed to be no grass to tempt them. Passed the foot of Grisdale and Mosedale, both pastoral valleys, narrow, and soon terminating in the mountains—green, with scattered trees and houses, and each a beautiful stream. At Grisdale our horse backed upon a steep bank where the road was not fenced, just above a pretty mill at the foot of the valley; and we had a second threatening of a disaster in crossing a narrow bridge between the two dales; but this was not the fault of either man or horse. Slept at Mr. Younghusband's public-house, Hesket Newmarket. In the evening walked to Caldbeck Falls, a delicious spot in which to breathe out a summer's day—limestone rocks, hanging trees, pools, and water-breaks—caves and caldrons which have been honoured with fairy names, and no doubt continue in the fancy of the neighbourhood to resound with fairy revels.

Tuesday, August 16th.—Passed Rose Castle upon the Caldew, an ancient building of red stone with sloping gardens, an ivied gateway, velvet lawns, old garden walls, trim flower-borders with stately and luxuriant flowers. We walked up to the house and stood some minutes watching the swallows that flew about restlessly, and flung their shadows upon the sunbright walls of the old building; the shadows glanced and twinkled, interchanged and crossed each other, expanded and shrunk up, appeared and disappeared every instant; as I observed to William and Coleridge, seeming more like living things than the birds themselves. Dined at Carlisle; the town in a bustle with the assizes; so many strange faces known in former times and recognised, that it half seemed as if I ought to know them all, and, together with the noise, the fine ladies, etc., they put me into confusion. This day Hatfield was condemned. I stood at the door of the gaoler's house, where he was; William entered the house, and Coleridge saw him; I fell into conversation with a debtor, who told me in a dry way that he was "far over-learned," and another man observed to William that we might learn from Hatfield's fate "not to meddle with pen and ink." We gave a shilling to my companion, whom we found out to be a friend of the family, a fellow-sailor with my brother John "in Captain Wordsworth's ship." Walked upon the city walls, which are broken down in places and crumbling away, and most disgusting from filth. The city and neighbourhood of Carlisle disappointed me; the banks of the river quite flat, and, though the holms are rich, there is not much beauty in the vale from the want of trees—at least to the eye of a person coming from England, and, I scarcely know how, but to me the holms had not a *natural* look; there was something townish in their appearance, a dulness in their strong deep green. To Longtown—not very interesting, except from the long views over the flat country; the road rough, chiefly newly mended. Reached Longtown after

sunset, a town of brick houses belonging chiefly to the Graham family. Being in the form of a cross and not long, it had been better called Crosstown. There are several shops, and it is not a very small place; but I could not meet with a silver thimble, and bought a half-penny brass one. Slept at the Graham's Arms, a large inn. Here, as everywhere else, the people seemed utterly insensible of the enormity of Hatfield's offences; the ostler told William that he was quite a gentleman, paid every one genteelly, etc. etc. He and "Mary" had walked together to Gretna Green; a heavy rain came on when they were there; a returned chaise happened to pass, and the driver would have taken them up; but "Mr. Hope's" carriage was to be sent for; he did not choose to accept the chaise-driver's offer.

Wednesday, August 17th.—Left Longtown after breakfast. About half a mile from the town a guide-post and two roads, to Edinburgh and Glasgow; we took the left-hand road, to Glasgow. Here saw a specimen of the luxuriance of the heath-plant, as it grows in Scotland; it was in the enclosed plantations—perhaps sheltered by them. These plantations appeared to be not well grown for their age; the trees were stunted. Afterwards the road, treeless, over a peat-moss common—the Solway Moss; here and there an earth-built hut with its peat stack, a scanty growing willow hedge round the kail-garth, perhaps the cow pasturing near,—a little lass watching it,—the dreary waste cheered by the endless singing of larks.

We enter Scotland by crossing the river Sark; on the Scotch side of the bridge the ground is unenclosed pasturage; it was very green, and scattered over with that yellow flowered plant which we call grunsel; the hills heave and swell prettily enough; cattle feeding; a few corn fields near the river. At the top of the hill opposite is Springfield, a village built by Sir William Maxwell—a dull uniformity in the houses, as is usual when all built at one time, or belonging to one individual,

each just big enough for two people to live in, and in which a family, large or small as it may happen, is crammed. There the marriages are performed. Further on, though almost contiguous, is Gretna Green, upon a hill and among trees. This sounds well, but it is a dreary place; the stone houses dirty and miserable, with broken windows. There is a pleasant view from the churchyard over Solway Firth to the Cumberland mountains. Dined at Annan. On our left as we travelled along appeared the Solway Firth and the mountains beyond, but the near country dreary. Those houses by the roadside which are built of stone are comfortless and dirty; but we peeped into a clay "biggin" that was very "canny," and I daresay will be as warm as a swallow's nest in winter. The town of Annan made me think of France and Germany; many of the houses large and gloomy, the size of them out-running the comforts. One thing which was like Germany pleased me: the shopkeepers express their calling by some device or painting; bread-bakers have biscuits, loaves, cakes, painted on their window-shutters; blacksmiths horses' shoes, iron tools, etc. etc.; and so on through all trades.

Reached Dumfries at about nine o'clock—market-day; met crowds of people on the road, and every one had a smile for us and our car. . . . The inn was a large house, and tolerably comfortable; Mr. Rogers and his sister, whom we had seen at our own cottage at Grasmere a few days before, had arrived there that same afternoon on their way to the Highlands; but we did not see them till the next morning, and only for about a quarter of an hour.

Thursday, August 18th.—Went to the churchyard where Burns is buried. A bookseller accompanied us. He showed us the outside of Burns's house, where he had lived the last three years of his life, and where he died. It has a mean appearance, and is in a bye situation, whitewashed; dirty about the doors, as

almost all Scotch houses are ; flowering plants in the windows.

Went on to visit his grave. He lies at a corner of the churchyard, and his second son, Francis Wallace, beside him. There is no stone to mark the spot ; but a hundred guineas have been collected, to be expended on some sort of monument. "There," said the bookseller, pointing to a pompous monument, "there lies Mr. Such-a-one"—I have forgotten his name,—"a remarkably clever man ; he was an attorney, and hardly ever lost a cause he undertook. Burns made many a lampoon upon him, and there they rest, as you see." We looked at the grave with melancholy and painful reflections, repeating to each other his own verses :—

Is there a man whose judgment clear
Can others teach the course to steer,
Yet runs himself life's mad career
Wild as the wave ?—
Here let him pause, and through a tear
Survey this grave.

The poor Inhabitant below
Was quick to learn, and wise to know
And keenly felt the friendly glow
And softer flame ;
But thoughtless follies laid him low,
And stain'd his name.

The churchyard is full of grave-stones and expensive monuments in all sorts of fantastic shapes—obelisk-wise, pillar-wise, etc. In speaking of Gretna Green, I forgot to mention that we visited the churchyard. The church is like a huge house ; indeed, so are all the churches, with a steeple, not a square tower or spire,—a sort of thing more like a glass-house chimney than a Church of England steeple ; grave-stones in abundance, few verses, yet there were some—no texts. Over the graves of married women the maiden name instead of that of the husband, "spouse" instead of "wife," and the place of abode preceded by "in" instead of "of." When

our guide had left us, we turned again to Burns's house. Mrs. Burns was gone to spend some time by the sea-shore with her children. We spoke to the servant-maid at the door, who invited us forward, and we sate down in the parlour. The walls were coloured with a blue wash; on one side of the fire was a mahogany desk, opposite to the window a clock, and over the desk a print from the *Cotter's Saturday Night*, which Burns mentions in one of his letters having received as a present. The house was cleanly and neat in the inside, the stairs of stone, scoured white, the kitchen on the right side of the passage, the parlour on the left. In the room above the parlour the poet died, and his son after him in the same room. The servant told us she had lived five years with Mrs. Burns, who was now in great sorrow for the death of "Wallace." She said that Mrs. Burns's youngest son was at Christ's Hospital.

We were glad to leave Dumfries, which is no agreeable place to them who do not love the bustle of a town that seems to be rising up to wealth. We could think of little else but poor Burns, and his moving about on that unpoetic ground. In our road to Brownhill, the next stage, we passed Ellisland at a little distance on our right, his farmhouse. We might there have had more pleasure in looking round, if we had been nearer to the spot; but there is no thought surviving in connexion with Burns's daily life that is not heart-depressing. Travelled through the vale of Nith, here little like a vale, it is so broad, with irregular hills rising up on each side, in outline resembling the old-fashioned valances of a bed. There is a great deal of arable land; the corn ripe; trees here and there—plantations, clumps, coppices, and a newness in everything. So much of the gorse and broom rooted out that you wonder why it is not all gone, and yet there seems to be almost as much gorse and broom as corn; and they grow one among another you know not how. Crossed the Nith; the vale becomes narrow, and very pleasant; corn fields, green hills, clay

cottages ; the river's bed rocky, with woody banks. Left the Nith about a mile and a half, and reached Brownhill, a lonely inn, where we slept. The view from the windows was pleasing, though some travellers might have been disposed to quarrel with it for its general nakedness ; yet there was abundance of corn. It is an open country—open, yet all over hills. At a little distance were many cottages among trees, that looked very pretty. Brownhill is about seven or eight miles from Ellisland. I fancied to myself, while I was sitting in the parlour, that Burns might have caroused there, for most likely his rounds extended so far, and this thought gave a melancholy interest to the smoky walls. It was as pretty a room as a thoroughly dirty one could be—a square parlour painted green, but so covered over with smoke and dirt that it looked not unlike green seen through black gauze. There were three windows, looking three ways, a buffet ornamented with tea-cups, a superfine largeish looking-glass with gilt ornaments spreading far and wide, the glass spotted with dirt, some ordinary alehouse pictures, and above the chimney-piece a print in a much better style—as William guessed, taken from a painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds—of some lady of quality, in the character of Euphrosyne. “Ay,” said the servant-girl, seeing that we looked at it, “there’s many travellers would give a deal for that, it’s more admired than any in the house.” We could not but smile ; for the rest were such as may be found in the basket of any Italian image and picture hawker.

William and I walked out after dinner ; Coleridge was not well, and slept upon the carriage cushions. We made our way to the cottages among the little hills and knots of wood, and then saw what a delightful country this part of Scotland might be made by planting forest trees. The ground all over heaves and swells like a sea ; but for miles there are neither trees nor hedgerows, only “mound” fences and tracts ; or slips of corn, potatoes, clover—with hay between, and barren land ;

but near the cottages many hills and hillocks covered with wood. We passed some fine trees, and paused under the shade of one close by an old mansion that seemed from its neglected state to be inhabited by farmers. But I must say that many of the "gentlemen's" houses which we have passed in Scotland have an air of neglect, and even of desolation. It was a beech, in the full glory of complete and perfect growth, very tall, with one thick stem mounting to a considerable height, which was split into four "thighs," as Coleridge afterwards called them, each in size a fine tree. Passed another mansion, now tenanted by a schoolmaster; many boys playing upon the lawn. I cannot take leave of the country which we passed through to-day, without mentioning that we saw the Cumberland mountains within half a mile of Ellisland, Burns's house, the last view we had of them. Drayton has prettily described the connexion which this neighbourhood has with ours when he makes Skiddaw say—

Scurfell¹ from the sky,
That Anadale² doth crown, with a most amorous eye,
Salutes me every day, or at my pride looks grim,
Oft threat'ning me with clouds, as I oft threat'ning him.

These lines recurred to William's memory, and we talked of Burns, and of the prospect he must have had, perhaps from his own door, of Skiddaw and his companions, indulging ourselves in the fancy that we *might* have been personally known to each other, and he have looked upon those objects with more pleasure for our sakes. We talked of Coleridge's children and family, then at the foot of Skiddaw, and our own new-born John a few miles behind it; while the grave of Burns's son, which we had just seen by the side of his father, and some stories heard at Dumfries respecting the dangers his surviving children were exposed to, filled us

¹ Criffel.—J. C. S.

² Annandale.—J. C. S.

with melancholy concern, which had a kind of connexion with ourselves. In recollection of this, William long afterwards wrote the following Address to the sons of the ill-fated poet :—

Ye now are panting up life's hill,
'Tis twilight time of good and ill,
And more than common strength and skill
 Must ye display,
If ye would give the better will
 Its lawful sway.

Strong-bodied if ye be to bear
Intemperance with less harm, beware,
But if your Father's wit ye share,
 Then, then indeed,
Ye Sons of Burns, for watchful care
 There will be need.

For honest men delight will take
To shew you favour for his sake,
Will flatter you, and Fool and Rake
 Your steps pursue,
And of your Father's name will make
 A snare for you.

Let no mean hope your souls enslave,
Be independent, generous, brave ;
Your Father such example gave,
 And such revere,
But be admonished by his grave,
 And think and fear.

Friday, August 19th.—Open country for a considerable way. Passed through the village of Thornhill, built by the Duke of Queensberry ; the "brother-houses" so small that they might have been built to stamp a character of insolent pride on his own huge mansion of Drumlanrigg, which is full in view on the opposite side of the Nith. This mansion is indeed very large ; but to us it appeared like a gathering together of little things. The roof is broken into a hundred pieces, cupolas, etc., in the shape of casters, conjuror's balls, cups, and the

like. The situation would be noble if the woods had been left standing; but they have been cut down not long ago, and the hills above and below the house are quite bare. About a mile and a half from Drumlannrigg is a turnpike gate at the top of a hill. We left our car with the man, and turned aside into a field where we looked down upon the Nith, which runs far below in a deep and rocky channel; the banks woody; the view pleasant down the river towards Thornhill, an open country—corn fields, pastures, and scattered trees. Returned to the turnpike house, a cold spot upon a common, black cattle feeding close to the door. Our road led us down the hill to the side of the Nith, and we travelled along its banks for some miles. Here were clay cottages perhaps every half or quarter of a mile. The bed of the stream rough with rocks; banks irregular, now woody, now bare; here a patch of broom, there of corn, then of pasturage; and hills green or heathy above. We were to have given our horse meal and water at a public-house in one of the hamlets we passed through, but missed the house, for, as is common in Scotland, it was without a sign-board. Travelled on, still beside the Nith, till we came to a turnpike house, which stood rather high on the hill-side, and from the door we looked a long way up and down the river. The air coldish, the wind strong.

We asked the turnpike man to let us have some meal and water. He had no meal, but luckily we had part of a feed of corn brought from Keswick, and he procured some hay at a neighbouring house. In the meantime I went into the house, where was an old man with a grey plaid over his shoulders, reading a newspaper. On the shelf lay a volume of the Scotch Encyclopædia, a History of England, and some other books. The old man was a caller by the way. The man of the house came back, and we began to talk. He was very intelligent; had travelled all over England, Scotland, and Ireland as a gentleman's servant, and now lived alone

in that lonesome place. He said he was tired of his bargain, for he feared he should lose by it. And he had indeed a troublesome office, for coal-carts without number were passing by, and the drivers seemed to do their utmost to cheat him. There is always something peculiar in the house of a man living alone. This was but half-furnished, yet nothing seemed wanting for *his* comfort, though a female who had travelled half as far would have needed fifty other things. He had no other meat or drink in the house but oat bread and cheese—the cheese was made with the addition of seeds—and some skimmed milk. He gave us of his bread and cheese, and milk, which proved to be sour.

We had yet ten or eleven miles to travel, and no food with us. William lay under the wind in a corn-field below the house, being not well enough to partake of the milk and bread. Coleridge gave our host a pamphlet, "*The Crisis of the Sugar Colonies*"; he was well acquainted with Burns's poems. There was a politeness and a manly freedom in this man's manners which pleased me very much. He told us that he had served a gentleman, a captain in the army—he did not know who he was, for none of his relations had ever come to see him, but he used to receive many letters—that he had lived near Dumfries till they would let him stay no longer, he made such havoc with the game; his whole delight from morning till night, and the long year through, was in field sports; he would be on his feet the worst days in winter, and wade through snow up to the middle after his game. If he had company he was in tortures till they were gone; he would then throw off his coat and put on an old jacket not worth half-a-crown. He drank his bottle of wine every day, and two if he had better sport than usual. Ladies sometimes came to stay with his wife, and he often carried them out in an Irish jaunting-car, and if they vexed him he would choose the dirtiest roads possible, and spoil their clothes by jumping in and out of the car, and treading upon

them. "But for all that"—and so he ended all—"he was a good fellow, and a clever fellow, and he liked him well." He would have ten or a dozen hares in the larder at once, he half maintained his family with game, and he himself was very fond of eating of the spoil—unusual with true heart-and-soul sportsmen.

The man gave us an account of his farm where he had lived, which was so cheap and pleasant that we thought we should have liked to have had it ourselves. Soon after leaving the turnpike house we turned up a hill to the right, the road for a little way very steep, bare hills, with sheep.

After ascending a little while we heard the murmur of a stream far below us, and saw it flowing downwards on our left, towards the Nith, and before us, between steep green hills, coming along a winding valley. The simplicity of the prospect impressed us very much. There was a single cottage by the brook side; the dell was not heathy, but it was impossible not to think of Peter Bell's Highland Girl.

We now felt indeed that we were in Scotland; there was a natural peculiarity in this place. In the scenes of the Nith it had not been the same as England, but yet not simple, naked Scotland. The road led us down the hill, and now there was no room in the vale but for the river and the road; we had sometimes the stream to the right, sometimes to the left. The hills were pastoral, but we did not see many sheep; green smooth turf on the left, no ferns. On the right the heath-plant grew in abundance, of the most exquisite colour; it covered a whole hill-side, or it was in streams and patches. We travelled along the vale without appearing to ascend for some miles; all the reaches were beautiful, in exquisite proportion, the hills seeming very high from being so near to us. It might have seemed a valley which nature had kept to herself for pensive thoughts and tender feelings, but that we were reminded at every turning of the road of something beyond by the coal-

carts which were travelling towards us. Though these carts broke in upon the tranquillity of the glen, they added much to the picturesque effect of the different views, which indeed wanted nothing, though perfectly bare, houseless, and treeless.

After some time our road took us upwards towards the end of the valley. Now the steeps were heathy all around. Just as we began to climb the hill we saw three boys who came down the cleft of a brow on our left; one carried a fishing-rod, and the hats of all were braided with honeysuckles; they ran after one another as wanton as the wind. I cannot express what a character of beauty those few honeysuckles in the hats of the three boys gave to the place: what bower could they have come from? We walked up the hill, met two well-dressed travellers, the woman barefoot. Our little lads before they had gone far were joined by some half-dozen of their companions, all without shoes and stockings. They told us they lived at Wanlockhead, the village above, pointing to the top of the hill; they went to school and learned Latin, Virgil, and some of them Greek, Homer, but when Coleridge began to inquire further, off they ran, poor things! I suppose afraid of being examined.

When, after a steep ascent, we had reached the top of the hill, we saw a village about half a mile before us on the side of another hill, which rose up above the spot where we were, after a descent, a sort of valley or hollow. Nothing grew upon this ground, or the hills above or below, but heather, yet round about the village—which consisted of a great number of huts, all alike, and all thatched, with a few larger slated houses among them, and a single modern-built one of a considerable size—were a hundred patches of cultivated ground, potatoes, oats, hay, and grass. We were struck with the sight of haycocks fastened down with aprons, sheets, pieces of sacking—as we supposed, to prevent the wind from blowing them away. We afterwards found that

this practice was very general in Scotland. Every cottage seemed to have its little plot of ground, fenced by a ridge of earth; this plot contained two or three different divisions, kail, potatoes, oats, hay; the houses all standing in lines, or never far apart; the cultivated ground was all together also, and made a very strange appearance with its many greens among the dark brown hills, neither tree nor shrub growing; yet the grass and the potatoes looked greener than elsewhere, owing to the bareness of the neighbouring hills; it was indeed a wild and singular spot—to use a woman's illustration, like a collection of patchwork, made of pieces as they might have chanced to have been cut by the mantua-maker, only just smoothed to fit each other, the different sorts of produce being in such a multitude of plots, and those so small and of such irregular shapes. Add to the strangeness of the village itself, that we had been climbing upwards, though gently, for many miles, and for the last mile and a half up a steep ascent, and did not know of any village till we saw the boys who had come out to play. The air was very cold, and one could not help thinking what it must be in winter, when those hills, now "red brown," should have their three months' covering of snow.

The village, as we guessed, is inhabited by miners; the mines belong to the Duke of Queensberry. The road to the village, down which the lads scampered away, was straight forward. I must mention that we met, just after we had parted from them, another little fellow, about six years old, carrying a bundle over his shoulder; he seemed poor and half starved, and was scratching his fingers, which were covered with the itch. He was a miner's son, and lived at Wanlockhead; did not go to school, but this was probably on account of his youth. I mention him because he seemed to be a proof that there was poverty and wretchedness among these people, though we saw no other symptom of it; and afterwards we met scores of the inhabitants of this

same village. Our road turned to the right, and we saw, at the distance of less than a mile, a tall upright building of grey stone, with several men standing upon the roof, as if they were looking out over battlements. It stood beyond the village, upon higher ground, as if presiding over it,—a kind of enchanter's castle, which it might have been, a place where Don Quixote would have gloried in. When we drew nearer we saw, coming out of the side of the building, a large machine or lever, in appearance like a great forge-hammer, as we supposed for raising water out of the mines. It heaved upwards once in half a minute with a slow motion, and seemed to rest to take breath at the bottom, its motion being accompanied with a sound between a groan and "jike." There would have been something in this object very striking in any place, as it was impossible not to invest the machine with some faculty of intellect; it seemed to have made the first step from brute matter to life and purpose, showing its progress by great power. William made a remark to this effect, and Coleridge observed that it was like a giant with one idea. At all events, the object produced a striking effect in that place, where everything was in unison with it—particularly the building itself, which was turret-shaped, and with the figures upon it resembled much one of the fortresses in the wooden cuts of Bunyan's *Holy War*.

After ascending a considerable way we began to descend again; and now we met a team of horses dragging an immense tree to the lead mines, to repair or add to the building, and presently after we came to a cart, with another large tree, and one horse left in it, right in the middle of the highway. We were a little out of humour, thinking we must wait till the team came back. There were men and boys without number all staring at us; after a little consultation they set their shoulders to the cart, and with a good heave all at once they moved it, and we passed along. These people were decently dressed, and their manners decent; there was no hooting

or impudent laughter. Leadhills, another mining village, was the place of our destination for the night ; and soon after we had passed the cart we came in sight of it. This village and the mines belong to Lord Hopetoun ; it has more stone houses than Wanlockhead, one large old mansion, and a considerable number of old trees—beeches, I believe. The trees told of the coldness of the climate ; they were more brown than green—far browner than the ripe grass of the little hay-garths. Here, as at Wanlockhead, were haycocks, hay-stacks, potato-beds, and kail-garths in every possible variety of shape, but, I suppose from the irregularity of the ground, it looked far less artificial—indeed, I should think that a painter might make several beautiful pictures in this village. It straggles down both sides of a mountain glen. As I have said, there is a large mansion. There is also a stone building that looks like a school, and the houses are single, or in clusters, or rows as it may chance.

We passed a decent-looking inn, the Hopetoun Arms ; but the house of Mrs. Otto, a widow, had been recommended to us with high encomiums. We did not then understand Scotch inns, and were not quite satisfied at first with our accommodations, but all things were smoothed over by degrees ; we had a fire lighted in our dirty parlour, tea came after a reasonable waiting ; and the fire with the gentle aid of twilight, burnished up the room into cheerful comfort. Coleridge was weary ; but William and I walked out after tea. We talked with one of the miners, who informed us that the building which we had supposed to be a school was a library belonging to the village. He said they had got a book into it a few weeks ago, which had cost thirty pounds, and that they had all sorts of books. "What! have you Shakespeare?" "Yes, we have that," and we found, on further inquiry, that they had a large library, of long standing, that Lord Hopetoun had subscribed liberally to it, and that gentlemen who came with him were in the habit of making larger or smaller donations.

Each man who had the benefit of it paid a small sum monthly—I think about fourpence.

The man we talked with spoke much of the comfort and quiet in which they lived one among another; he made use of a noticeable expression, saying that they were “very peaceable people considering they lived so much under-ground”;—wages were about thirty pounds a year; they had land for potatoes, warm houses, plenty of coals, and only six hours’ work each day, so that they had leisure for reading if they chose. He said the place was healthy, that the inhabitants lived to a great age; and indeed we saw no appearance of ill-health in their countenances; but it is not common for people working in lead mines to be healthy; and I have since heard that it is *not* a healthy place. However this may be, they are unwilling to allow it; for the landlady the next morning, when I said to her “You have a cold climate,” replied, “Ay, but it is *varra halesome*.” We inquired of the man respecting the large mansion; he told us that it was built, as we might see, in the form of an H, and belonged to the Hopetouns, and they took their title from thence,¹ and that part of it was used as a chapel. We went close to it, and were a good deal amused with the building itself, standing forth in bold contradiction of the story which I daresay every man of Leadhills tells, and every man believes, that it is in the shape of an H; it is but half an H, and one must be very accommodating to allow it even *so* much, for the legs are far too short.

We visited the burying-ground, a plot of land not very small, crowded with graves, and upright grave-stones, over-looking the village and the dell. It was now the closing in of evening. Women and children were gathering in the linen for the night, which was bleaching

¹ There is some mistake here. The Hopetoun title was not taken from any place in the Leadhills, much less from the house shaped like an H.—J. C. S.

by the burn-side;—the graves overgrown with grass, such as, by industrious culture, had been raised up about the houses; but there were bunches of heather here and there, and with the blue-bells that grew among the grass the small plot of ground had a beautiful and wild appearance.

William left me, and I went to a shop to purchase some thread; the woman had none that suited me; but she would send a "*wee* lad" to the other shop. In the meantime I sat with the mother, and was much pleased with her manner and conversation. She had an excellent fire, and her cottage, though very small, looked comfortable and cleanly; but remember I saw it only by firelight. She confirmed what the man had told us of the quiet manner in which they lived; and indeed her house and fireside seemed to need nothing to make it a cheerful happy spot, but health and good humour. There was a bookishness, a certain formality in this woman's language, which was very remarkable. She had a dark complexion, dark eyes, and wore a very white cap, much over her face, which gave her the look of a French woman, and indeed afterwards the women on the roads frequently reminded us of French women, partly from the extremely white caps of the elder women, and still more perhaps from a certain gaiety and party-coloured appearance in their dress in general. White bed-gowns are very common, and you rarely meet a young girl with either hat or cap; they buckle up their hair often in a graceful manner.

I returned to the inn, and went into the kitchen to speak with the landlady; she had made a hundred hesitations when I told her we wanted three beds. At last she confessed she *had* three beds, and showed me into a parlour which looked damp and cold, but she assured me in a tone that showed she was unwilling to be questioned further, that all *her* beds were well aired. I sat a while by the kitchen fire with the landlady, and began to talk to her; but, much as I had heard in her

praise—for the shopkeeper had told me she was a varra discreet woman—I cannot say that her manners pleased me much. But her servant made amends, for she was as pleasant and cheerful a lass as was ever seen; and when we asked her to do anything, she answered, “Oh yes,” with a merry smile, and almost ran to get us what we wanted. She was about sixteen years old: wore shoes and stockings, and had her hair tucked up with a comb. The servant at Brownhill was a coarse-looking wench, barefoot and bare-legged. I examined the kitchen round about; it was crowded with furniture, drawers, cupboards, dish-covers, pictures, pans, and pots, arranged without order, except that the plates were on shelves, and the dish-covers hung in rows; these were very clean, but floors, passages, staircase, everything else dirty. There were two beds in recesses in the wall; above one of them I noticed a shelf with some books:—it made me think of Chaucer’s Clerke of Oxenforde:—

Liever had he at his bed’s head
Twenty books clothed in black and red.

They were baking oat-bread, which they cut into quarters, and half-baked over the fire, and half-toasted before it. There was a suspiciousness about Mrs. Otto, almost like ill-nature; she was very jealous of any inquiries that might appear to be made with the faintest idea of a comparison between Leadhills and any other place, except the advantage was evidently on the side of Leadhills. We had nice honey to breakfast. When ready to depart, we learned that we might have seen the library, which we had not thought of till it was too late, and we were very sorry to go away without seeing it.

Saturday, August 20th.—Left Leadhills at nine o’clock, regretting much that we could not stay another day, that we might have made more minute inquiries respecting the manner of living of the miners, and been able to form an estimate, from our own observation, of the

degree of knowledge, health, and comfort that there was among them. The air was keen and cold ; we might have supposed it to be three months later in the season and two hours earlier in the day. The landlady had not lighted us a fire ; so I was obliged to get myself toasted in the kitchen, and when we set off I put on both grey cloak and spencer.

Our road carried us down the valley, and we soon lost sight of Leadhills, for the valley made a turn almost immediately, and we saw two miles, perhaps, before us ; the glen sloped somewhat rapidly—heathy, bare, no hut or house. Passed by a shepherd, who was sitting upon the ground, reading, with the book on his knee, screened from the wind by his plaid, while a flock of sheep were feeding near him among the rushes and coarse grass—for, as we descended we came among lands where grass grew with the heather. Travelled through several reaches of the glen, which somewhat resembled the valley of Menock on the other side of Wanlockhead ; but it was not near so beautiful ; the forms of the mountains did not melt so exquisitely into each other, and there was a coldness, and, if I may so speak, a want of simplicity in the surface of the earth ; the heather was poor, not covering a whole hill-side ; not in luxuriant streams and beds interveined with rich verdure ; but patchy and stunted, with here and there coarse grass and rushes. But we soon came in sight of a spot that impressed us very much. At the lower end of this new reach of the vale was a decayed tree, beside a decayed cottage, the vale spreading out into a level area which was one large field, without fence and without division, of a dull yellow colour ; the vale seemed to partake of the desolation of the cottage, and to participate in its decay. And yet the spot was in its nature so dreary that one would rather have wondered how it ever came to be tenanted by man, than lament that it was left to waste and solitude. Yet the encircling hills were so exquisitely formed that it was impossible to conceive anything more

lovely than this place would have been if the valley and hill-sides had been interspersed with trees, cottages, green fields, and hedgerows. But all was desolate; the one large field which filled up the area of the valley appeared, as I have said, in decay, and seemed to retain the memory of its connexion with man in some way analogous to the ruined building; for it was as much of a field as Mr. King's best pasture scattered over with his fattest cattle.

We went on, looking before us, the place losing nothing of its hold upon our minds, when we discovered a woman sitting right in the middle of the field, alone, wrapped up in a grey cloak or plaid. She sat motionless all the time we looked at her, which might be nearly half an hour. We could not conceive why she sat there, for there were neither sheep nor cattle in the field; her appearance was very melancholy. In the meantime our road carried us nearer to the cottage, though we were crossing over the hill to the left, leaving the valley below us, and we perceived that a part of the building was inhabited, and that what we had supposed to be *one* blasted tree was eight trees, four of which were entirely blasted; the others partly so, and round about the place was a little potato and cabbage garth, fenced with earth. No doubt, that woman had been an inhabitant of the cottage. However this might be, there was so much obscurity and uncertainty about her, and her figure agreed so well with the desolation of the place, that we were indebted to the chance of her being there for some of the most interesting feelings that we had ever had from natural objects connected with man in dreary solitariness.

We had been advised to go along the *new* road, which would have carried us down the vale; but we met some travellers who recommended us to climb the hill, and go by the village of Crawfordjohn as being much nearer. We had a long hill, and after having reached the top, steep and bad roads, so we continued

to walk for a considerable way. The air was cold and clear—the sky blue. We walked cheerfully along in the sunshine, each of us alone, only William had the charge of the horse and car, so he sometimes took a ride, which did but poorly recompense him for the trouble of driving. I never travelled with more cheerful spirits than this day. Our road was along the side of a high moor. I can always walk over a moor with a light foot; I seem to be drawn more closely to nature in such places than anywhere else; or rather I feel more strongly the power of nature over me, and am better satisfied with myself for being able to find enjoyment in what unfortunately to many persons is either dismal or insipid. This moor, however, was more than commonly interesting; we could see a long way, and on every side of us were larger or smaller tracts of cultivated land. Some were extensive farms, yet in so large a waste they did but look small, with farm-houses, barns, etc., others like little cottages, with enough to feed a cow, and supply the family with vegetables. In looking at these farms we had always one feeling. Why did the plough stop there? Why might not they as well have carried it twice as far? There were no hedgerows near the farms, and very few trees. As we were passing along, we saw an old man, the first we had seen in a Highland bonnet, walking with a staff at a very slow pace by the edge of one of the moorland corn-fields; he wore a grey plaid, and a dog was by his side. There was a scriptural solemnity in this man's figure, a sober simplicity which was most impressive. Scotland is the country above all others that I have seen, in which a man of imagination may carve out his own pleasures. There are so many *inhabited* solitudes, and the employments of the people are so immediately connected with the places where you find them, and their dresses so simple, so much alike, yet, from their being folding garments, admitting of an endless variety, and falling often so gracefully.

After some time we descended towards a broad vale,

passed one farm-house, sheltered by fir trees, with a burn close to it; children playing, linen bleaching. The vale was open pastures and corn-fields unfenced, the land poor. The village of Crawfordjohn on the slope of a hill a long way before us to the left. Asked about our road of a man who was driving a cart; he told us to go through the village, then along some fields, and we should come to a "herd's house by the burn side." The highway was right through the vale, unfenced on either side; the people of the village, who were making hay, all stared at us and our carriage. We inquired the road of a middle-aged man, dressed in a shabby black coat, at work in one of the hay fields; he looked like the minister of the place, and when he spoke we felt assured that he was so, for he was not sparing of hard words, which, however, he used with great propriety, and he spoke like one who had been accustomed to dictate. Our car wanted mending in the wheel, and we asked him if there was a blacksmith in the village. "Yes," he replied, but when we showed him the wheel he told William that he might mend it himself without a blacksmith, and he would put him in the way; so he fetched hammer and nails and gave his directions, which William obeyed, and repaired the damage entirely to his own satisfaction and the priest's, who did not offer to lend any assistance himself; not as if he would not have been willing in case of need; but as if it were more natural for him to dictate, and because he thought it more fit that William should do it himself. He spoke much about the propriety of every man's lending all the assistance in his power to travellers, and with some ostentation of self-praise. Here I observed a honeysuckle and some flowers growing in a garden, the first I had seen in Scotland. It is a pretty cheerful-looking village, but must be very cold in winter; it stands on a hillside, and the vale itself is very high ground, unsheltered by trees.

Left the village behind us, and our road led through

arable ground for a considerable way, on which were growing very good crops of corn and potatoes. Our friend accompanied us to show us the way, and Coleridge and he had a scientific conversation concerning the uses and properties of lime and other manures. He seemed to be a well-informed man ; somewhat pedantic in his manners ; but this might be only the difference between Scotch and English.¹

Soon after he had parted from us, we came upon a stony, rough road over a black moor ; and presently to the "herd's house by the burn side." We could hardly cross the burn dry-shod, over which was the only road to the cottage. In England there would have been stepping-stones or a bridge ; but the Scotch need not be afraid of wetting their bare feet. The hut had its little kail-garth fenced with earth ; there was no other enclosure—but the common, heathy with coarse grass. Travelled along the common for some miles, before we joined the great road from Longtown to Glasgow—saw on the bare hill-sides at a distance, sometimes a solitary farm, now and then a plantation, and one very large wood, with an appearance of richer ground above ; but it was so very high we could not think it possible. Having descended considerably, the common was no longer of a peat-mossy brown heath colour, but grass with rushes was its chief produce ; there was sometimes a solitary hut, no enclosures except the kail-garth, and sheep pasturing in flocks, with shepherd-boys tending them. I remember one boy in particular ; he had no hat on, and only had a grey plaid wrapped about him. It is nothing to describe, but on a bare moor, alone with his sheep, standing, as he did, in utter quietness and silence, there was something uncommonly impressive in his appearance, a solemnity which recalled to our minds the old man in the corn-field. We passed many people

¹ Probably the Rev. John Aird, minister of the parish, 1801-1815.—J. C. S.

who were mowing, or raking the grass of the common; it was little better than rushes; but they did not mow straight forward, only here and there, where it was the best; in such a place hay-cocks had an uncommon appearance to us.

After a long descent we came to some plantations which were not far from Douglas Mill. The country for some time had been growing into cultivation, and now it was a wide vale with large tracts of corn; trees in clumps, no hedgerows, which always make a country look bare and unlovely. For my part, I was better pleased with the desert places we had left behind, though no doubt the inhabitants of this place think it "a varra bonny spot," for the Scotch are always pleased with their own abode, be it what it may; and afterwards at Edinburgh, when we were talking with a bookseller of our travels, he observed that it was "a fine country near Douglas Mill." Douglas Mill is a single house, a large inn, being one of the regular stages between Longtown and Glasgow, and therefore a fair specimen of the best of the country inns of Scotland. As soon as our car stopped at the door we felt the difference. At an English inn of this size, a waiter, or the master or mistress, would have been at the door immediately, but we remained some time before anybody came; then a barefooted lass made her appearance, but she only looked at us and went away. The mistress, a remarkably handsome woman, showed us into a large parlour; we ordered mutton-chops, and I finished my letter to Mary; writing on the same window-ledge on which William had written to me two years before.

After dinner, William and I sat by a little mill-race in the garden. We had left Leadhills and Wanlockhead far above us, and now were come into a warmer climate; but there was no richness in the face of the country. The shrubs looked cold and poor, and yet there were some very fine trees within a little distance of Douglas Mill, so that the reason, perhaps, why the few low shrubs

and trees which were growing in the gardens seemed to be so unluxuriant, might be, that there being no hedgerows, the general appearance of the country was naked, and I could not help seeing the same coldness where, perhaps, it did not exist in itself to any great degree, for the corn crops are abundant, and I should think the soil is not bad. While we were sitting at the door, two of the landlady's children came out; the elder, a boy about six years old, was running away from his little brother, in petticoats; the ostler called out, "Sandy, tak' your wee brither wi' you"; another voice from the window, "Sawny, dinna leave your wee brither"; the mother then came, "Alexander, tak' your wee brother by the hand"; Alexander obeyed, and the two went off in peace together. We were charged eightpence for hay at this inn, another symptom of our being in Scotland. Left Douglas Mill at about three o'clock; travelled through an open corn country, the tracts of corn large and unenclosed. We often passed women or children who were watching a single cow while it fed upon the slips of grass between the corn. William asked a strong woman, about thirty years of age, who looked like the mistress of a family—I suppose moved by some sentiment of compassion for her being so employed,—if the cow would eat the corn if it were left to itself: she smiled at his simplicity. It is indeed a melancholy thing to see a full-grown woman thus waiting, as it were, body and soul devoted to the poor beast; yet even this is better than working in a manufactory the day through.

We came to a moorish tract; saw before us the hills of Loch Lomond, Ben Lomond and another, distinct each by itself. Not far from the roadside were some benches placed in rows in the middle of a large field, with a sort of covered shed like a sentry-box, but much more like those boxes which the Italian puppet-showmen in London use. We guessed that it was a pulpit or tent for preaching, and were told that a sect met there occasion-

ally, who held that toleration was unscriptural, and would have all religions but their own exterminated. I have forgotten what name the man gave to this sect ; we could not learn that it differed in any other respect from the Church of Scotland. Travelled for some miles along the open country, which was all without hedgerows, sometimes arable, sometimes moorish, and often whole tracts covered with grunsel.¹ There was one field, which one might have believed had been sown with grunsel, it was so regularly covered with it—a large square field upon a slope, its boundary marked to our eyes only by the termination of the bright yellow ; contiguous to it were other fields of the same size and shape, one of clover, the other of potatoes, all equally regular crops. The oddness of this appearance, the grunsel being uncommonly luxuriant, and the field as yellow as gold, made William laugh. Coleridge was melancholy upon it, observing that there was land enough wasted to rear a healthy child.

We left behind us, considerably to the right, a single high mountain ;² I have forgotten its name ; we had had it long in view. Saw before us the river Clyde, its course at right angles to our road, which now made a turn, running parallel with the river ; the town of Lanerk in sight long before we came to it. I was somewhat disappointed with the first view of the Clyde : the banks, though swelling and varied, had a poverty in their appearance, chiefly from the want of wood and hedgerows. Crossed the river and ascended towards Lanerk, which stands upon a hill. When we were within about a mile of the town, William parted from Coleridge and me, to go to the celebrated waterfalls. Coleridge did not attempt to drive the horse ; but led him all the way. We inquired for the best inn, and were told that the New Inn was the best ; but that they had very “genteel apartments” at the Black Bull, and made less charges,

¹ Ragweed.—J. C. S.

² Tinto.—J. C. S.

and the Black Bull was at the entrance of the town, so we thought we would stop there, as the horse was obstinate and weary. But when we came to the Black Bull we had no wish to enter the apartments; for it seemed the abode of dirt and poverty, yet it was a large building. The town showed a sort of French face, and would have done much more, had it not been for the true British tinge of coal-smoke; the doors and windows dirty, the shops dull, the women too seemed to be very dirty in their dress. The town itself is not ugly; the houses are of grey stone, the streets not very narrow, and the market-place decent. The New Inn is a handsome old stone building, formerly a gentleman's house. We were conducted into a parlour, where people had been drinking; the tables were unwiped, chairs in disorder, the floor dirty, and the smell of liquors was most offensive. We were tired, however, and rejoiced in our tea.

The evening sun was now sending a glorious light through the street, which ran from west to east; the houses were of a fire red, and the faces of the people as they walked westward were almost like a blacksmith when he is at work by night. I longed to be out, and meet with William, that we might see the Falls before the day was gone. Poor Coleridge was unwell, and could not go. I inquired my road, and a little girl told me she would go with me to the porter's lodge, where I might be admitted. I was grieved to hear that the Falls of the Clyde were shut up in a gentleman's grounds, and to be viewed only by means of lock and key. Much, however, as the pure feeling with which one would desire to visit such places is disturbed by useless, impertinent, or even unnecessary interference with nature, yet when I was there the next morning I seemed to feel it a less disagreeable thing than in smaller and more delicate spots, if I may use the phrase. My guide, a sensible little girl, answered my inquiries very prettily. She was eight years old, read in the "Collection," a book which

all the Scotch children whom I have questioned read in. I found it was a collection of hymns ; she could repeat several of Dr. Watts'. We passed through a great part of the town, then turned down a steep hill, and came in view of a long range of cotton mills,¹ the largest and loftiest I had ever seen ; climbed upwards again, our road leading us along the top of the left bank of the river ; both banks very steep and richly wooded. The girl left me at the porter's lodge. Having asked after William, I was told that no person had been there, or could enter but by the gate. The night was coming on, therefore I did not venture to go in, as I had no hope of meeting William. I had a delicious walk alone through the wood ; the sound of the water was very solemn, and even the cotton mills in the fading light of evening had somewhat of the majesty and stillness of the natural objects. It was nearly dark when I reached the inn. I found Coleridge sitting by a good fire, which always makes an inn room look comfortable. In a few minutes William arrived ; he had heard of me at the gate, and followed as quickly as he could, shouting after me. He was pale and exceedingly tired.

After he had left us he had taken a wrong road, and while looking about to set himself right had met with a barefooted boy, who said he would go with him. The little fellow carried him by a wild path to the upper of the Falls, the Boniton Linn, and coming down unexpectedly upon it, he was exceedingly affected by the solemn grandeur of the place. This fall is not much admired or spoken of by travellers ; you have never a full, breast view of it ; it does not make a complete self-satisfying place, an abode of its own, as a perfect waterfall seems to me to do ; but the river, down which you look through a long vista of steep and ruin-like rocks, the roaring of the waterfall, and the solemn evening lights, must have been most impressive. One

¹ New Lanark, Robert Owen's mills.—J. C. S.

of the rocks on the near bank, even in broad daylight, as we saw it the next morning, is exactly like the fractured arch of an abbey. With the lights and shadows of evening upon it, the resemblance must have been much more striking.

William's guide was a pretty boy, and he was exceedingly pleased with him. Just as they were quitting the waterfall, William's mind being full of the majesty of the scene, the little fellow pointed to the top of a rock, "There's a fine slae-bush there." "Ay," said William, "but there are no slaes upon it," which was true enough ; but I suppose the child remembered the slaes of another summer, though, as he said, he was but "half seven years old," namely, six and a half. He conducted William to the other fall, and as they were going along a narrow path, they came to a small cavern, where William lost him, and looking about, saw his pretty figure in a sort of natural niche fitted for a statue, from which the boy jumped out laughing, delighted with the success of his trick. William told us a great deal about him, while he sat by the fire, and of the pleasure of his walk, often repeating, "I wish you had been with me." Having no change, he gave the boy sixpence, which was certainly, if he had formed any expectations at all, far beyond them ; but he received it with the utmost indifference, without any remark of surprise or pleasure ; most likely he did not know how many halfpence he could get for it, and twopence would have pleased him more. My little girl was delighted with the sixpence I gave her, and said she would buy a book with it on Monday morning. What a difference between the manner of living and education of boys and of girls among the lower classes of people in towns ! she had never seen the Falls of the Clyde, nor had ever been further than the porter's lodge ; the boy, I daresay, knew every hiding-place in every accessible rock, as well as the fine "slae bushes" and the nut trees.

SECOND WEEK

Sunday, August 21st.—The morning was very hot, a morning to tempt us to linger by the water-side. I wished to have had the day before us, expecting so much from what William had seen ; but when we went there, I did not desire to stay longer than till the hour which we had prescribed to ourselves ; for it was a rule not to be broken in upon, that the person who conducted us to the Falls was to remain by our side till we chose to depart. We left our inn immediately after breakfast. The lanes were full of people going to church ; many of the middle-aged women wore long scarlet cardinals, and were without hats : they brought to my mind the women of Goslar as they used to go to church in their silver or gold caps, with their long cloaks, black or coloured.

The banks of the Clyde from Lanerk to the Falls rise immediately from the river ; they are lofty and steep, and covered with wood. The road to the Falls is along the top of one of the banks, and to the left you have a prospect of the open country, corn fields and scattered houses. To the right, over the river, the country spreads out, as it were, into a plain covered over with hills, no one hill much higher than another, but hills all over ; there were endless pastures overgrown with broom, and scattered trees, without hedges or fences of any kind, and no distinct footpaths. It was delightful to see the lasses in gay dresses running like cattle among the broom, making their way straight forward towards the river, here and there as it might chance. They waded across the stream, and, when they had reached the top of the opposite bank, sat down by the road-side, about half a mile from the town, to put on their shoes and cotton stockings, which they brought tied up in pocket-handkerchiefs. The porter's lodge is about a mile from Lanerk, and the lady's house—for the whole belongs to a lady, whose name I have

forgotten¹—is upon a hill at a little distance. We walked, after we had entered the private grounds, perhaps two hundred yards along a gravel carriage-road, then came to a little side gate, which opened upon a narrow gravel path under trees, and in a minute and a half, or less, were directly opposite to the great waterfall. I was much affected by the first view of it. The majesty and strength of the water, for I had never before seen so large a cataract, struck me with astonishment, which died away, giving place to more delightful feelings; though there were some buildings that I could have wished had not been there, though at first unnoticed. The chief of them was a neat, white, lady-like house,² very near to the waterfall. William and Coleridge however were in a better and perhaps wiser humour, and did not dislike the house; indeed, it was a very nice-looking place, with a moderate-sized garden, leaving the green fields free and open. This house is on the side of the river opposite to the grand house and the pleasure-grounds. The waterfall Cora Linn is composed of two falls, with a sloping space, which *appears* to be about twenty yards between, but is much more. The basin which receives the fall is enclosed by noble rocks, with trees, chiefly hazels, birch, and ash growing out of their sides whenever there is any hold for them; and a magnificent resting-place it is for such a river; I think more grand than the Falls themselves.

After having stayed some time, we returned by the same footpath into the main carriage-road, and soon came upon what William calls an ell-wide gravel walk, from which we had different views of the Linn. We sat upon a bench, placed for the sake of one of these views, whence we looked down upon the waterfall, and over the open country, and saw a ruined tower, called Wallace's Tower, which stands at a very little distance from the fall, and is an interesting object. A lady and

¹ Lady Mary Ross.—J. C. S.

² Corehouse.—J. C. S.

gentleman, more expeditious tourists than ourselves, came to the spot ; they left us at the seat, and we found them again at another station above the Falls. Coleridge, who is always good-natured enough to enter into conversation with anybody whom he meets in his way, began to talk with the gentleman, who observed that it was a *majestic* waterfall. Coleridge was delighted with the accuracy of the epithet, particularly as he had been settling in his own mind the precise meaning of the words grand, majestic, sublime, etc., and had discussed the subject with William at some length the day before. "Yes, sir," says Coleridge, "it *is* a majestic waterfall." "Sublime and beautiful," replied his friend. Poor Coleridge could make no answer, and, not very desirous to continue the conversation, came to us and related the story, laughing heartily.

The distance from one Linn to the other may be half a mile or more, along the same ell-wide walk. We came to a pleasure-house, of which the little girl had the key ; she said it was called the Fog-house, because it was lined with "fog," namely moss. On the outside it resembled some of the huts in the prints belonging to Captain Cook's Voyages, and within was like a hay-stack scooped out. It was circular, with a dome-like roof, a seat all round fixed to the wall, and a table in the middle,—seat, wall, roof, and table all covered with moss in the neatest manner possible. It was as snug as a bird's nest ; I wish we had such a one at the top of our orchard, only a great deal smaller. We afterwards found that huts of the same kind were common in the pleasure-grounds of Scotland ; but we never saw any that were so beautifully wrought as this. It had, however, little else to recommend it, the situation being chosen without judgment ; there was no prospect from it, nor was it a place of seclusion and retirement, for it stood close to the ell-wide gravel walk. We wished we could have shoved it about a hundred yards further on, when we arrived at a bench which was also close to the

walk, for just below the bench, the walk elbowing out into a circle, there was a beautiful spring of clear water, which we could see rise up continually, at the bottom of a round stone basin full to the brim, the water gushing out at a little outlet and passing away under the walk. A reason was wanted for placing the hut where it is; what a good one would this little spring have furnished for bringing it hither! Along the whole of the path were openings at intervals for views of the river, but, as almost always happens in gentlemen's grounds, they were injudiciously managed; you were prepared for a dead stand—by a parapet, a painted seat, or some other device.

We stayed some time at the Boniton Fall, which has one great advantage over the other falls, that it is at the termination of the pleasure-grounds, and we see no traces of the boundary-line; yet, except under some accidental circumstances, such as a sunset like that of the preceding evening, it is greatly inferior to the Cora Linn. We returned to the inn to dinner. The landlord set the first dish upon the table, as is common in England, and we were well waited upon. This first dish was true Scottish—a boiled sheep's head, with the hair singed off; Coleridge and I ate heartily of it; we had barley broth, in which the sheep's head had been boiled. A party of tourists whom we had met in the pleasure-grounds drove from the door while we were waiting for dinner; I guess they were fresh from England, for they had stuffed the pockets of their carriage with bundles of heather, roots and all, just as if Scotland grew no heather but on the banks of the Clyde. They passed away with their treasure towards Loch Lomond. A party of boys, dressed all alike in blue, very neat, were standing at the chaise-door; we conjectured they were charity scholars; but found on inquiry that they were apprentices to the cotton factory; we were told that they were well instructed in reading and writing. We had seen in the morning a flock of

girls dressed in grey coming out of the factory, probably apprentices also.

After dinner set off towards Hamilton, but on foot, for we had to turn aside to the Cartland Rocks, and our car was to meet us on the road. A guide attended us, who might almost in size, and certainly in activity, have been compared with William's companion who hid himself in the niche of the cavern. His method of walking and very quick step soon excited our attention. I could hardly keep up with him; he paddled by our side, just reaching to my shoulder, like a little dog, with his long snout pushed before him—for he had an enormous nose, and walked with his head foremost. I said to him, "How quick you walk!" he replied, "*That was not quick walking,*" and when I asked him what he called so, he said "Five miles an hour," and then related in how many hours he had lately walked from Lanerk to Edinburgh, done some errands, and returned to Lanerk—I have forgotten the particulars, but it was a very short time—and added that he had an old father who could walk at the rate of four miles an hour, for twenty-four miles, any day, and had never had an hour's sickness in his life. "Then," said I, "he has not drunk much strong liquor?" "Yes, enough to drown him." From his eager manner of uttering this, I inferred that he himself was a drinker; and the man who met us with the car told William that he gained a great deal of money as an errand-goer, but spent it all in tippling. He had been a shoe-maker, but could not bear the confinement on account of a weakness in his chest.

The neighbourhood of Lanerk is exceedingly pleasant; we came to a sort of district of glens or little valleys that cleave the hills, leaving a cheerful, open country above them, with no superior hills, but an undulating surface. Our guide pointed to the situation of the Cartland Crags. We were to cross a narrow valley, and walk down on the other side, and then we should be at the spot; but the little fellow made a sharp turn down a footpath to

the left, saying, "We must have some conversation here." He paddled on with his small pawing feet till we came right opposite to a gentleman's house on the other side of the valley, when he halted, repeating some words, I have forgotten what, which were taken up by the most distinct echo I ever heard—this is saying little : it was the most distinct echo that it is possible to conceive. It shouted the names of our fireside friends in the very tone in which William and Coleridge spoke ; but it seemed to make a joke of me, and I could not help laughing at my own voice, it was so shrill and pert, exactly as if some one had been mimicking it very successfully, with an intention of making me ridiculous. I wished Joanna had been there to laugh, for the echo is an excellent laugh, and would have almost made her believe that it was a true story which William has told of her and the mountains. We turned back, crossed the valley, went through the orchard and plantations belonging to the gentleman's house. By the bye, we observed to our guide that the echo must bring many troublesome visitors to disturb the quiet of the owner of that house, "Oh no," said he, "he glories in much company." He was a native of that neighbourhood, had made a moderate fortune abroad, purchased an estate, built the house, and raised the plantations ; and further, had made a convenient walk through his woods to the Cartland Crag. The house was modest and neat, and though not adorned in the best taste, and though the plantations were of fir, we looked at it with great pleasure, there was such true liberality and kind-heartedness in leaving his orchard path open, and his walks unobstructed by gates. I hope this goodness is not often abused by plunderers of the apple-trees, which were hung with tempting apples close to the path.

At the termination of the little valley, we descended through a wood along a very steep path to a muddy stream running over limestone rocks ; turned up to the

left along the bed of the stream, and soon we were closed in by rocks on each side. They were very lofty—of limestone, trees starting out of them, high and low, overhanging the stream or shooting up towards the sky. No place of the kind could be more beautiful if the stream had been clear, but it was of a muddy yellow colour; had it been a large river, one might have got the better of the unpleasantness of the muddy water in the grandeur of its roaring, the boiling up of the foam over the rocks, or the obscurity of its pools.

We had been told that the Cartland Craggs were better worth going to see than the Falls of the Clyde. I did not think so; but I have seen rocky dells resembling this before, with clear water instead of that muddy stream, and never saw anything like the Falls of the Clyde. It would be a delicious spot to have near one's house; one would linger out many a day in the cool shade of the caverns, and the stream would soothe one by its murmuring; still, being an old friend, one would not love it the less for its homely face. Even we, as we passed along, could not help stopping for a long while to admire the beauty of the lazy foam, for ever in motion, and never moved away, in a still place of the water, covering the whole surface of it with streaks and lines and ever-varying circles. Wild marjoram grew upon the rocks in great perfection and beauty; our guide gave me a bunch, and said he should come hither to collect a store for tea for the winter, and that it was "varra haesome": he drank none else. We walked perhaps half a mile along the bed of the river; but it might *seem* to be much further than it was, owing to the difficulty of the path, and the sharp and many turnings of the glen. Passed two of Wallace's Caves. There is scarce a noted glen in Scotland that has not a cave for Wallace or some other hero. Before we left the river the rocks became less lofty, turned into a wood through which was a convenient path upwards, met the owner of the house and the echo-ground, and thanked him for the pleasure

which he had provided for us and other travellers by making such pretty pathways.

It was four o'clock when we reached the place where the car was waiting. We were anxious to be off, as we had fifteen miles to go; but just as we were seating ourselves we found that the cushions were missing. William was forced to go back to the town, a mile at least, and Coleridge and I waited with the car. It rained, and we had some fear that the evening would be wet, but the rain soon ceased, though the sky continued gloomy—an unfortunate circumstance, for we had to travel through a beautiful country, and of that sort which is most set off by sunshine and pleasant weather.

Travelled through the Vale or *Trough* of the Clyde, as it is called, for ten or eleven miles, having the river on our right. We had fine views both up and down the river for the first three or four miles, our road being not close to it, but above its banks, along the open country, which was here occasionally intersected by hedgerows.

Left our car in the road, and turned down a field to the Fall of Stonebyres, another of the falls of the Clyde, which I had not heard spoken of; therefore it gave me the more pleasure. We saw it from the top of the bank of the river at a little distance. It has not the imposing majesty of Cora Linn; but it has the advantage of being left to itself, a grand solitude in the heart of a populous country. We had a prospect above and below it, of cultivated grounds, with hay-stacks, houses, hills; but the river's banks were lonesome, steep, and woody, with rocks near the fall.

A little further on, came more into company with the river; sometimes we were close to it, sometimes above it, but always at no great distance; and now the vale became more interesting and amusing. It is very populous, with villages, hamlets, single cottages, or farm-houses embosomed in orchards, and scattered over with gentlemen's houses, some of them very ugly, tall and obtrusive, others neat and comfortable. We seemed

now to have got into a country where poverty and riches were shaking hands together ; pears and apples, of which the crop was abundant, hung over the road, often growing in orchards unfenced ; or there might be bunches of broom along the road-side in an interrupted line, that looked like a hedge till we came to it and saw the gaps. Bordering on these fruitful orchards perhaps would be a patch, its chief produce being gorse or broom. There was nothing like a moor or common anywhere ; but small plots of uncultivated ground were left high and low, among the potatoes, corn, cabbages, which grew intermingled, now among trees, now bare. The Trough of the Clyde is, indeed, a singular and very interesting region ; it is somewhat like the upper part of the vale of Nith, but above the Nith is much less cultivated ground—without hedgerows or orchards, or anything that looks like a rich country. We met crowds of people coming from the kirk ; the lasses were gaily dressed, often in white gowns, coloured satin bonnets, and coloured silk handkerchiefs, and generally with their shoes and stockings in a bundle hung on their arm. Before we left the river the vale became much less interesting, resembling a poor English country, the fields being large, and un-luxuriant hedges.

It had been dark long before we reached Hamilton, and William had some difficulty in driving the tired horse through the town. At the inn they hesitated about being able to give us beds, the house being brim-full—lights at every window. We were rather alarmed for our accommodations during the rest of the tour, supposing the house to be filled with *tourists* ; but they were in general only regular travellers ; for out of the main road from town to town we saw scarcely a carriage, and the inns were empty. There was nothing remarkable in the treatment we met with at this inn, except the lazy impertinence of the waiter. It was a townish place, with a great larder set out ; the house throughout dirty.

Monday, August 22nd.—Immediately after breakfast walked to the Duke of Hamilton's house to view the picture-gallery, chiefly the famous picture of Daniel in the Lions' Den, by Rubens. It is a large building, without grandeur, a heavy, lumpish mass, after the fashion of the Hopetoun H,¹ only five times the size, and with longer legs, which makes it gloomy. We entered the gate, passed the porter's lodge, where we saw nobody, and stopped at the front door, as William had done two years before with Sir William Rush's family. We were met by a little mean-looking man, shabbily dressed, out of livery, who, we found, was the porter. After scanning us over, he told us that we ought not to have come to that door. We said we were sorry for the mistake, but as one of our party had been there two years before, and was admitted by the same entrance, we had supposed it was the regular way. After many hesitations, and having kept us five minutes waiting in the large hall, while he went to consult with the housekeeper, he informed us that we could not be admitted at that time, the housekeeper being unwell; but that we might return in an hour: he then conducted us through long gloomy passages to an obscure door at the corner of the house. We asked if we might be permitted to walk in the park in the meantime; and he told us that this would not be agreeable to the Duke's family. We returned to the inn discontented enough, but resolved not to waste an hour, if there were anything else in the neighbourhood worth seeing. The waiter told us there was a curious place called Baroncleugh, with gardens cut out in rocks, and we determined to go thither. We had to walk through the town, which may be about as large as Penrith, and perhaps a mile further, along a dusty turnpike road. The morning was hot,

¹ The house belonging to the Earls of Hopetoun at Leadhills, not that which bears this name about twelve miles from Edinburgh.—J. C. S.

sunny, and windy, and we were half tired before we reached the place; but were amply repaid for our trouble.

The general face of the country near Hamilton is much in the ordinary English style; not very hilly, with hedgerows, corn fields, and stone houses. The Clyde is here an open river with low banks, and the country spreads out so wide that there is no appearance of a regular vale. Baroncleugh is in a beautiful deep glen through which runs the river Avon, a stream that falls into the Clyde. The house stands very sweetly in complete retirement; it has its gardens and terraces one above another, with flights of steps between, box-trees and yew-trees cut in fantastic shapes, flower-borders and summer-houses; and, still below, apples and pears were hanging in abundance on the branches of large old trees, which grew intermingled with the natural wood, elms, beeches, etc., even to the water's edge. The whole place is in perfect harmony with the taste of our ancestors, and the yews and hollies are shaven as nicely, and the gravel walks and flower-borders kept in as exact order, as if the spirit of the first architect of the terraces still presided over them. The opposite bank of the river is left in its natural wildness, and nothing was to be seen higher up but the deep dell, its steep banks being covered with fine trees, a beautiful relief or contrast to the garden, which is one of the most elaborate old things ever seen, a little hanging garden of Babylon.

I was sorry to hear that the owner of this sweet place did not live there always. He had built a small thatched house to eke out the old one: it was a neat dwelling, with no false ornaments. We were exceedingly sorry to quit this spot, which is left to nature and past times, and should have liked to have pursued the glen further up; we were told that there was a ruined castle; and the walk itself must be very delightful; but we wished to reach Glasgow in good time, and had to go again to Hamilton House. Returned to the town by a much

shorter road, and were very angry with the waiter for not having directed us to it ; but he was too great a man to speak three words more than he could help.

We stopped at the proper door of the Duke's house, and seated ourselves humbly upon a bench, waiting the pleasure of the porter, who, after a little time, informed us that we could not be admitted, giving no reason whatever. When we got to the inn, we could just gather from the waiter that it was not usual to refuse admittance to strangers ; but that was all : he could not, or would not, help us, so we were obliged to give it up, which mortified us, for I had wished much to see the picture. William vowed that he would write that very night to Lord Archibald Hamilton, stating the whole matter, which he did from Glasgow.

I ought to have mentioned the park, though, as we were not allowed to walk there, we saw but little of it. It looked pleasant, as all parks with fine trees must be, but, as it seemed to be only a large, nearly level, plain, it could not be a particularly beautiful park, though it borders upon the Clyde, and the Avon runs, I believe, through it, after leaving the solitude of the glen of Baroncleugh.

Quitted Hamilton at about eleven o'clock. There is nothing interesting between Hamilton and Glasgow till we came to Bothwell Castle, a few miles from Hamilton. The country is cultivated, but not rich, the fields large, a perfect contrast to the huddling together of hills and trees, corn and pasture grounds, hay-stacks, cottages, orchards, broom and gorse, but chiefly broom, that had amused us so much the evening before in passing through the Trough of the Clyde. A native of Scotland would not probably be satisfied with the account I have given of the Trough of the Clyde, for it is one of the most celebrated scenes in Scotland. We certainly received less pleasure from it than we had expected ; but it was plain that this was chiefly owing to the unfavourable circumstances under which we saw it—a gloomy sky

and a cold blighting wind. It is a very beautiful district, yet there, as in all the other scenes of Scotland celebrated for their fertility, we found something which gave us a notion of barrenness, of what was not altogether genial. The new fir and larch plantations, here as in almost every other part of Scotland, contributed not a little to this effect.

Crossed the Clyde not far from Hamilton, and had the river for some miles at a distance from us, on our left; but after having gone, it might be, three miles, we came to a porter's lodge on the left side of the road, where we were to turn to Bothwell Castle, which is in Lord Douglas's grounds. The woman who keeps the gate brought us a book, in which we wrote down our names. Went about half a mile before we came to the pleasure-grounds. Came to a large range of stables, where we were to leave the car; but there was no one to unyoke the horse, so William was obliged to do it himself, a task which he performed very awkwardly, being then new to it. We saw the ruined castle embosomed in trees, passed the house, and soon found ourselves on the edge of a steep brow immediately above and overlooking the course of the river Clyde through a deep hollow between woods and green steep. We had approached at right angles from the main road to the place over a flat, and had seen nothing before us but a nearly level country terminated by distant slopes, the Clyde hiding himself in his deep bed. It was exceedingly delightful to come thus unexpectedly upon such a beautiful region.

The Castle stands nobly, overlooking the Clyde. When we came up to it I was hurt to see that flower-borders had taken place of the natural overgrowings of the ruin, the scattered stones and wild plants. It is a large and grand pile, of red freestone, harmonizing perfectly with the rocks of the river, from which, no doubt, it has been hewn. When I was a little accustomed to the unnaturalness of a modern garden, I could

not help admiring the excessive beauty and luxuriance of some of the plants, particularly the purple-flowered clematis, and a broad-leaved creeping plant without flowers, which scrambled up the castle wall along the ivy, and spread its vine-like branches so lavishly that it seemed to be in its natural situation, and one could not help thinking that, though not self-planted among the ruins of this country, it must somewhere have its natural abode in such places. If Bothwell Castle had not been close to the Douglas mansion we should have been disgusted with the possessor's miserable conception of "adorning" such a venerable ruin; but it is so very near to the house that of necessity the pleasure-grounds must have extended beyond it, and perhaps the neatness of a shaven lawn and the complete desolation natural to a ruin might have made an unpleasing contrast; and besides, being within the precincts of the pleasure-grounds, and so very near to the modern mansion of a noble family, it has forfeited in some degree its independent majesty, and becomes a tributary to the mansion; its solitude being interrupted, it has no longer the same command over the mind in sending it back into past times, or excluding the ordinary feelings which we bear about us in daily life. We had then only to regret that the castle and house were so near to each other; and it was impossible *not* to regret it; for the ruin presides in state over the river, far from city or town, as if it might have had a peculiar privilege to preserve its memorials of past ages and maintain its own character and independence for centuries to come.

We sat upon a bench under the high trees, and had beautiful views of the different reaches of the river above and below. On the opposite bank, which is finely wooded with elms and other trees, are the remains of an ancient priory, built upon a rock: and rock and ruin are so blended together that it is impossible to separate the one from the other. Nothing can be more beautiful than the little remnants of this holy place; elm trees—

for we were near enough to distinguish them by their branches—grow out of the walls, and overshadow a small but very elegant window. It can scarcely be conceived what a grace the castle and priory impart to each other; and the river Clyde flows on smooth and unruffled below, seeming to my thoughts more in harmony with the sober and stately images of former times, than if it had roared over a rocky channel, forcing its sound upon the ear. It blended gently with the warbling of the smaller birds and chattering of the larger ones that had made their nests in the ruins. In this fortress the chief of the English nobility were confined after the battle of Bannockburn. If a man is to be a prisoner, he scarcely could have a more pleasant place to solace his captivity; but I thought that for close confinement I should prefer the banks of a lake or the sea-side. The greatest charm of a brook or river is in the liberty to pursue it through its windings; you can then take it in whatever mood you like; silent or noisy, sportive or quiet. The beauties of a brook or river must be sought, and the pleasure is in going in search of them; those of a lake or of the sea come to you of themselves. These rude warriors cared little perhaps about either; and yet if one may judge from the writings of Chaucer and from the old romances, more interesting passions were connected with natural objects in the days of chivalry than now, though going in search of scenery, as it is called, had not then been thought of. I had heard nothing of Bothwell Castle, at least nothing that I remembered, therefore, perhaps, my pleasure was greater, compared with what I received elsewhere, than others might feel.

At our return to the stables we found an inferior groom, who helped William to yoke the horse, and was very civil. We grew hungry before we had travelled many miles, and seeing a large public-house—it was in a walled court some yards from the road—Coleridge got off the car to inquire if we could dine there, and was told

we could have nothing but eggs. It was a miserable place, very like a French house ; indeed we observed, in almost every part of Scotland, except Edinburgh, that we were reminded ten times of France and Germany for once of England.

Saw nothing remarkable after leaving Bothwell, except the first view of Glasgow, at some miles distance, terminated by the mountains of Loch Lomond. The suburbs of Glasgow extend very far, houses on each side of the highway,—all ugly, and the inhabitants dirty. The roads are very wide ; and everything seems to tell of the neighbourhood of a large town. We were annoyed by carts and dirt, and the road was full of people, who all noticed our car in one way or other ; the children often sent a hooting after us.

Wearied completely, we at last reached the town, and were glad to walk, leading the car to the first decent inn, which was luckily not far from the end of the town. William, who gained most of his road-knowledge from ostlers, had been informed of this house by the ostler at Hamilton ; it proved quiet and tolerably cheap, a new building—the Saracen's Head. I shall never forget how glad I was to be landed in a little quiet back-parlour, for my head was beating with the noise of carts which we had left, and the wearisomeness of the disagreeable objects near the highway ; but with my first pleasant sensations also came the feeling that we were not in an English inn—partly from its half-unfurnished appearance, which is common in Scotland, for in general the deal wainscots and doors are unpainted, and partly from the dirtiness of the floors. Having dined, William and I walked to the post-office, and after much seeking found out a quiet timber-yard wherein to sit down and read our letter. We then walked a considerable time in the streets, which are perhaps as handsome as streets can be, which derive no particular effect from their situation in connexion with natural advantages, such as rivers, sea, or hills. The Trongate, an old street, is very picturesque—

high houses, with an intermixture of gable fronts towards the street. The New Town is built of fine stone, in the best style of the very best London streets at the west end of the town, but, not being of brick, they are greatly superior. One thing must strike every stranger in his first walk through Glasgow—an appearance of business and bustle, but no coaches or gentlemen's carriages; during all the time we walked in the streets I only saw three carriages, and these were travelling chaises. I also could not but observe a want of cleanliness in the appearance of the lower orders of the people, and a dullness in the dress and outside of the whole mass, as they moved along. We returned to the inn before it was dark. I had a bad headache, and was tired, and we all went to bed soon.

Tuesday, August 23rd.—A cold morning. Walked to the bleaching-ground,¹ a large field bordering on the Clyde, the banks of which are perfectly flat, and the general face of the country is nearly so in the neighbourhood of Glasgow. This field, the whole summer through, is covered with women of all ages, children, and young girls spreading out their linen, and watching it while it bleaches. The scene must be very cheerful on a fine day, but it rained when we were there; and though there was linen spread out in all parts, and great numbers of women and girls were at work, yet there would have been many more on a fine day, and they would have appeared happy, instead of stupid and cheerless. In the middle of the field is a wash-house, whither the inhabitants of this large town, rich and poor, send or carry their linen to be washed. There are two very large rooms, with each a cistern in the middle for hot water; and all round the rooms are benches for the women to set their tubs upon. Both the rooms were crowded with washers; there might be a hundred, or two, or even three; for it

¹ Glasgow Green.—J. C. S.

is not easy to form an accurate notion of so great a number ; however, the rooms were large, and they were both full. It was amusing to see so many women, arms, head, and face all in motion, all busy in an ordinary household employment, in which we are accustomed to see, at the most, only three or four women employed in one place. The women were very civil. I learnt from them the regulations of the house ; but I have forgotten the particulars. The substance of them is, that "so much" is to be paid for each tub of water, "so much" for a tub, and the privilege of washing for a day, and, "so much" to the general overlookers of the linen, when it is left to be bleached. An old man and woman have this office, who were walking about, two melancholy figures.

The shops at Glasgow are large, and like London shops, and we passed by the largest coffee-room I ever saw. You look across the piazza of the Exchange, and see to the end of the coffee-room, where there is a circular window, the width of the room. Perhaps there might be thirty gentlemen sitting on the circular bench of the window, each reading a newspaper. They had the appearance of figures in a fantoccine, or men seen at the extremity of the opera-house, diminished into puppets.

I am sorry I did not see the High Church : both William and I were tired, and it rained very hard after we had left the bleaching-ground ; besides, I am less eager to walk in a large town than anywhere else ; so we put it off, and I have since repented of my irresolution.

Dined, and left Glasgow at about three o'clock, in a heavy rain. We were obliged to ride through the streets to keep our feet dry, and, in spite of the rain, every person as we went along stayed his steps to look at us ; indeed, we had the pleasure of spreading smiles from one end of Glasgow to the other—for we travelled the whole length of the town. A set of schoolboys, perhaps there might be eight, with satchels over their shoulders, and, except one or two, without shoes and stockings, yet very well dressed in jackets and trousers,

like gentlemen's children, followed us in great delight, admiring the car and longing to jump up. At last, though we were seated, they made several attempts to get on behind ; and they looked so pretty and wild, and at the same time so modest, that we wished to give them a ride, and there being a little hill near the end of the town, we got off, and four of them who still remained, the rest having dropped into their homes by the way, took our places ; and indeed I would have walked two miles willingly, to have had the pleasure of seeing them so happy. When they were to ride no longer, they scampered away, laughing and rejoicing. New houses are rising up in great numbers round Glasgow, citizen-like houses, and new plantations, chiefly of fir ; the fields are frequently enclosed by hedgerows, but there is no richness, nor any particular beauty for some miles.

The first object that interested us was a gentleman's house upon a green plain or holm, almost close to the Clyde, sheltered by tall trees, a quiet modest mansion, and, though white-washed, being an old building, and no other house near it, or in connexion with it, and standing upon the level field, which belonged to it, its own domain, the whole scene together brought to our minds an image of the retiredness and sober elegance of a nunnery ; but this might be owing to the greyiness of the afternoon, and our having come immediately from Glasgow, and through a country which, till now, had either had a townish taint, or at best little of rural beauty. While we were looking at the house we overtook a foot-traveller, who, like many others, began to talk about our car. We alighted to walk up a hill, and, continuing the conversation, the man told us, with something like a national pride, that it belonged to a Scotch Lord, Lord Semple ; he added, that a little further on we should see a much finer prospect, as fine a one as ever we had seen in our lives. Accordingly, when we came to the top of the hill, it opened upon us most magnificently. We saw the Clyde, now a stately sea-

river, winding away mile after mile, spotted with boats and ships, each side of the river hilly, the right populous with single houses and villages—Dunglass Castle upon a promontory, the whole view terminated by the rock of Dumbarton, at five or six miles' distance, which stands by itself, without any hills near it, like a sea-rock.

We travelled for some time near the river, passing through clusters of houses which seemed to owe their existence rather to the wealth of the river than the land, for the banks were mostly bare, and the soil appeared poor, even near the water. The left side of the river was generally uninhabited and moorish, yet there are some beautiful spots: for instance, a nobleman's house,¹ where the fields and trees were rich, and, in combination with the river, looked very lovely. As we went along William and I were reminded of the views upon the Thames in Kent, which, though greatly superior in richness and softness, are much inferior in grandeur. Not far from Dumbarton, we passed under some rocky, copse-covered hills, which were so like some of the hills near Grasmere that we could have half believed they were the same. Arrived at Dumbarton before it was dark, having pushed on briskly that we might have start of a traveller at the inn, who was following us as fast as he could in a gig. Every front room was full, and we were afraid we should not have been admitted. They put us into a little parlour, dirty, and smelling of liquors, the table uncleaned, and not a chair in its place; we were glad, however, of our sorry accommodations.

While tea was preparing we lolled at our ease, and though the room-window overlooked the stable-yard, and at our entrance there appeared to be nothing but gloom and unloveliness, yet while I lay stretched upon the carriage cushions on three chairs, I discovered a little side peep which was enough to set the mind at work. It was no more than a smoky vessel lying at

¹ No doubt Erskine House, the seat of Lord Blantyre.—J. C. S.

anchor, with its bare masts, a clay hut and the shelving bank of the river, with a green pasture above. Perhaps you will think that there is not much in this, as I describe it: it is true; but the effect produced by these simple objects, as they happened to be combined, together with the gloom of the evening, was exceedingly wild. Our room was parted by a slender partition from a large dining-room, in which were a number of officers and their wives, who, after the first hour, never ceased singing, dancing, laughing, or loud talking. The ladies sang some pretty songs, a great relief to us. We went early to bed; but poor Coleridge could not sleep for the noise at the street door; he lay in the parlour below stairs. It is no uncommon thing in the best inns of Scotland to have shutting-up beds in the sitting-rooms.

Wednesday, August 24th.—As soon as breakfast was over, William and I walked towards the Castle, a short mile from the town. We overtook two young men, who, on our asking the road, offered to conduct us, though it might seem it was not easy to miss our way, for the rock rises singly by itself from the plain on which the town stands. The rock of Dumbarton is very grand when you are close to it, but at a little distance, under an ordinary sky, and in open day, it is not grand, but curiously wild. The castle and fortifications add little effect to the general view of the rock, especially since the building of a modern house, which is white-washed, and consequently jars, wherever it is seen, with the natural character of the place. There is a path up to the house, but it being low water we could walk round the rock, which we resolved to do. On that side next the town green grass grows to a considerable height up the rock, but wherever the river borders upon it, it is naked stone. I never saw rock in nobler masses, or more deeply stained by time and weather; nor is this to be wondered at, for it is in the very eye of sea-storms and land-storms, of mountain winds and water winds.

It is of all colours, but a rusty yellow predominates. As we walked along, we could not but look up continually, and the mass above being on every side so huge, it appeared more wonderful than when we saw the whole together.

We sat down on one of the large stones which lie scattered near the base of the rock, with sea-weed growing amongst them. Above our heads the rock was perpendicular for a considerable height, nay, as it seemed, to the very top, and on the brink of the precipice a few sheep, two of them rams with twisted horns, stood, as if on the look-out over the wide country. At the same time we saw a sentinel in his red coat, walking backwards and forwards between us and the sky, with his firelock over his shoulder. The sheep, I suppose owing to our being accustomed to see them in similar situations, appeared to retain their real size, while, on the contrary, the soldier seemed to be diminished by the distance till he almost looked like a puppet moved with wires for the pleasure of children, or an eight years' old drummer in his stiff, manly dress beside a company of grenadiers. I had never before, perhaps, thought of sheep and men in soldiers' dresses at the same time, and here they were brought together in a strange fantastic way. As will be easily conceived, the fearlessness and stillness of those quiet creatures, on the brow of the rock, pursuing their natural occupations, contrasted with the restless and apparently unmeaning motions of the dwarf soldier, added not a little to the general effect of this place, which is that of wild singularity, and the whole was aided by a blustering wind and a gloomy sky. Coleridge joined us, and we went up to the top of the rock.

The road to a considerable height is through a narrow cleft, in which a flight of steps is hewn; the steps nearly fill the cleft, and on each side the rocks form a high and irregular wall; it is almost like a long sloping cavern, only that it is roofed by the sky. We came to the barracks; soldiers' wives were hanging out linen upon

the rails, while the wind beat about them furiously—there was nothing which it could set in motion but the garments of the women and the linen upon the rails; the grass—for we had now come to green grass—was close and smooth, and not one pile an inch above another, and neither tree nor shrub. The standard pole stood erect without a flag. The rock has two summits, one much broader and higher than the other. When we were near to the top of the lower eminence we had the pleasure of finding a little garden of flowers and vegetables belonging to the soldiers. There are three distinct and very noble prospects—the first up the Clyde towards Glasgow—Dunglass Castle, seen on its promontory—boats, sloops, hills, and many buildings; the second, down the river to the sea—Greenock and Port-Glasgow, and the distant mountains at the entrance of Loch Long; and the third extensive and distant view is up the Leven, which here falls into the Clyde, to the mountains of Loch Lomond. The distant mountains in all these views were obscured by mists and dingy clouds, but if the grand outline of any one of the views can be seen, it is sufficient recompense for the trouble of climbing the rock of Dumbarton.

The soldier who was our guide told us that an old ruin which we came to at the top of the higher eminence had been a wind-mill—an inconvenient station, though certainly a glorious place for wind; perhaps if it really had been a wind-mill it was only for the use of the garrison. We looked over cannons on the battery-walls, and saw in an open field below the yeomanry cavalry exercising, while we could hear from the town, which was full of soldiers, “Dumbarton’s drums beat bonny, O!” Yet while we stood upon this eminence, rising up so far as it does—inland, and having the habitual old English feeling of our own security as islanders—we could not help looking upon the fortress, in spite of its cannon and soldiers, and the rumours of invasion, as set up against the hostilities of wind and weather rather

than for any other warfare. On our return we were invited into the guard-room, about half-way down the rock, where we were shown a large rusty sword, which they called Wallace's Sword, and a trout boxed up in a well close by, where they said he had been confined for upwards of thirty years. For the pleasure of the soldiers, who were anxious that we should see him, we took some pains to spy him out in his black den, and at last succeeded. It was pleasing to observe how much interest the poor soldiers—though themselves probably new to the place—seemed to attach to this antiquated inhabitant of their garrison.

When we had reached the bottom of the rock along the same road by which we had ascended, we made our way over the rough stones left bare by the tide, round the bottom of the rock, to the point where we had set off. This is a wild and melancholy walk on a blustering cloudy day: the naked bed of the river, scattered over with sea-weed; grey swampy fields on the other shore; sea-birds flying overhead; the high rock perpendicular and bare. We came to two very large fragments, which had fallen from the main rock; Coleridge thought that one of them was as large as Bowder-Stone,¹ William and I did not; but it is impossible to judge accurately; we probably, without knowing it, compared them with the whole mass from which they had fallen, which, from its situation, we consider as one rock or stone, and there is no object of the kind for comparison with the Bowder-Stone. When we leave the shore of the Clyde grass begins to show itself on the rock; go a considerable way—still under the rock—along a flat field, and pass immediately below the white house, which wherever seen looks so ugly.

Left Dumbarton at about eleven o'clock. The sky was cheerless and the air ungenial, which we regretted, as we were going to Loch Lomond, and wished to greet

¹ A rock in Borrowdale, Cumberland.—ED.

the first of the Scottish lakes with our cheerfullest and best feelings. Crossed the Leven at the end of Dumbarton, and, when we looked behind, had a pleasing view of the town, bridge, and rock ; but when we took in a reach of the river at the distance of perhaps half a mile, the swamp ground, being so near a town, and not in its natural wildness, but seemingly half cultivated, with houses here and there, gave us an idea of extreme poverty of soil, or that the inhabitants were either indolent or miserable. We had to travel four miles on the banks of the "Water of Leven" before we should come to Loch Lomond. Having expected a grand river from so grand a lake, we were disappointed ; for it appeared to me not to be very much larger than the Emont, and is not near so beautiful ; but we must not forget that the day was cold and gloomy. Near Dumbarton it is like a river in a flat country, or under the influence of tides ; but a little higher up it resembles one of our rivers, flowing through a vale of no extreme beauty, though prettily wooded ; the hills on each side not very high, sloping backwards from the bed of the vale, which is neither very narrow nor very wide ; the prospect terminated by Ben Lomond and other mountains. The vale is populous, but looks as if it were not inhabited by cultivators of the earth ; the houses are chiefly of stone ; often in rows by the river-side ; they stand pleasantly, but have a tradish look, as if they might have been off-sets from Glasgow. We saw many bleach-yards, but no other symptom of a manufactory, except something in the houses that was not rural, and a want of independent comforts. Perhaps if the river had been glittering in the sun, and the smoke of the cottages rising in distinct volumes towards the sky, as I have seen in the vale or basin below Pillsden in Dorsetshire, when every cottage, hidden from the eye, pointed out its lurking-place by an upright wreath of white smoke, the whole scene might have excited ideas of perfect cheerfulness.

Here, as on the Nith, and much more than in the

Trough of the Clyde, a great portion of the ground was uncultivated, but the hills being less wild, the river more stately, and the ground not heaved up so irregularly and tossed about, the imperfect cultivation was the more to be lamented, particularly as there were so many houses near the river. In a small enclosure by the wayside is a pillar erected to the memory of Dr. Smollett, who was born in a village at a little distance, which we could see at the same time, and where, I believe, some of the family still reside. There is a long Latin inscription, which Coleridge translated for my benefit. The Latin is miserably bad¹—as Coleridge said, such as poor Smollett, who was an excellent scholar, would have been ashamed of.

Before we came to Loch Lomond the vale widened, and became less populous. We climbed over a wall into a large field to have a better front view of the lake than from the road. This view is very much like that from Mr. Clarkson's windows: the mountain in front resembles Hallan; indeed, is almost the same; but Ben Lomond is not seen standing in such majestic company as Helvellyn, and the meadows are less beautiful than Ulswater. The reach of the lake is very magnificent; you see it, as Ulswater is seen beyond the promontory of Old Church, winding away behind a large woody island that looks like a promontory. The outlet of the lake—we had a distinct view of it in the field—is very insignificant. The bulk of the river is frittered away by small alder bushes, as I recollect; I do not remember that it was reedy, but the ground had a swampy appearance; and here the vale spreads out wide and shapeless, as if the river were born to no inheritance, had no sheltering cradle, no hills of its own. As we have seen, this does not continue long; it flows through a distinct, though not

¹ The inscription on the pillar was written by Professor George Stuart of Edinburgh, John Ramsay of Ochertyre and Dr. Samuel Johnson; for Dr. Johnson's share in the work see Croker's *Boswell*, p. 392.—J. C. S.

a magnificent vale. But, having lost the pastoral character which it had in the youthful days of Smollett—if the description in his ode to his native stream be a faithful one—it is less interesting than it was then.

The road carried us sometimes close to the lake, sometimes at a considerable distance from it, over moorish grounds, or through half-cultivated enclosures; we had the lake on our right, which is here so wide that the opposite hills, not being high, are cast into insignificance, and we could not distinguish any buildings near the water, if any there were. It is however always delightful to travel by a lake of clear waters, if you see nothing else but a very ordinary country; but we had some beautiful distant views, one in particular, down the high road, through a vista of over-arching trees; and the near shore was frequently very pleasing, with its gravel banks, bendings, and small bays. In one part it was bordered for a considerable way by irregular groups of forest trees or single stragglers, which, although not large, seemed old; their branches were stunted and knotty, as if they had been striving with storms, and had half yielded to them. Under these trees we had a variety of pleasing views across the lake, and the very rolling over the road and looking at its smooth and beautiful surface was itself a pleasure. It was as smooth as a gravel walk, and of the bluish colour of some of the roads among the lakes of the north of England.

Passed no very remarkable place till we came to Sir James Colquhoun's house, which stands upon a large, flat, woody peninsula, looking towards Ben Lomond. There must be many beautiful walks among the copses of the peninsula, and delicious views over the water; but the general surface of the country is poor, and looks as if it ought to be rich and well peopled, for it is not mountainous; nor had we passed any hills which a Cumbrian would dignify with the name of mountains. There was many a little plain or gently-sloping hill covered with poor heath or broom without trees, where

one should have liked to see a cottage in a bower of wood, with its patch of corn and potatoes, and a green field with a hedge to keep it warm. As we advanced we perceived less of the coldness of poverty, the hills not having so large a space between them and the lake. The surface of the hills being in its natural state, is always beautiful ; but where there is only a half cultivated and half peopled soil near the banks of a lake or river, the idea is forced upon one that they who do live there have not much of cheerful enjoyment.

But soon we came to just such a place as we had wanted to see. The road was close to the water, and a hill, bare, rocky, or with scattered copses rose above it. A deep shade hung over the road, where some little boys were at play ; we expected a dwelling-house of some sort ; and when we came nearer, saw three or four thatched huts under the trees, and at the same moment felt that it was a paradise. We had before seen the lake only as one wide plain of water ; but here the portion of it which we saw was bounded by a high and steep, heathy and woody island opposite, which did not appear like an island, but the main shore, and framed out a little oblong lake apparently not so broad as Rydale-water, with one small island covered with trees, resembling some of the most beautiful of the holms of Windermere, and only a narrow river's breadth from the shore. This was a place where we should have liked to have lived, and the only one we had seen near Loch Lomond. How delightful to have a little shed concealed under the branches of the fairy island ! the cottages and the island might have been made for the pleasure of each other. It was but like a natural garden, the distance was so small ; nay, one could not have forgiven any one living there, not compelled to daily labour, if he did not connect it with his dwelling by some feeling of domestic attachment, like what he has for the orchard where his children play. I thought, what a place for William ! he might row himself over with twenty strokes of the oars,

escaping from the business of the house, and as safe from intruders, with his boat anchored beside him, as if he had locked himself up in the strong tower of a castle. We were unwilling to leave this sweet spot ; but it was so simple, and therefore so rememberable, that it seemed almost as if we could have carried it away with us. It was nothing more than a small lake enclosed by trees at the ends and by the way-side, and opposite by the island, a steep bank on which the purple heath was seen under low oak coppice-wood, a group of houses over-shadowed by trees, and a bending road. There was one remarkable tree, an old larch with hairy branches, which sent out its main stem horizontally across the road, an object that seemed to have been singled out for injury where everything else was lovely and thriving, tortured into that shape by storms, which one might have thought could not have reached it in that sheltered place.

We were now entering into the Highlands. I believe Luss is the place where we were told that country begins ; but at these cottages I would have gladly believed that we were there, for it was like a new region. The huts were after the Highland fashion, and the boys who were playing wore the Highland dress and philabeg. On going into a new country I seem to myself to waken up, and afterwards it surprises me to remember how much alive I have been to the distinctions of dress, household arrangements, etc. etc., and what a spirit these little things give to wild, barren, or ordinary places. The cottages are within about two miles of Luss. Came in view of several islands ; but the lake being so very wide, we could see little of their peculiar beauties, and they, being large, hardly looked like islands.

Passed another gentleman's house, which stands prettily in a bay,¹ and soon after reached Luss, where we intended to lodge. On seeing the outside of the inn we were glad that we were to have such pleasant quarters.

¹ Camstraddan House and bay.—J. C. S.

It is a nice-looking white house, by the road-side ; but there was not much promise of hospitality when we stopped at the door : no person came out till we had shouted a considerable time. A barefooted lass showed me up-stairs, and again my hopes revived ; the house was clean for a Scotch inn, and the view very pleasant to the lake, over the top of the village—a cluster of thatched houses among trees, with a large chapel in the midst of them. Like most of the Scotch kirks which we had seen, this building resembles a big house ; but it is a much more pleasing building than they generally are, and has one of our rustic belfries, not unlike that at Ambleside, with two bells hanging in the open air. We chose one of the back rooms to sit in, being more snug, and they looked upon a very sweet prospect—a stream tumbling down a cleft or glen on the hill-side, rocky coppice ground, a rural lane, such as we have from house to house at Grasmere, and a few out-houses. We had a poor dinner, and sour ale ; but as long as the people were civil we were contented.

Coleridge was not well, so he did not stir out, but William and I walked through the village to the shore of the lake. When I came close to the houses, I could not but regret a want of loveliness correspondent with the beauty of the situation and the appearance of the village at a little distance ; not a single ornamented garden. We saw potatoes and cabbages, but never a honeysuckle. Yet there were wild gardens, as beautiful as any that ever man cultivated, overgrowing the roofs of some of the cottages, flowers and creeping plants. How elegant were the wreaths of the bramble that had “built its own bower” upon the riggins in several parts of the village ; therefore we had chiefly to regret the want of gardens, as they are symptoms of leisure and comfort, or at least of no painful industry. Here we first saw houses without windows, the smoke coming out of the open window-places ; the chimneys were like stools with four legs a hole being left in the roof for the

smoke, and over that a slate placed upon four sticks—sometimes the whole leaned as if it were going to fall. The fields close to Luss lie flat to the lake, and a river, as large as our stream near the church at Grasmere, flows by the end of the village, being the same which comes down the glen behind the inn; it is very much like our stream—beds of blue pebbles upon the shores.

We walked towards the head of the lake, and from a large pasture field near Luss, a gentle eminence, had a very interesting view back upon the village and the lake and islands beyond. We then perceived that Luss stood in the centre of a spacious bay, and that close to it lay another small one, within the larger, where the boats of the inhabitants were lying at anchor, a beautiful natural harbour. The islands, as we look down the water, are seen in great beauty. Inch-ta-vannach, the same that framed out the little peaceful lake which we had passed in the morning, towers above the rest. The lake is very wide here, and the opposite shores not being lofty the chief part of the permanent beauty of this view is among the islands, and on the near shore, including the low promontories of the bay of Luss, and the village; and we saw it under its dullest aspect—the air cold, the sky gloomy, without a glimpse of sunshine.

On a splendid evening, with the light of the sun diffused over the whole islands, distant hills, and the broad expanse of the lake, with its creeks, bays, and little slips of water among the islands, it must be a glorious sight.

Up the lake there are no islands; Ben Lomond terminates the view, without any other large mountains; no clouds were upon it, therefore we saw the whole size and form of the mountain, yet it did not appear to me so large as Skiddaw does from Derwent-water. Continued our walk a considerable way towards the head of the lake, and went up a high hill, but saw no other reach of the water. The hills on the Luss side become

much steeper, and the lake, having narrowed a little above Luss, was no longer a very wide lake where we lost sight of it.

Came to a bark hut by the shores, and sate for some time under the shelter of it. While we were here a poor woman with a little child by her side begged a penny of me, and asked where she could "find quarters in the village." She was a travelling beggar, a native of Scotland, had often "heard of that water," but was never there before. This woman's appearance, while the wind was rustling about us, and the waves breaking at our feet, was very melancholy: the waters looked wide, the hills many, and dark, and far off—no house but at Luss. I thought what a dreary waste must this lake be to such poor creatures, struggling with fatigue and poverty and unknown ways!

We ordered tea when we reached the inn, and desired the girl to light us a fire; she replied, "I dinna ken whether she'll gie fire," meaning her mistress. We told her we did not wish her mistress to give fire, we only desired her to let *her* make it and we would pay for it. The girl brought in the tea-things, but no fire, and when I asked if she was coming to light it, she said "her mistress was not varra willing to gie fire." At last, however, on our insisting upon it, the fire was lighted: we got tea by candlelight, and spent a comfortable evening. I had seen the landlady before we went out, for, as had been usual in all the country inns, there was a demur respecting beds, notwithstanding the house was empty, and there were at least half-a-dozen spare beds. Her countenance corresponded with the unkindness of denying us a fire on a cold night, for she was the most cruel and hateful-looking woman I ever saw. She was overgrown with fat, and was sitting with her feet and legs in a tub of water for the dropsy,—probably brought on by whisky-drinking. The sympathy which I felt and expressed for her, on seeing her in this wretched condition—for her legs were swollen as thick as mill-

posts—seemed to produce no effect ; and I was obliged, after five minutes' conversation, to leave the affair of the beds undecided. Coleridge had some talk with her daughter, a smart lass in a cotton gown, with a bandeau round her head, without shoes and stockings. She told Coleridge with some pride that she had not spent all her time at Luss, but was then fresh from Glasgow.

It came on a very stormy night ; the wind rattled every window in the house, and it rained heavily. William and Coleridge had bad beds, in a two-bedded room in the garrets, though there were empty rooms on the first floor, and they were disturbed by a drunken man, who had come to the inn when we were gone to sleep.

Thursday, August 25th.—We were glad when we awoke to see that it was a fine morning—the sky was bright blue, with quick-moving clouds, the hills cheerful, lights and shadows vivid and distinct. The village looked exceedingly beautiful this morning from the garret windows—the stream glittering near it, while it flowed under trees through the level fields to the lake. After breakfast, William and I went down to the water-side. The roads were as dry as if no drop of rain had fallen, which added to the pure cheerfulness of the appearance of the village, and even of the distant prospect, an effect which I always seem to perceive from clearly bright roads, for they are always brightened by rain, after a storm ; but when we came among the houses I regretted even more than last night, because the contrast was greater, the slovenliness and dirt near the doors ; and could not but remember, with pain from the contrast, the cottages of Somersetshire, covered with roses and myrtle, and their small gardens of herbs and flowers. While lingering by the shore we began to talk with a man who offered to row us to Inch-ta-vannach ; but the sky began to darken ; and the wind being high, we doubted whether we should venture, therefore made no

engagement ; he offered to sell me some thread, pointing to his cottage, and added that many English ladies carried thread away from Luss.

Presently after Coleridge joined us, and we determined to go to the island. I was sorry that the man who had been talking with us was not our boatman ; William by some chance had engaged another. We had two rowers and a strong boat ; so I felt myself bold, though there was a great chance of a high wind. The nearest point of Inch-ta-vannach is not perhaps more than a mile and a quarter from Luss ; we did not land there, but rowed round the end, and landed on that side which looks towards our favourite cottages, and their own island, which, wherever seen, is still their own. It rained a little when we landed, and I took my cloak, which afterwards served us to sit down upon in our road up the hill, when the day grew much finer, with gleams of sunshine. This island belongs to Sir James Colquhoun, who has made a convenient road, that winds gently to the top of it.

We had not climbed far before we were stopped by a sudden burst of prospect, so singular and beautiful that it was like a flash of images from another world. We stood with our backs to the hill of the island, which we were ascending, and which shut out Ben Lomond entirely, and all the upper part of the lake, and we looked towards the foot of the lake, scattered over with islands without beginning and without end. The sun shone, and the distant hills were visible, some through sunny mists, others in gloom with patches of sunshine ; the lake was lost under the low and distant hills, and the islands lost in the lake, which was all in motion with travelling fields of light, or dark shadows under rainy clouds. There are many hills, but no commanding eminence at a distance to confine the prospect, so that the land seemed endless as the water.

What I had heard of Loch Lomond, or any other place in Great Britain, had given me no idea of anything

like what we beheld : it was an outlandish scene—we might have believed ourselves in North America. The islands were of every possible variety of shape and surface—hilly and level, large and small, bare, rocky, pastoral, or covered with wood. Immediately under my eyes lay one large flat island, bare and green, so flat and low that it scarcely appeared to rise above the water, with straggling peat-stacks and a single hut upon one of its out-shooting promontories—for it was of a very irregular shape, though perfectly flat. Another, its next neighbour, and still nearer to us, was covered over with heath and coppice-wood, the surface undulating, with flat or sloping banks towards the water, and hollow places, cradle-like valleys, behind. These two islands, with Inch-ta-vannach, where we were standing, were intermingled with the water, I might say interbedded and interveined with it, in a manner that was exquisitely pleasing. There were bays innumerable, straits or passages like calm rivers, landlocked lakes, and, to the main water, stormy promontories. The solitary hut on the flat green island seemed unsheltered and desolate, and yet not wholly so, for it was but a broad river's breadth from the covert of the wood of the other island. Near to these is a miniature, an islet covered with trees, on which stands a small ruin that looks like the remains of a religious house ; it is overgrown with ivy, and were it not that the arch of a window or gateway may be distinctly seen, it would be difficult to believe that it was not a tuft of trees growing in the shape of a ruin, rather than a ruin overshadowed by trees. When we had walked a little further we saw below us, on the nearest large island, where some of the wood had been cut down, a hut, which we conjectured to be a bark hut. It appeared to be on the shore of a little forest lake, enclosed by Inch-ta-vannach, where we were, and the woody island on which the hut stands.

Beyond we had the same intricate view as before, and could discover Dumbarton rock with its double

head. There being a mist over it, it had a ghost-like appearance—as I observed to William and Coleridge, something like the Tor of Glastonbury from the Dorsetshire hills. Right before us, on the flat island mentioned before, were several small single trees or shrubs, growing at different distances from each other, close to the shore, but some optical delusion had detached them from the land on which they stood, and they had the appearance of so many little vessels sailing along the coast of it. I mention the circumstance, because, with the ghostly image of Dumbarton Castle, and the ambiguous ruin on the small island, it was much in the character of the scene, which was throughout magical and enchanting—a new world in its great permanent outline and composition, and changing at every moment in every part of it by the effect of sun and wind, and mist and shower and cloud, and the blending lights and deep shades which took the place of each other, traversing the lake in every direction. The whole was indeed a strange mixture of soothing and restless images, of images inviting to rest, and others hurrying the fancy away into an activity still more pleasing than repose. Yet, intricate and homeless, that is, without lasting abiding-place for the mind, as the prospect was, there was no perplexity; we had still a guide to lead us forward.

Wherever we looked, it was a delightful feeling that there was something beyond. Meanwhile, the sense of quiet was never lost sight of; the little peaceful lakes among the islands might make you forget that the great water, Loch Lomond, was so near; and yet are more beautiful, because you know that it is so: they have their own bays and creeks sheltered within a shelter. When we had ascended to the top of the island we had a view up to Ben Lomond, over the long, broad water without spot or rock; and, looking backwards, saw the islands below us as on a map. This view, as may be supposed, was not nearly so interesting as those we had seen before. We hunted out all the houses on the shore,

which were very few: there was the village of Luss, the two gentlemen's houses, our favourite cottages, and here and there a hut; but I do not recollect any comfortable-looking farm-houses, and on the opposite shore not a single dwelling. The whole scene was a combination of natural wildness, loveliness, beauty, and barrenness, or rather bareness, yet not comfortless or cold; but the whole was beautiful. We were too far off the more distant shore to distinguish any particular spots which we might have regretted were not better cultivated, and near Luss there was no want of houses.

After we had left the island, having been so much taken with the beauty of the bark hut and the little lake by which it appeared to stand, we desired the boatman to row us through it, and we landed at the hut. Walked upon the island for some time, and found out sheltered places for cottages. There were several woodmen's huts, which, with some scattered fir-trees, and others in irregular knots, that made a delicious murmuring in the wind, added greatly to the romantic effect of the scene. They were built in the form of a cone from the ground, like savages' huts, the door being just large enough for a man to enter with stooping. Straw beds were raised on logs of wood, tools lying about, and a forked bough of a tree was generally suspended from the roof in the middle to hang a kettle upon. It was a place that might have been just visited by new settlers. I thought of Ruth and her dreams of romantic love:

And then he said how sweet it were,
A fisher or a hunter there,
A gardener in the shade,
Still wandering with an easy mind,
To build a household fire, and find
A home in every glade.

We found the main lake very stormy when we had left the shelter of the islands, and there was again a threatening of rain, but it did not come on. I wanted

¹ See *Ruth*, stanza xiii.—ED.

much to go to the old ruin, but the boatmen were in a hurry to be at home. They told us it had been a stronghold built by a man who lived there alone, and was used to swim over and make depredations on the shore,—that nobody could ever lay hands on him, he was such a good swimmer, but at last they caught him in a net. The men pointed out to us an island belonging to Sir James Colquhoun, on which were a great quantity of deer.

Arrived at the inn at about twelve o'clock, and prepared to depart immediately: we should have gone with great regret if the weather had been warmer and the inn more comfortable. When we were leaving the door, a party with smart carriage and servants drove up, and I observed that the people of the house were just as slow in their attendance upon them as on us, with one single horse and outlandish Hibernian vehicle.

When we had travelled about two miles the lake became considerably narrower, the hills rocky, covered with copses, or bare, rising more immediately from the bed of the water, and therefore we had not so often to regret the want of inhabitants. Passed by, or saw at a distance, sometimes a single cottage, or two or three together, but the whole space between Luss and Tarbet is a solitude to the eye. We were reminded of Ulswater, but missed the pleasant farms, and the mountains were not so interesting: we had not seen them in companies or brotherhoods rising one above another at a long distance. Ben Lomond stood alone, opposite to us, majestically overlooking the lake; yet there was something in this mountain which disappointed me,—a want of massiveness and simplicity, perhaps from the top being broken into three distinct stages. The road carried us over a bold promontory by a steep and high ascent, and we had a long view of the lake pushing itself up in a narrow line through an avenue of mountains, terminated by the mountains at the head of the lake, of which Ben Lui, if I do not mistake, is the most considerable. The afternoon was showery and misty, there-

fore we did not see this prospect so distinctly as we could have wished, but there was a grand obscurity over it which might make the mountains appear more numerous.

I have said so much of this lake that I am tired myself, and I fear I must have tired my friends. We had a pleasant journey to Tarbet; more than half of it on foot, for the road was hilly, and after we had climbed one small hill we were not desirous to get into the car again, seeing another before us, and our path was always delightful, near the lake, and frequently through woods. When we were within about half a mile of Tarbet, at a sudden turning looking to the left, we saw a very craggy-topped mountain amongst other smooth ones; the rocks on the summit distinct in shape as if they were buildings raised up by man, or uncouth images of some strange creature. We called out with one voice, 'That's what we wanted!' alluding to the frame-like uniformity of the side-screens of the lake for the last five or six miles. As we conjectured, this singular mountain was the famous Cobbler, near Arrochar. Tarbet was before us in the recess of a deep, large bay, under the shelter of a hill. When we came up to the village we had to inquire for the inn, there being no signboard. It was a well-sized white house, the best in the place. We were conducted up-stairs into a sitting-room that might make any good-humoured travellers happy—a square room, with windows on each side, looking, one way, towards the mountains, and across the lake to Ben Lomond, the other.

There was a pretty stone house before (*i.e.* towards the lake) some huts, scattered trees, two or three green fields with hedgcrows, and a little brook making its way towards the lake; the fields are almost flat, and screened on that side nearest the head of the lake by a hill, which, pushing itself out, forms the bay of Tarbet, and, towards the foot, by a gentle slope and trees. The lake is narrow, and Ben Lomond shuts up the prospect, rising directly from the water. We could have believed ourselves to be by the side of Ulswater, at Glenriddan, or in some

other of the inhabited retirements of that lake. We were in a sheltered place among mountains ; it was not an open joyous bay, with a cheerful populous village, like Luss ; but a pastoral and retired spot, with a few single dwellings. The people of the inn stared at us when we spoke, without giving us an answer immediately, which we were at first disposed to attribute to coarseness of manners, but found afterwards that they did not understand us at once, Erse being the language spoken in the family. Nothing but salt meat and eggs for dinner—no potatoes ; the house smelt strongly of herrings, which were hung to dry over the kitchen fire.

Walked in the evening towards the head of the lake ; the road was steep over the hill, and when we had reached the top of it we had long views up and down the water. Passed a troop of women who were resting themselves by the roadside, as if returning from their day's labour. Amongst them was a man, who had walked with us a considerable way in the morning, and told us he was just come from America, where he had been for some years,—was going to his own home, and should return to America. He spoke of emigration as a glorious thing for them who had money. Poor fellow ! I do not think that he had brought much back with him, for he had worked his passage over : I much suspected that a bundle, which he carried upon a stick, tied in a pocket-handkerchief, contained his all. He was almost blind, he said, as were many of the crew. He intended crossing the lake at the ferry ; but it was stormy, and he thought he should not be able to get over that day. I could not help smiling when I saw him lying by the roadside with such a company about him, not like a wayfaring man, but seeming as much at home and at his ease as if he had just stepped out of his hut among them, and they had been neighbours all their lives. Passed one pretty house, a large thatched dwelling with out-houses, but the prospect above and below was solitary.

The sun had long been set before we returned to the

inn. As travellers, we were glad to see the moon over the top of one of the hills, but it was a cloudy night, without any peculiar beauty or solemnity. After tea we made inquiries respecting the best way to go to Loch Ketterine; the landlord could give but little information, and nobody seemed to know anything distinctly of the place, though it was but ten miles off. We applied to the maid-servant who waited on us: she was a fine-looking young woman, dressed in a white bed-gown, her hair fastened up by a comb, and without shoes and stockings. When we asked her about the Trossachs she could give us no information, but on our saying, "Do you know Loch Ketterine?" she answered with a smile, "I *should* know that loch, for I was bred and born there." After much difficulty we learned from her that the Trossachs were at the foot of the lake, and that by the way we were to go we should come upon them at the head, should have to travel ten miles to the foot¹ of the water, and that there was no inn by the way. The girl spoke English very distinctly; but she had few words, and found it difficult to understand us. She did not much encourage us to go, because the roads were bad, and it was a long way, "and there was no putting-up for the like of us." We determined, however, to venture, and throw ourselves upon the hospitality of some cottager or gentleman. We desired the landlady to roast us a couple of fowls to carry with us. There are always plenty of fowls at the doors of a Scotch inn, and eggs are as regularly brought to table at breakfast as bread and butter.

Friday, August 26th.—We did not set off till between ten and eleven o'clock, much too late for a long day's

¹ This distinction between the foot and head is not very clear. What is meant is this: They would have to travel the whole length of the lake, from the west to the east end of it, before they came to the Trossachs, the pass leading away from the east end of the lake.—J. C. S.

journey. Our boatman lived at the pretty white house which we saw from the windows : we called at his door by the way, and, even when we were near the house, the outside looked comfortable ; but within I never saw anything so miserable from dirt, and dirt alone : it reminded one of the house of a decayed weaver in the suburbs of a large town, with a sickly wife and a large family ; but William says it was far worse, that it was quite Hottentotish.

After long waiting, and many clumsy preparations, we got ourselves seated in the boat ; but we had not floated five yards before we perceived that if any of the party—and there was a little Highland woman who was going over the water with us, the boatman, his helper, and ourselves—should stir but a few inches, leaning to one side or the other, the boat would be full in an instant, and we at the bottom ; besides, it was very leaky, and the woman was employed to lade out the water continually. It appeared that this crazy vessel was not the man's own, and that *his* was lying in a bay at a little distance. He said he would take us to it as fast as possible, but I was so much frightened I would gladly have given up the whole day's journey ; indeed not one of us would have attempted to cross the lake in that boat for a thousand pounds. We reached the larger boat in safety after coasting a considerable way near the shore, but just as we were landing, William dropped the bundle which contained our food into the water. The fowls were no worse, but some sugar, ground coffee, and pepper-cake seemed to be entirely spoiled. We gathered together as much of the coffee and sugar as we could and tied it up, and again trusted ourselves to the lake. The sun shone, and the air was calm—luckily it had been so while we were in the crazy boat—we had rocks and woods on each side of us, or bare hills ; seldom a single cottage, and there was no rememberable place till we came opposite to a waterfall of no inconsiderable size, that appeared to drop directly into the lake :

close to it was a hut, which we were told was the ferry-house. On the other side of the lake was a pretty farm under the mountains, beside a river, the cultivated grounds lying all together, and sloping towards the lake from the mountain hollow down which the river came. It is not easy to conceive how beautiful these spots appeared after moving on so long between the solitary steeps.

We went a considerable way further, and landed at Rob Roy's Caves, which are in fact no caves, but some fine rocks on the brink of the lake, in the crevices of which a man might hide himself cunningly enough; the water is very deep below them, and the hills above steep and covered with wood. The little Highland woman, who was in size about a match for our guide at Lanerk, accompanied us hither. There was something very gracious in the manners of this woman; she could scarcely speak five English words, yet she gave me, whenever I spoke to her, as many intelligible smiles as I had needed English words to answer me, and helped me over the rocks in the most obliging manner. She had left the boat out of good-will to us, or for her own amusement. She had never seen these caves before; but no doubt had heard of them, the tales of Rob Roy's exploits being told familiarly round the "ingles" hereabouts, for this neighbourhood was his home. We landed at Inversneyde, the ferry-house by the waterfall, and were not sorry to part with our boatman, who was a coarse hard-featured man, and, speaking of the French, uttered the basest and most cowardly sentiments. His helper, a youth fresh from the Isle of Skye, was innocent of this fault, and though but a bad rower, was a far better companion; he could not speak a word of English, and sang a plaintive Gaelic air in a low tone while he plied his oar.

The ferry-house stood on the bank a few yards above the landing-place where the boat lies. It is a small hut under a steep wood, and a few yards to the right, looking towards the hut, is the waterfall. The fall is not

very high, but the stream is considerable, as we could see by the large black stones that were lying bare, but the rains, if they had reached this place, had had little effect upon the waterfall ; its noise was not so great as to form a contrast with the stillness of the bay into which it falls, where the boat, and house, and waterfall itself seemed all sheltered and protected. The Highland woman was to go with us the two first miles of our journey. She led us along a bye foot-path a shorter way up the hill from the ferry-house. There is a considerable settling in the hills that border Loch Lomond, at the passage by which we were to cross to Loch Ketterine ; Ben Lomond, terminating near the ferry-house, is on the same side of the water with it, and about three miles above Tarbet.

We had to climb right up the hill, which is very steep, and, when close under it, seemed to be high, but we soon reached the top, and when we were there had lost sight of the lake ; and now our road was over a moor, or rather through a wide moorland hollow. Having gone a little way, we saw before us, at the distance of about half a mile, a very large stone building, a singular structure, with a high wall round it, naked hill above, and neither field nor tree near ; but the moor was not overgrown with heath merely, but grey grass, such as cattle might pasture upon. We could not conjecture what this building was ; it appeared as if it had been built strong to defend it from storms ; but for what purpose ? William called out to us that we should observe that place well, for it was exactly like one of the spittals of the Alps, built for the reception of travellers, and indeed I had thought it must be so before he spoke. This building, from its singular structure and appearance, made the place, which is itself in a country like Scotland nowise remarkable, take a character of unusual wildness and desolation—this when we first came in view of it ; and afterwards, when we had passed it and looked back, three pyramidal mountains on the opposite side of Loch

Lomond terminated the view, which under certain accidents of weather must be very grand. Our Highland companion had not English enough to give us any information concerning this strange building; we could only get from her that it was a "large house," which was plain enough.

We walked about a mile and a half over the moor without seeing any other dwelling but one hut by the burn-side, with a peat-stack and a ten-yards-square enclosure for potatoes; then we came to several clusters of houses, even hamlets they might be called, but where there is any land belonging to the Highland huts there are so many out-buildings near, which differ in no respect from the dwelling-houses except that they send out no smoke, that one house looks like two or three. Near these houses was a considerable quantity of cultivated ground, potatoes and corn, and the people were busy making hay in the hollow places of the open vale, and all along the sides of the becks. It was a pretty sight altogether—men and women, dogs, the little running streams, with linen bleaching near them, and cheerful sunny hills and rocks on every side. We passed by one patch of potatoes that a florist might have been proud of; no carnation-bed ever looked more gay than this square plot of ground on the waste common. The flowers were in very large bunches, and of an extraordinary size, and of every conceivable shade of colouring from snow-white to deep purple. It was pleasing in that place, where perhaps was never yet a flower cultivated by man for his own pleasure, to see these blossoms grow more gladly than elsewhere, making a summer garden near the mountain dwellings.

At one of the clusters of houses we parted with our companion, who had insisted on bearing my bundle while she stayed with us. I often tried to enter into conversation with her, and seeing a small tarn before us, was reminded of the pleasure of fishing and the manner of living there, and asked her what sort of food was

caten in that place, if they lived much upon fish, or had mutton from the hills ; she looked earnestly at me, and shaking her head, replied, " Oh yes ! eat fish—no papists, eat everything." The tarn had one small island covered with wood ; the stream that runs from it falls into Loch Ketterine, which, after we had gone a little beyond the tarn, we saw at some distance before us.

Pursued the road, a mountain horse-track, till we came to a corner of what seemed the head of the lake, and there sate down completely tired, and hopeless as to the rest of our journey. The road ended at the shore, and no houses were to be seen on the opposite side except a few widely parted huts, and on the near side was a trackless heath. The land at the head of the lake was but a continuation of the common we had come along, and was covered with heather, intersected by a few straggling foot-paths.

Coleridge and I were faint with hunger, and could go no further till we had refreshed ourselves, so we ate up one of our fowls, and drank of the water of Loch Ketterine ; but William could not be easy till he had examined the coast, so he left us, and made his way along the moor across the head of the lake. Coleridge and I, as we sate, had what seemed to us but a dreary prospect—a waste of unknown ground which we guessed we must travel over before it was possible for us to find a shelter. We saw a long way down the lake ; it was all moor on the near side ; on the other the hills were steep from the water, and there were large coppice-woods, but no cheerful green fields, and no road that we could see ; we knew, however, that there must be a road from house to house ; but the whole lake appeared a solitude—neither boats, islands, nor houses, no grandeur in the hills, nor any loveliness in the shores. When we first came in view of it we had said it was like a barren Uls-water—Ulswater dismantled of its grandeur, and cropped of its lesser beauties. When I had swallowed my dinner I hastened after William, and Coleridge followed

me. Walked through the heather with some labour for perhaps half a mile, and found William sitting on the top of a small eminence, whence we saw the real head of the lake, which was pushed up into the vale a considerable way beyond the promontory where we now sate. The view up the lake was very pleasing, resembling Thirlemere below Armath. There were rocky promontories and woody islands, and, what was most cheering to us, a neat white house on the opposite shore ; but we could see no boats, so, in order to get to it we should be obliged to go round the head of the lake, a long and weary way.

After Coleridge came up to us, while we were debating whether we should turn back or go forward, we espied a man on horseback at a little distance, with a boy following him on foot, no doubt a welcome sight, and we hailed him. We should have been glad to have seen either man, woman, or child at this time, but there was something uncommon and interesting in this man's appearance, which would have fixed our attention wherever we had met him. He was a complete Highlander in dress, figure, and face, and a very fine-looking man, hardy and vigorous, though past his prime. While he stood waiting for us in his bonnet and plaid, which never look more graceful than on horseback, I forgot our errand, and only felt glad that we were in the Highlands. William accosted him with, "Sir, do you speak English?" He replied, "A little." He spoke however, sufficiently well for our purpose, and very distinctly, as all the Highlanders do who learn English as a foreign language ; but in a long conversation they want words ; he informed us that he himself was going beyond the Trossachs, to Callander, that no boats were kept to "let" ; but there were two gentlemen's houses at this end of the lake, one of which we could not yet see, it being hidden from us by a part of the hill on which we stood. The other house was that which we saw opposite to us ; both the gentlemen kept boats, and

probably might be able to spare one of their servants to go with us. After we had asked many questions, which the Highlander answered with patience and courtesy, he parted from us, going along a sort of horse-track, which a foot-passenger, if he once get into it, need not lose if he be careful.

When he was gone we again debated whether we should go back to Tarbet, or throw ourselves upon the mercy of one of the two gentlemen for a night's lodging. What we had seen of the main body of the lake made us little desire to see more of it; the Highlander upon the naked heath, in his Highland dress, upon his careful-going horse, with the boy following him, was worth it all; but after a little while we resolved to go on, ashamed to shrink from an adventure. Pursued the horse-track, and soon came in sight of the other gentleman's house, which stood on the opposite side of the vale, a little above the lake. It was a white house; no trees near it except a new plantation of firs; but the fields were green, sprinkled over with hay-cocks, and the brook which comes down the valley and falls into the lake ran through them. It was like a new-made farm in a mountain vale, and yet very pleasing after the depressing prospect which had been before us.

Our road was rough, and not easy to be kept. It was between five and six o'clock when we reached the brook side, where Coleridge and I stopped, and William went up towards the house, which was in a field, where about half a dozen people were at work. He addressed himself to one who appeared like the master, and all drew near him, staring at William as nobody could have stared but out of sheer rudeness, except in such a lonely place. He told his tale, and inquired about boats; there were no boats, and no lodging nearer than Callander, ten miles beyond the foot of the lake. A laugh was on every face when William said we were come to see the Trossachs; no doubt they thought we had better have stayed at our own homes. William

endeavoured to make it appear not so very foolish, by informing them that it was a place much celebrated in England, though perhaps little thought of by them, and that we only differed from many of our countrymen in having come the wrong way in consequence of an erroneous direction.

After a little time the gentleman said we should be accommodated with such beds as they had, and should be welcome to rest in their house if we pleased. William came back for Coleridge and me; the men all stood at the door to receive us, and now their behaviour was perfectly courteous. We were conducted into the house by the same man who had directed us hither on the other side of the lake, and afterwards we learned that he was the father of our hostess. He showed us into a room up-stairs, begged we would sit at our ease, walk out, or do just as we pleased. It was a large square deal wainscoted room, the wainscot black with age, yet had never been painted: it did not look like an English room, and yet I do not know in what it differed, except that in England it is not common to see so large and well-built a room so ill-furnished: there were two or three large tables, and a few old chairs of different sorts, as if they had been picked up one did not know how, at sales, or had belonged to different rooms of the house ever since it was built. We sat perhaps three-quarters of an hour, and I was about to carry down our wet coffee and sugar and ask leave to boil it, when the mistress of the house entered, a tall fine-looking woman, neatly dressed in a dark-coloured gown, with a white handkerchief tied round her head; she spoke to us in a very pleasing manner, begging permission to make tea for us, an offer which we thankfully accepted. Encouraged by the sweetness of her manners, I went down-stairs to dry my feet by the kitchen fire; she lent me a pair of stockings, and behaved to me with the utmost attention and kindness. She carried the tea-things into the room herself, leaving me to make tea, and set before us cheese

and butter and barley cakes. These cakes are as thin as our oat-bread, but, instead of being crisp, are soft and leathery, yet we, being hungry, and the butter delicious, ate them with great pleasure, but when the same bread was set before us afterwards we did not like it.

After tea William and I walked out; we amused ourselves with watching the Highlanders at work: they went leisurely about everything, and whatever was to be done, all followed, old men, and young, and little children. We were driven into the house by a shower, which came on with the evening darkness, and the people leaving their work paused at the same time. I was pleased to see them a while after sitting round a blazing fire in the kitchen, father and son-in-law, master and man, and the mother with her little child on her knee. When I had been there before tea I had observed what a contrast there was between the mistress and her kitchen; she did not differ in appearance from an English country lady; but her kitchen, roof, walls, and floor of mud, was all black alike; yet now, with the light of a bright fire upon so many happy countenances, the whole room made a pretty sight.

We heard the company laughing and talking long after we were in bed; indeed I believe they never work till they are tired.¹ The children could not speak a word of English: they were very shy at first; but after I had caressed the eldest, and given her a red leather purse, with which she was delighted, she took hold of my hand and hung about me, changing her side-long looks for pretty smiles. Her mother lamented they were so far from school, they should be obliged to send the children down into the Lowlands to be taught reading and English. Callander, the nearest town, was twenty miles from them, and it was only a small place: they had their groceries from Glasgow. She said that at Callander was their nearest church, but sometimes "got a preach-

¹ She means that they stop work before they are tired.—ED.

ing at the Garrison." In explaining herself she informed us that the large building which had puzzled us in the morning had been built by Government, at the request of one of the Dukes of Montrose, for the defence of his domains against the attacks of Rob Roy. I will not answer for the truth of this ; perhaps it might have been built for this purpose, and as a check on the Highlands in general ; certain it is, however, that it was a garrison ; soldiers used to be constantly stationed there, and have only been withdrawn within the last thirteen or fourteen years. Mrs. Macfarlane attended me to my room ; she said she hoped I should be able to sleep upon blankets, and said they were "fresh from the fauld."

Saturday, August 27th. — Before I rose, Mrs. Macfarlane came into my room to see if I wanted anything, and told me she should send the servant up with a basin of whey, saying, "We make very good whey in this country" ; indeed, I thought it the best I had ever tasted ; but I cannot tell how this should be, for they only make skimmed-milk cheeses. I asked her for a little bread and milk for our breakfast, but she said it would be no trouble to make tea, as she must make it for the family ; so we all breakfasted together. The cheese was set out, as before, with plenty of butter and barley-cakes, and fresh baked oaten cakes, which, no doubt, were made for us : they had been kneaded with cream, and were excellent. All the party pressed us to eat, and were very jocose about the necessity of helping out their coarse bread with butter, and they themselves ate almost as much butter as bread. In talking of the French and the present times, their language was what most people would call Jacobinical. They spoke much of the oppressions endured by the Highlanders further up, of the absolute impossibility of their living in any comfort, and of the cruelty of laying so many restraints on emigration. Then they spoke with animation of the attachment of the clans to their lairds : "The laird of

this place, Glengyle, where we live, could have commanded so many men who would have followed him to the death ; and now there are none left." It appeared that Mr. Macfarlane, and his wife's brother, Mr. Macalpine, farmed the place, inclusive of the whole vale upwards to the mountains, and the mountains themselves, under the lady of Glengyle, the mother of the young laird, a minor. It was a sheep-farm.

Speaking of another neighbouring laird, they said he had gone, like the rest of them, to Edinburgh, left his lands and his own people, spending his money where it brought him not any esteem, so that he was of no value either at home or abroad. We mentioned Rob Roy, and the eyes of all glistened ; even the lady of the house, who was very diffident, and no great talker, exclaimed, "He was a good man, Rob Roy ! he had been dead only about eighty years, had lived in the next farm, which belonged to him, and there his bones were laid."¹ He was a famous swordsman. Having an arm much longer than other men, he had a greater command with his sword. As a proof of the length of his arm, they told us that he could garter his tartan stockings below the knee without stooping, and added a dozen different stories of single combats, which he had fought, all in perfect good-humour, merely to prove his prowess. I daresay they had stories of this kind which would hardly have been exhausted in the long evenings of a whole December week, Rob Roy being as famous here as ever Robin Hood was in the Forest of Sherwood ; he also robbed from the rich, giving to the poor, and defending them from oppression. They tell of his con-

¹ There is a mistake here. His bones were laid about fifteen or twenty miles from thence, in Balquhiddy kirkyard. But it was under the belief that his "grave is near the head of Loch Ketterine, in one of those pinfold-like burial grounds, of neglected and desolate appearance, which the traveller meets with in the Highlands of Scotland," that the well-known poem on *Rob Roy's Grave* was composed.—J. C. S.

fining the factor of the Duke of Montrose in one of the islands of Loch Ketterine, after having taken his money from him—the Duke's rents—in open day, while they were sitting at table. He was a formidable enemy of the Duke, but being a small laird against a greater, was overcome at last, and forced to resign all his lands on the Braes of Loch Lomond, including the caves which we visited, on account of the money he had taken from the Duke and could not repay.

When breakfast was ended the mistress desired the person whom we took to be her husband to "return thanks." He said a short grace, and in a few minutes they all went off to their work. We saw them about the door following one another like a flock of sheep, with the children after, whatever job they were engaged in. Mrs. Macfarlane told me she would show me the burying-place of the lairds of Glengyle, and took me to a square enclosure like a pinfold, with a stone ball at every corner; we had noticed it the evening before, and wondered what it could be. It was in the middle of a "planting," as they call plantations, which was enclosed for the preservation of the trees, therefore we had to climb over a high wall: it was a dismal spot, containing four or five graves overgrown with long grass, nettles, and brambles. Against the wall was a marble monument to the memory of one of the lairds, of whom they spoke with veneration: some English verses were inscribed upon the marble, purporting that he had been the father of his clan, a brave and good man. When we returned to the house she said she would show me what curious feathers they had in their country, and brought out a bunch carefully wrapped up in paper. On my asking her what bird they came from, "Oh!" she replied, "it is a great beast." We conjectured it was an eagle, and from her description of its ways, and the manner of destroying it, we knew it was so. She begged me to accept of some of the feathers, telling me that some ladies wore them in their heads. I was much

pleased with the gift, which I shall preserve in memory of her kindness and simplicity of manners, and the Highland solitude where she lived.

We took leave of the family with regret: they were handsome, healthy, and happy-looking people. It was ten o'clock when we departed. We had learned that there was a ferry-boat kept at three miles' distance, and if the man was at home he would row us down the lake to the Trossachs. Our walk was mostly through coppice-woods, along a horse-road, upon which narrow carts might travel. Passed that white house which had looked at us with such a friendly face when we were on the other side; it stood on the slope of a hill, with green pastures below it, plots of corn and coppice-wood, and behind, a rocky steep covered with wood. It was a very pretty place, but the morning being cold and dull the opposite shore appeared dreary. Near to the white house we passed by another of those little pinfold squares, which we knew to be a burying-place; it was in a sloping green field among woods, and within sound of the beating of the water against the shore, if there were but a gentle breeze to stir it: I thought if I lived in that house, and my ancestors and kindred were buried there, I should sit many an hour under the walls of this plot of earth, where all the household would be gathered together.

We found the ferryman at work in the field above his hut, and he was at liberty to go with us, but, being wet and hungry, we begged that he would let us sit by his fire till we had refreshed ourselves. This was the first genuine Highland hut we had been in. We entered by the cow-house, the house-door being within, at right angles to the outer door. The woman was distressed that she had a bad fire, but she heaped up some dry peats and heather, and, blowing it with her breath, in a short time raised a blaze that scorched us into comfortable feelings. A small part of the smoke found its way out of the hole of the chimney, the rest through the open

window-places, one of which was within the recess of the fireplace, and made a frame to a little picture of the restless lake and the opposite shore, seen when the outer door was open. The woman of the house was very kind: whenever we asked her for anything it seemed a fresh pleasure to her that she had it for us; she always answered with a sort of softening down of the Scotch exclamation, "Hoot!" "Ho! yes, ye'll get that," and hied to her cupboard in the spence. We were amused with the phrase "Ye'll get that" in the Highlands, which appeared to us as if it came from a perpetual feeling of the difficulty with which most things are procured. We got oatmeal, butter, bread and milk, made some porridge, and then departed. It was rainy and cold, with a strong wind.

Coleridge was afraid of the cold in the boat, so he determined to walk down the lake, pursuing the same road we had come along. There was nothing very interesting for the first three or four miles on either side of the water: to the right, uncultivated heath or poor coppice-wood, and to the left, a scattering of meadow ground, patches of corn, coppice-woods, and here and there a cottage. The wind fell, and it began to rain heavily. On this William wrapped himself in the boatman's plaid, and lay at the bottom of the boat till we came to a place where I could not help rousing him.

We were rowing down that side of the lake which had hitherto been little else than a moorish ridge. After turning a rocky point we came to a bay closed in by rocks and steep woods, chiefly of full-grown birch. The lake was elsewhere ruffled, but at the entrance of this bay the breezes sunk, and it was calm: a small island was near, and the opposite shore, covered with wood, looked soft through the misty rain. William, rubbing his eyes, for he had been asleep, called out that he hoped I had not let him pass by anything that was so beautiful as this; and I was glad to tell him that it was but the beginning of a new land. After we had

left this bay we saw before us a long reach of woods and rocks and rocky points, that promised other bays more beautiful than what we had passed. The ferryman was a good-natured fellow, and rowed very industriously, following the ins and outs of the shore ; he was delighted with the pleasure we expressed, continually repeating how pleasant it would have been on a fine day. I believe he was attached to the lake by some sentiment of pride, as his own domain—his being almost the only boat upon it—which made him, seeing we were willing gazers, take far more pains than an ordinary boatman ; he would often say, after he had compassed the turning of a point, “ This is a bonny part,” and he always chose the bonniest, with greater skill than our prospect-hunters and “ picturesque travellers ” ; places screened from the winds—that was the first point ; the rest followed of course,—richer growing trees, rocks and banks, and curves which the eye delights in.

The second bay we came to differed from the rest ; the hills retired a short space from the lake, leaving a few level fields between, on which was a cottage embosomed in trees : the bay was defended by rocks at each end, and the hills behind made a shelter for the cottage, the only dwelling, I believe, except one, on this side of Loch Ketterine. We now came to steeps that rose directly from the lake, and passed by a place called in the Gaelic the Den of the Ghosts,¹ which reminded us of Lodore ; it is a rock, or mass of rock, with a stream of large black stones like the naked or dried-up bed of a torrent down the side of it ; birch-trees start out of the rock in every direction, and cover the hill above, further than we could see. The water of the lake below was very deep, black, and calm. Our delight increased as we advanced, till we came in view of the termination of the lake, seeing where the river issues out of it through a narrow chasm between the hills.

¹ Goblins' Cave.—J. C. S.

Here I ought to rest, as we rested, and attempt to give utterance to our pleasure : but indeed I can impart but little of what we felt. We were still on the same side of the water, and, being immediately under the hill, within a considerable bending of the shore, we were enclosed by hills all round, as if we had been upon a smaller lake of which the whole was visible. It was an entire solitude ; and all that we beheld was the perfection of loveliness and beauty.

We had been through many solitary places since we came into Scotland, but this place differed as much from any we had seen before, as if there had been nothing in common between them ; no thought of dreariness or desolation found entrance here ; yet nothing was to be seen but water, wood, rocks, and heather, and bare mountains above. We saw the mountains by glimpses as the clouds passed by them, and were not disposed to regret, with our boatman, that it was not a fine day, for the near objects were not concealed from us, but softened by being seen through the mists. The lake is not very wide here, but appeared to be much narrower than it really is, owing to the many promontories, which are pushed so far into it that they are much more like islands than promontories. We had a longing desire to row to the outlet and look up into the narrow passage through which the river went ; but the point where we were to land was on the other side, so we bent our course right across, and just as we came in sight of two huts, which have been built by Lady Perth as a shelter for those who visit the Trossachs, Coleridge hailed us with a shout of triumph from the door of one of them, exulting in the glory of Scotland. The huts stand at a small distance from each other, on a high and perpendicular rock, that rises from the bed of the lake. A road, which has a very wild appearance, has been cut through the rock ; yet even here, among these bold precipices, the feeling of excessive beauty overcomes every other. While we were upon the lake, on every side of us were bays

within bays, often more like tiny lakes or pools than bays, and these not in long succession only, but all round, some almost on the broad breast of the water, the promontories shot out so far.

After we had landed we walked along the road to the uppermost of the huts, where Coleridge was standing. From the door of this hut we saw Benvenue opposite to us—a high mountain, but clouds concealed its top; its side, rising directly from the lake, is covered with birch-trees to a great height, and seamed with innumerable channels of torrents; but now there was no water in them, nothing to break in upon the stillness and repose of the scene; nor do I recollect hearing the sound of water from any side, the wind being fallen and the lake perfectly still; the place was all eye, and completely satisfied the sense and the heart. Above and below us, to the right and to the left, were rocks, knolls, and hills, which, wherever anything could grow—and that was everywhere between the rocks—were covered with trees and heather; the trees did not in any place grow so thick as an ordinary wood; yet I think there was never a bare space of twenty yards: it was more like a natural forest where the trees grow in groups or singly, not hiding the surface of the ground, which, instead of being green and mossy, was of the richest purple. The heather was indeed the most luxuriant I ever saw; it was so tall that a child of ten years old struggling through it would often have been buried head and shoulders, and the exquisite beauty of the colour, near or at a distance, seen under the trees, is not to be conceived. But if I were to go on describing for evermore, I should give but a faint, and very often a false, idea of the different objects and the various combinations of them in this most intricate and delicious place; besides, I tired myself out with describing at Loch Lomond, so I will hasten to the end of my tale. This reminds me of a sentence in a little pamphlet written by the minister of Callander, descriptive of the environs of that place. After having taken up at

least six closely-printed pages with the Trossachs, he concludes thus, "In a word, the Trossachs beggar all description,"—a conclusion in which everybody who has been there will agree with him. I believe the word Trossachs signifies "many hills": it is a name given to all the eminences at the foot of Loch Ketterine, and about half a mile beyond.

We left the hut, retracing the few yards of road which we had climbed; our boat lay at anchor under the rock in the last of all the compartments of the lake, a small oblong pool, almost shut up within itself, as several others had appeared to be, by jutting points of rock; the termination of a long out-shooting of the water, pushed up between the steps of the main shore where the huts stand, and a broad promontory which, with its hillocks and points and lesser promontories, occupies the centre of the foot of the lake. A person sailing through the lake up the middle of it, would just as naturally suppose that the outlet was here as on the other side; and so it might have been, with the most trifling change in the disposition of the ground, for at the end of this slip of water the lake is confined only by a gentle rising of a few yards towards an opening between the hills, a narrow pass or valley through which the river might have flowed. The road is carried through this valley, which only differs from the lower part of the vale of the lake in being excessively narrow, and without water; it is enclosed by mountains, rocky mounds, hills and hillocks scattered over with birch-trees, and covered with Dutch myrtle and heather, even surpassing what we had seen before. Our mother Eve had no fairer, though a more diversified garden, to tend, than we found within this little close valley. It rained all the time, but the mists and calm air made us ample amends for a wetting.

At the opening of the pass we climbed up a low eminence, and had an unexpected prospect suddenly before us—another lake, small compared with Loch Ketterine, though perhaps four miles long, but the misty

air concealed the end of it. The transition from the solitary wildness of Loch Ketterine and the narrow valley or pass to this scene was very delightful: it was a gentle place, with lovely open bays, one small island, corn fields, woods, and a group of cottages. This vale seemed to have been made to be tributary to the comforts of man, Loch Ketterine for the lonely delight of Nature, and kind spirits delighting in beauty. The sky was grey and heavy,—floating mists on the hill-sides, which softened the objects, and where we lost sight of the lake it appeared so near to the sky that they almost touched one another, giving a visionary beauty to the prospect. While we overlooked this quiet scene we could hear the stream rumbling among the rocks between the lakes, but the mists concealed any glimpse of it which we might have had. This small lake is called Loch Achray.

We returned, of course, by the same road. Our guide repeated over and over again his lamentations that the day was so bad, though we had often told him—not indeed with much hope that he would believe us—that we were glad of it. As we walked along he pulled a leafy twig from a birch-tree, and, after smelling it, gave it to me, saying, how “sweet and halesome” it was, and that it was pleasant and very halesome on a fine summer’s morning to sail under the banks where the birks are growing. This reminded me of the old Scotch songs, in which you continually hear of the “pu’ing the birks.” Common as birches are in the north of England, I believe their sweet smell is a thing unnoticed among the peasants. We returned again to the huts to take a farewell look. We had shared our food with the ferryman and a traveller whom we had met here, who was going up the lake, and wished to lodge at the ferry-house, so we offered him a place in the boat. Coleridge chose to walk. We took the same side of the lake as before, and had much delight in visiting the bays over again; but the evening began to darken, and it rained so heavily before we had gone two miles that we were completely wet. It was dark

when we landed, and on entering the house I was sick with cold.

The good woman had provided, according to her promise, a better fire than we had found in the morning ; and indeed when I sate down in the chimney-corner of her smoky biggin' I thought I had never been more comfortable in my life. Coleridge had been there long enough to have a pan of coffee boiling for us, and having put our clothes in the way of drying, we all sate down, thankful for a shelter. We could not prevail upon the man of the house to draw near the fire, though he was cold and wet, or to suffer his wife to get him dry clothes till she had served us, which she did, though most willingly, not very expeditiously. A Cumberland man of the same rank would not have had such a notion of what was fit and right in his own house, or if he had, one would have accused him of servility ; but in the Highlander it only seemed like politeness, however erroneous and painful to us, naturally growing out of the dependence of the inferiors of the clan upon their laird ; he did not, however, refuse to let his wife bring out the whisky-bottle at our request : "She keeps a dram," as the phrase is ; indeed, I believe there is scarcely a lonely house by the wayside in Scotland where travellers may not be accommodated with a dram. We asked for sugar, butter, barley-bread, and milk, and with a smile and a stare more of kindness than wonder, she replied, "Ye'll get that," bringing each article separately.

We caroused our cups of coffee, laughing like children at the strange atmosphere in which we were : the smoke came in gusts, and spread along the walls and above our heads in the chimney, where the hens were roosting like light clouds in the sky. We laughed and laughed again, in spite of the smarting of our eyes, yet had a quieter pleasure in observing the beauty of the beams and rafters gleaming between the clouds of smoke. They had been crusted over and varnished by many winters, till, where the firelight fell upon them, they were as glossy

as black rocks on a sunny day cased in ice. When we had eaten our supper we sate about half an hour, and I think I had never felt so deeply the blessing of a hospitable welcome and a warm fire. The man of the house repeated from time to time that we should often tell of this night when we got to our homes, and interposed praises of this, his own lake, which he had more than once, when we were returning in the boat, ventured to say was "bonnier than Loch Lomond."

Our companion from the Trossachs, who it appeared was an Edinburgh drawing-master going during the vacation on a pedestrian tour to John o' Groat's House, was to sleep in the barn with William and Coleridge, where the man said he had plenty of dry hay. I do not believe that the hay of the Highlands is often very dry, but this year it had a better chance than usual: wet or dry, however, the next morning they said they had slept comfortably. When I went to bed, the mistress, desiring me to "go ben," attended me with a candle, and assured me that the bed was dry, though not "sic as I had been used to." It was of chaff; there were two others in the room, a cupboard and two chests, on one of which stood the milk in wooden vessels covered over; I should have thought that milk so kept could not have been sweet, but the cheese and butter were good. The walls of the whole house were of stone unplastered. It consisted of three apartments,—the cow-house at one end, the kitchen or house in the middle, and the spence at the other end. The rooms were divided, not up to the rigging, but only to the beginning of the roof, so that there was a free passage for light and smoke from one end of the house to the other.

I went to bed some time before the family. The door was shut between us, and they had a bright fire, which I could not see; but the light it sent up among the varnished rafters and beams, which crossed each other in almost as intricate and fantastic a manner as I have seen the under-boughs of a large beech-tree withered by

the depth of the shade above, produced the most beautiful effect that can be conceived. It was like what I should suppose an underground cave or temple to be, with a dripping or moist roof, and the moonlight entering in upon it by some means or other, and yet the colours were more like melted gems. I lay looking up till the light of the fire faded away, and the man and his wife and child had crept into their bed at the other end of the room. I did not sleep much, but passed a comfortable night, for my bed, though hard, was warm and clean: the unusualness of my situation prevented me from sleeping. I could hear the waves beat against the shore of the lake; a little "syke" close to the door made a much louder noise; and when I sate up in my bed I could see the lake through an open window-place at the bed's head. Add to this, it rained all night. I was less occupied by remembrance of the Trossachs, beautiful as they were, than the vision of the Highland hut, which I could not get out of my head. I thought of the Fairyland of Spenser, and what I had read in romance at other times, and then, what a feast would it be for a London pantomime-maker, could he but transplant it to Drury Lane, with all its beautiful colours!

END OF VOL. I